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GHOST PINE  
HOMESTEADERS

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## MEMOIRS OF THE GHOST PINE HOMESTEADERS



MEMOIRS  
OF THE  
GHOST PINE  
HOMESTEADERS

Compiled by  
Ghost Pine Community Group



CAPITAL PRINTERS  
Three Hills, Alberta

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## Foreword

I trust that through the medium of our book we can help you to visualize the lives and living conditions of the pioneers who formed the corner stone of what is now a prosperous and well populated community.

"Memoirs of the Ghost Pine Homesteaders" has taken two years to compile. The greater part of the book consists of letters from the pioneers themselves, and it must be remembered that they have depended mainly on their memories, as there are only two of them who had dates to refer to. They ask your forbearance with any inaccuracies.

Many of those whose names appear in these pages have passed away. But we are especially sorry that the deaths of Mr. George Leet and Mr. Rob Currie occurred between the writing of their letters and the publication of the book.

The committee in charge of assembling the book was, Mrs. Pauline Hugo (continuity), Mrs. Margaret Nottal (pictures) and Mrs. Jean Kaechele. The work has been shared by all the members of the Ghost Pine Community Group.

Very special thanks are due those pioneers who contributed letters and pictures, and to all the others who gave invaluable information.

We are sincerely grateful to Mr. G. Farrow, Mr. John Laurie and Mr. Kerry Wood for their letters and to Mr. F. J. Alcock and Mr. W. R. Fulton for geological information.

We acknowledge the assistance of various government agencies.

We are indebted to the Albertan Publishing Co. for permission to re-publish the articles of Mr. Leigh Curtis and Mr. Kerry Wood.

Thanks are also due Mr. Gordon King for obtaining extracts from early municipal records, to Mrs. Bible for the loan of the early records of Sarcee Butte School, and to Miss Margaret Hugo and Miss Joan Hugo for their maps and drawings.

SHEILA JOHNSON (President)



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## MEMOIRS of the GHOST PINE HOMESTEADERS

*The Ghost Pine district in Alberta lies near the junction of the Ghost Pine Creek and the Red Deer River. It includes several schools, and somehow even though the large school division has theoretically eliminated the boundaries of the local school districts, they are still a convenient sort of sub-district. The Orkney School District is in the south point of the Ghost Pine area. North of Orkney, bordering the river, is the Bay Coulee School District, named for the Hudson's Bay land on which the school is located. North of that again is Luman, and then the south part of Greenleaf. In about the middle of Ghost Pine is Sarsce Butte School, to the west Munor, and south of that Mt. Vernon.*

*The map on page 5 will help the reader locate any homestead in the district. As an example, N.E. 10-31-22 W.4, means the north east quarter of section 10, township 31, range 22, west of the fourth survey meridian. (That's right, it's the quarter where the Sarsce Butte School is located.)*

*Today this is a fine, rich, grain growing country. At the beginning of the century it was open prairie, without roads or fences, a land of promise to men like Mr. Andre Bleriot who built his home on the Red Deer River near where the Munson Ferry is now*

*Mr. Bleriot lives in France now, but he has sent us this letter.*

### MR. A. A. J. BLERIOT

*It was in the spring of 1896 that I left Paris for Canada. I was then 18 years old, and it took us over 20 days to come across. I had several letters of introduction given to me by the Canadian Commissioner at the time, a Mr Fabre. One was for Archbishop Langevin of Winnipeg, another was for Mr. Ashdown, the founder of the hardware stores, who had met my mother in Paris, one was for a well-known lawyer, and so on. These people were very good to me.*

That year I went to a new settlement on the south shore of Lake Dauphin, called le Rose du Lac. There I worked for a rancher who had "half-breed" cattle, that is, half Galloway and half buffalo. The owner had been in the west for many years and had seen many buffalo. The following year I was hired by a young couple whose parents had big farms near Brandon, to help with the threshing. Brandon was then only a small town on the C P R main line. That winter I spent with an Austrian who had taken a homestead northwest of Dauphin. That country was heavily wooded and I did some hunting and killed some big game.

The following year, having no disposition for farming, I went west to Calgary. This was a nice little town of three or four thousand people. I intended to go into cattle-raising. I almost went to the Klondike as a salesman for it was the time of the gold rush to the Yukon and hundreds of people were heading for that Eldorado. Instead, I purchased a wagon, team of horses, tent, blankets and other necessities, and I set out to locate a place. I had a clear way ahead, for at that time there were no roads or fences. I took a place at a spring on the Old Man's Bed Creek between the Kneehill and the Rosebud Creeks. I bought fifty head of young cattle, built a small frame house and started to settle down.

Unfortunately all that land was turned over to the Kneehill and Rosebud Railway Co. and I had to pull out. It was then that I settled on the flat on the Red Deer River. That was in 1901 or 1902.

The place was good enough for ranching but I had to travel a long distance for supplies. My nearest Post Office and trading point was Gleichen, about 100 miles south of me, and close to the Indian Reserve. It used to take me a full week to get there and back, for I had to travel by way of Sarcocoe Butte, cross the Ghost Pine, Three Hills, Kneehill and Rosebud Creeks. The crossing on the Rosebud was just where Rosebud station stands now. At that time there was a ranch there run by Mr. Ledoux, who came from Montana, and who married the daughter of a Flat Head Indian Chief. This woman was very nice, kind and a very well liked person. Before there were any doctors, the early settlers used to come from miles around to ask her to come and nurse sick people. I used to make that ranch my halfway house on the way to Gleichen. That little village was, as I told you, on the C P R main line, and the Crowfoot Reserve was on the other side of the track. The Indians used to come to sell some of their horses, many of which I bought for two dollars, but they were half wild, and I had quite a time taking them home. I was once present on the reserve at a Sun Dance, a great Indian celebration, and I met several of the head men. I went to Gleichen only twice a year with a team and wagon, and purchased

enough food for six months. I had plenty of meat and game at home with lots of fish in the river.

In 1904 and 1905 the land was surveyed, and it was not very long before settlers came and filed on the prairies. One of the first I remember was Mr Burroughs. He took his homestead close to the coal mine east of Sarcove Butte. He put up a shack and he gave a dance. You might not believe it but people came from as far as twenty miles to attend it. It was hard for the dancers to use the turtlebacks for a floor with only a mouth-organ for music, but the guests had plenty to drink.

In those days a prairie fire was a common thing, and sometimes several occurred in the same year, especially in the spring and fall, when the grass was dry. In the spring of 1906, I had to go to Gleichen on business. The night before I left, a prairie fire had burned the stretch of land that lies between the Kneehill and the Rosebud Creeks, clean up to the Red Deer River. I knew my neighbor, Mr Jim Russel had cattle grazing on that land, so early the next morning I saddled up my Indian pony, and instead of taking the short cut I crossed the heads of the Three Hills and Kneehill Creeks, up to Mr Russel's ranch, which was located close to the river, just about where Nacmine stands now. Mr Russel told me he had lost a certain number of cattle in the fire, so after expressing my condolences for his loss and taking his mail, I set out for Gleichen.

When I reached the level, and got on scorched ground, it was not long before I came across a whole line of dead cattle. They were not burned, exactly, but seemed to have been smothered by the smoke and the heat, the hide being scorched, naturally. I kept on towards the Rosebud. When I reached the top of the hill I noticed in the distance a big cloud of black dust, which I took to be a whirlwind, blackened by burned grass, but I soon discovered that it was moving towards me, the dust being made by a band of Indians on horseback. These had probably spotted me and were coming full speed towards me. Well, I can tell you, that although I am not easily scared, I didn't feel quite at home. I had my guns, but even so, I didn't think I had much of a chance of coming out best if these Indians had been on the warpath. As soon as they reached me they surrounded me, and instead of being aggressive they shook hands with me and asked me in their dialect, if I had seen dead cattle. As soon as I had told them where I had seen some, they shook hands again and left in a hurry to be there first. I admit that I felt better, and I kept right on going.

I reached Gleichen that night, and when I returned two days later, I saw a big camp of Indians near a small lake two or three

miles north of the Rosebud Creek. They had brought, on travois, their squaws and even papooses from the Blackfoot Reserve near Glacier, and were busy cutting and curing the meat on the burned ground.

I do not have to tell you of all the hardships we ranchers experienced in those early days. Hard winter snowstorms killed many cattle, prairie fires burned many others, timber wolves and diseases added to the loss. We used to count on 10% loss each year.

Then the little town of Carbon was started, and for a while I used to get my mail and supplies there. That was about 1908 or 1909. All the land around Carbon was filed on, except the Pope lease. I knew Senator Rufus Pope very well. His ranch was run by his three sons, Henry, Ives and Rede.

All the land around me being filed, I had to quit ranching, and start farming, but I didn't like it. In 1910 I took a trip to France and was married.

A railroad was built on the other side of the river and the village of Fox Coulee (now Munson) was formed. I fixed a kind of ferry boat, which was later taken over by the government.

In 1914 I went back to serve in the war. I served as an interpreter with the 3rd Cavalry Division, B.E.F. My wife stayed on at the ranch for a time, and later took the children to France to put them in school. About 1925, after forty years in the "wild and wooly west" I went back to my native land to join my family.

*Mr de Beaudrap tells of the building of Mr Blieriot's house, which was completed in 1914, and was a very fine house for those times*

Mr Blieriot loaded all the building supplies, and some furnishings including a piano, on to a raft at Red Deer, and left a young French lad to bring the raft downstream to the ranch, while he himself went home across country to be ready to meet him. When several days went by with no sign of the raft, Mr. Blieriot went up the river to find it aground on a sand bar. They unloaded part of the materials on to the bank to lighten the raft, and it floated off the bar and downstream.

*For further information about the Blieriot family we are indebted to Mr. G. Farrow of Trochu. His letter clears up one matter which has been the subject of much controversy. For the "perennial story" referred to in Mr. Farrow's letter, see The Albertan (Calgary) for November 30, 1958.*

In any collection of historical narratives depicting the lives and activities of the pioneer people who were the vanguard in this now well settled and prosperous community the name of the Blieriot family naturally comes to mind for not only were they among the first to settle here but also because one of the brothers, Louis, made the Blieriot name world famous by being the first to fly a plane across the English Channel. (1909)

To digress for a moment and spin a little yarn I once heard, will say that speculation regarding a successful trans-channel flight had been a moot subject for quite some time, and the London Daily Mail had posted a substantial prize for the first person who made it successfully. Needless to say, many another aspirant was interested and hoped to be the lucky one and public interest in the venture was high so the evening before the "hop" was to be made a banquet was held to highlight the occasion and the speeches and champagne flowed freely and a jolly good time was had by all, but it has been said that Louis Blieriot was the only one who denied himself the pleasures of the wassail bowl and as a consequence successfully faced the ordeal the following day with a clear head and steady nerves and became the first man in history to make what was considered to be in those days, such a magnificent achievement. To mark the spot of the "takeoff" a large monument, with bronze plaque attached, describing Louis Blieriot's accomplishment, now stands on the soil of France, a few miles from Calais on the English Channel.

During their first years here the Blieriot family consisted of Andre, who came in 1902, followed three years later by Michael and their mother who lived with the two boys until 1914 when she returned to France.

Andre settled on the west bank of the Red Deer river and ranched and farmed there and operated "the Blieriot ferry" (later known as Munson ferry) for many years, except for time out during World War I when he rallied to the defence of his native land. He was married in 1911 and reared a family, one of whom, a daughter, now resides in Morinville, while he and other members of the family returned to France in 1931, where they still reside.

Mike farmed on the other side of the river and in the early days won a government-sponsored field competition by having the best field of standing oats in the province. His last known place of abode was in British Columbia.

As far as can be ascertained, Louis, the flying member of the family, never lived here although it seems probable that he visited here on occasion, so the perennial story that crops up about him experimenting with gliders and bunding runways out to the cutbanks and "taking off" and gliding across the river for a mile or so, seems unlikely, but probably originates from the fact that they used to have a chute or track down the wall of the cutbank to the ranch buildings below and used this contraption to let down hay, bags of feed etc., thus saving a long roundabout haul from the top, down through a meandering coulee to the flat below. Louis Bleriot died in France six or seven years ago.

The first Bleriot abode on the Red Deer was a sturdy log structure, built low to the ground and able to withstand the strongest gale, but a tall person upon entering this domicile would have to duck low to avoid bumping his "noggin", although it was O.K. for Andre as he was not very tall. It was made principally from stray logs that came floating down the river and salvaged by them for building purposes.

A frame dwelling was erected in 1911 and thereafter anybody who called could walk in perpendicularly without fear of damaging the intel with his head.

Time marches on, the old log house is now in ruins, standing naked, windowless and forlorn but to those of us who were privileged to be here when the country was young and our only roads were deep rutted trails angling through the tall prairie grass, it is a monument to a golden past.

*Many of Mr Bleriot's neighbors have told us about the happy evenings they spent in the Bleriot home, often gathering around the piano to sing.*

*Mr Bleriot is the only pioneer who mentions seeing Indians. Near the middle of the Ghost Pine district is Sarcee Butte, which rises sharply above the surrounding prairie. We have been unable to find out who gave this name to it. Mr Bleriot tells us that years back, the Sarcee Indians used it as an observation point. From that high spot they could scrutinize the whole surrounding country, and perhaps send smoke signals to other tribesmen.*

*From the Provincial Library we received the opinion that the Cree, Blackfoot, Peigans and Sarcees have all been in the district at times, but had no permanent home here. The superintendent of the Indian Agency at Gleichen tells us that, while the Sarcees may have been in the district at times, it is generally accepted that it was part of the territory of the Blackfoot Nation. Thus, in effect, is the*

same as the information we received from the Indian Affairs Branch in Ottawa, and from the National Museum in Ottawa.

On the other hand, Mr John Laurie, Secretary of the Indian Association of Alberta, stressing the firm alliance between the Sarcées and the Blackfeet, says —

I am quite certain that any of that area would be traversed or hunted over or fought over by the Sarcée's independently or along with their Blackfoot allies.

Mr Laurie has given us some very interesting facts about the Sarcée Tribe, and their association with the Blackfeet.

In the 1830's I think, Catlin, the artist records meeting Sarcée people with the Blackfeet on the Yellowstone-Missouri area. Writing about 20 years earlier, David W Harmon, who established the trading post at Ft St. John, B.C., speaks of trading with Sarcées at that post. Yet the name is recorded as Sasawuk—People of the Woods—as early as 1770 (Matthew Cocking). They moved down from the north, a once powerful and numerous group, in an alliance with the Blackfeet proper, possibly about 1700 or earlier. Actually they lived with them, and became so assimilated that they preserved only their Athapascan language—which they still speak.

I see no reason why they would not be with the Blackfeet most of the time. Very few old people are now left, the elders being partly Cree in one case and partly Blackfoot in the other so that tradition is almost lost.

As the Sarcée and Blackfoot tribes both signed Treaty No. 7 in 1877, and have since lived on reservations near Calgary, and since practically no white people settled here until after 1900, it is not surprising that the Indian history of our district was never recorded, as far as we can discover. Evidence of Indian camps on Sarcée Butte is not lacking, however. Mr Nels MacDonald made an extensive collection of such things as arrow-heads, hammers, etc., which he found on the Butte. His son, Orville now has this collection, and has added to it. Indian relics have been found in other parts of the district too.

Forming the east boundary of our district is the Red Deer River with its famous fossil beds. Mr. F. J. Alcock, Chief Curator of the National Museum of Canada has given us the following summary of the geological work in the region.

Dinosaur remains were discovered in the Red Deer River valley, near the present site of Drumheller, by J. B. Tyrrell, of the Geological Survey of Canada, in 1884. Small collections were made for

the Geological Survey in 1889, 1897 and 1901. Large-scale collecting was begun in 1910 by Dr. Barnum Brown of the American Museum of Natural History, and continued during 1911. In 1912 Brown moved to the southern area near Steepleville. The same year the late Mr. C. H. Sternberg worked in the Drumheller area for the Geological Survey of Canada. He had with him two of his sons, C. M. Sternberg and L. Sternberg. Mr. George Sternberg collected in this area for the Survey in 1915 and 1916.

For some years following, work was concentrated in the southern field, but in 1922, 1923, and 1931, the Royal Ontario Museum had collecting expeditions in the area west of Morris and Manson. The Geological Survey expeditions, under C. M. Sternberg, returned to this area in 1924 and continued to operate there in 1925 and 1926. Mr. Sternberg returned for the National Museum of Canada in 1946 and 1947.

Other institutions, such as the University of Alberta, the Chicago Natural History Museum, and the British Museum, have obtained specimens from the southern field, but the above paragraphs list all of the work in the area from Drumheller northward.

*Mr. W. R. Fulton of Drumheller has made a study of the geology of this region, and has made some very valuable discoveries of petrified plant life including figs, nuts, berries, sequoia cones, and the imprints of many different kinds of foliage. One kind of berry, the *Carpolithus fultoni*, bears his name, as its discoverer.*

*Mr. Fulton has given us this letter about the fossil beds of the Red Deer Valley.*

#### MR. W. R. FULTON

The Red Deer River that rises in the Rocky Mountains has cut through the prairie land forming for a considerable distance along its course a miniature Grand Canyon from three to five hundred feet deep. The walls of this canyon have very clearly defined layers of various deposits, shales, clays, sandstone, some iron and bentonite, indicating the many movements of seas and brackish water in the area.

The succession of exposed strata, as we see it along the banks, is part of what is known to science as the Cretaceous. This formation is rich in fossils of the period and many dinosaur remains have been removed from the region and transferred to museums. The first dinosaur skull was collected by Dr. J. B. Tyrrell from the mouth of Knee Hill Creek in 1884.

C. H. Sternberg and his three sons began collecting from the



Drumheller area in 1912. Barnum Brown of the American Museum of Natural History began collecting in 1910.

During Cretaceous times on the western shores of the inland sea there lived a great number of reptiles including dinosaurs, turtles, crocodiles etc., as well as a few primitive animals and birds.

Many fine dinosaur fossils have been collected at various levels along the Red Deer River. The most common of these include several species of duckbill dinosaurs ranging from fifteen to forty feet in length, horned dinosaurs from eight to thirty feet long, armoured dinosaurs about fifteen feet long, and many large and small flesh-eaters.

On the upland to the west of the delta, probably a great many other dinosaurs flourished, but as their skeletons were not covered by the mud and sand carried by rivers running from the higher ground to the west, they were not preserved as fossils and therefore are not so well known.

Many trees, leaves and seeds were also buried in the layers of mud that were washed by the rivers to the cretaceous sea. The water working its way through the bones, the leaves and wood, contained small amounts of minerals in solution, which replaced the bone or wood cells and formed a fossil exactly like the original bone or wood except that the chemical composition had changed.

Orkney, situated as it is, along the canyon of the Red Deer River, has much to interest the student of prehistoric times in the many fossils here. The hills, the gorges, the evergreens, the poplars, the willows and grassland, and much of nature at its best is to be seen along the banks of the river—the hills of Orkney.

*The Provincial Dinosaur Park extends from Munson (Blériot) Ferry to Morrin Ferry on the west bank of the Red Deer River, and embraces all the Bad Lands in that area. Visitors are not allowed to disturb articulated skeletons without a permit, but the ground in many places is littered with bone fragments, bits of fossilized wood, or the fossils of shellfish, and visitors are permitted to take a few of these loose pieces.*

*On the bank above the Dinosaur Park, is Rockville, well-known seed and stock farm, where a lucky visitor will be able to persuade young George Rock to show him some of the best fossil beds.*

*Among our earliest settlers were the Lawrence brothers. Mrs. Clyde Ruby, who was Clemis Young before her marriage, has given us this brief record of the Lawrence family.*

#### **MRS. CLEMIE RUBY**

The Lawrence brothers, Will and Albert, came to Olds from Nebraska in 1893. They stayed there for five years and then moved to where Allingham is now. In 1902 they moved to Ghost Pine and built their home down on the river flat near where the Morrin Ferry is now. Their cattle ranged over a large part of the region between the creek and the river.

In the early homestead days many new settlers stopped at our place on their way to their homesteads on the other side of the river. To be sure that they found the ford, I used to ride down to the river with them and cross the river ahead of them to show them the way. The ford was called the Lawrence Crossing. To reach it we went down a hay trail on the north side of the coulee near where Archie Waddel lives now. When we reached the river we angled upstream towards a sandbar, then went up the sandbar and cut across to the other shore.

Sarah Lawrence used to come out to visit her brothers and we became good friends. Later on when I worked at sewing in Calgary, I boarded at her place. Another sister married a Mr. Lawrence and lives at Acme. She has one son Sidney, who also lives at Acme, and another son Bob, living at Water Valley.

When the range land gave way to homesteads the Lawrence brothers bought the Eustace Ferry land, but they did not stay in the district long after that. Will went to the States and Al went to Acme, where he was married. He moved to the coast later on.

Alexander Hubbard brought his family to Ghost Pine in 1904 and their story is well told by his daughter Mrs. Smith, who now lives in Great Falls, Montana.

#### **MRS. HAZEL (HUBBARD) SMITH**

It was not strange that my family should become immigrants to Alberta in 1904, as my people loved frontier life. As far as I can remember, they had always been in the frontier, pioneering and homesteading from the mid-western states to California, Oregon and Washington. Father owned a lot of horses and was in quest of grazing land. While on a trip, selling horses south of Spokane, he decided to move to Alberta.

Upon learning the news we were thrilled with the prospect of being pioneers once more in a new land. All winter our interests were centred on the big move. We had to sell our home in the Grand Coulee, Washington. Finally in the spring of 1904 it was time to start on our journey. Our outfit consisted of 150 head of horses, 50 cattle, a heavy wagon loaded with our settlers' effects to set up our new home, and a light wagon, called a hack out there, which had our camping equipment. Dad went ahead leading a mare with a bell on her neck, followed by the rest of the horses, then the heavy wagon, the light wagon, and Grace and I brought up the rear with the cattle.

We left the Grand Coulee through the Barker Canyon, went west, and on the second day crossed the Columbia River by the famous Condon Ferry. It was exciting to put range horses on a ferry and to get them all across in a day. Then we went up through the mountains to the Okanagan country. After a delay at the border at Midway we shipped our stock to Calgary, the whole train consisting of our outfit. At Nelson, B.C. the stock cars were transferred on a large barge, one at a time, to the other side of the lake. After a long, hard trip we reached Calgary. From here, we did not know what direction we would be taking, but that we'd soon be on the road again. We were in search of great spans of grass where we could stay settled for years. After six weeks we headed northeast, through wonderful grass til we reached the Three Hills Creek and stopped over to rest for a day or two. Down the creek we found an old widower, Ed Morris, and his four daughters. Mr Morris and Dad had been friends back in Washington in their young days. His daughters were born and raised on this prairie and a nicer family wasn't to be met. We had expected to cross the Red Deer River but on this side we found a set of deserted buildings. As summer was well advanced we decided to camp here for the winter. The roof was off the house, but we stretched our tent over its top and occupied it.

This was a beautiful country and its scenery will linger in my mind as long as I live. It was a paradise for wild life. We saw great herds of antelope grazing and running over the prairies, a sight we had never expected to see.

Almost immediately we began haying with a crew consisting of my half-brother Roscoe Rupe, my half-sister Grace, and my thirteen year old sister, Marcia. Since I was not strong I helped mother in the house, but we'd both spend our afternoons in the hayfield. One afternoon we saw a prairie fire coming straight for our hayfield, but Dad was prepared for that monster enemy. He had a lumber

wagon in the yard, with a barrel of water in it, together with buckets and fire-mops. Soon we were all fighting fire. Where Dad learned to fight fire, I never knew, for he had spent most of his life west of the mountains, and I never heard of a fire of any consequence in that bunch-grass country.

Our home was seven miles from the Morris family and we knew of no one else. There was scarcely any livestock except a band of sheep, not far from us. Later we found two young men, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Yorick living up the creek about three miles. A family named Alberts lived seven miles away. On the river eight miles from us lived two old bachelor brothers by the name of Lawrence, who were ranchers too.

One day, late in the fall, two young men drove up. They were Charlie Catchpole and Jack Basson, the former from England, the latter from Wales. They had heard that this country was underlaid with coal, and that people came from Didsbury and Olds to mine it for themselves. They had come to locate a mine. The report was true, and they soon opened a mine and had a very successful winter. We became very well acquainted with them, for they came to buy their butter and eggs from us.

Our trading post was Didsbury, forty or fifty miles away—a day's journey there and another to return. We made these trips both summer and winter. We had no fear of blizzards, as they were rare.

The next winter Marcia became our mail-courier. She'd ride sixteen miles to the Kneehill Store (later the Carbon Store) for the two miners, as they had no transportation, and for ourselves.

The man who was herding sheep came to our camp to make the acquaintance of the new-comers. He was a very agreeable young Scotchman, from the British Isles. He also began to buy eggs and butter from us. He had a pretty mare and colt which my sister Marcia had been admiring, so one day she offered to trade her pretty chestnut saddle horse for his mare and colt, and he agreed. My sister had owned and ridden the chestnut for the past three years, but his past record had been that of an outlaw. She had managed him well, but his new owner somehow awakened that desperation that had been slumbering in his veins. The next time the young Scotchman came for his butter and eggs, he was afoot. Said he couldn't stay on the chestnut but had him tied to a picket-post. Was aiming to send him to the Pope ranch to have the "old nuck" taken out of him. The last we heard of that horse, he was travelling with the rodeos.

That fall Grace caught a lot of suckers in Ghost Pine Creek. They were good-sized suckers, and it was great fun, shooting them, then hopping in after them. My best sport was shooting prairie chicken and ducks to keep a supply of meat on hand.

With haying over Dad's next big project was to get logs from the Red Deer Canyon with his stepson Roscoe. This was to build our new house which was a nice size and quite comfortable.

In the spring we girls used to ride the range on our saddle horses. One day as Marcia and I were riding, she spotted a baby antelope about where the Prairie Bible Institute now stands. In a flash she was after it. She finally ran it down on the banks of the Ghost Pine. When I overtook her, she was carrying the little fellow in her arms. She later traded him for a calf.

As the spring opened in 1905, the country was again swept by a prairie fire. Grace and Marcia were baking pies and cakes late one night when they spotted it. It was April 1, and no joke. It came from the west, driven by a hard wind. Dad got up, rushed to the barn, harnessed the horses, hitched them to his fire-wagon, and away we went in the dark to meet the hazard. By morning we returned in victory. Mother had stacks of sandwiches and a huge kettle of coffee ready for the crew. As they ate they told of their fire-fighting experiences with triumph in their eyes. They had saved our scope of country, but the fire had jumped the creek and taken a big toll of grass land.

The next awful event that took place was that our horses began to act strange and later became quite crazy. Evidently we had moved onto a loco range. This broke my poor father's heart. He was a lover of horses and this ended his career in them. He then bought cattle and in a few years was running 800 head. He still kept 40 of the best horses, mostly Clydes. He had sold a team for as much as \$500. It was hard to quit them altogether. Two years later Dad took on a homestead near Sunnyslope. Later the little post office of Three Hills sprang up, but down on the creek flat.

One day the prairie musician, Melvin Woods, rode over on his horse. He could sing and play the organ by the hour and was a good entertainer. Later we were married on our Ghost Pine ranch.

During our second year in Canada, Grace married the English coal miner. Later he opened a mine at Three Hills, which he sold to Mr. Watson, then took a homestead at Oyen.

In 1908 Marcia married Hugh Parry, a young Welshman who had homesteaded between Sunnyslope and Ghost Pine. Then, having worked for Swift's in Chicago, and knowing beef animals from

"horn to hoof", he had worked for Pat Burns as a cattle buyer for a year or two. He and Marcia had a pretty good start, with his cattle and her horses.

That year Dad did well, feeding cattle for Burns, but later on my mother became ill and died in Pendleton, Oregon.

My father had one very bad year when he fed cattle on frozen oat hay, and I gave four Clyde mares as a down payment on 160 acres near the Parry ranch. My father later moved to Washington, but returned to Alberta in 1916, and lived with Marcia and Hugh. I went back and forth across the line a few times, and then fate decreed that I make my home again in the States.

My father died in 1928. He lies at rest under the British flag, in a part of the land which he did his part to move from a range into a garden of the world. He was a tireless worker and a great pioneer and I thank God, his efforts in Canada were deservedly appreciated.

*Mrs. James M. Snell of Carbon, Alberta, was a little girl, three years old, when she came to Alberta. Her name then was Marie Jones. She is not too sure of the dates of many of the incidents mentioned, so has only given those she is sure of. Her story gives us a vivid picture of pioneer life as seen through the eyes of a child.*

#### MRS. MARIE (JONES) SNELL

This story really began in the early fall of 1906, as I think some explanation is necessary, so the reader may understand why two people, wholly inexperienced and unprepared for the life that lay ahead, should suddenly find themselves camped in a tent on the banks of Ghost Pine Creek that August morning in 1906.

My father, young Harry Jones, a tinsmith in a hardware store, had been a victim of asthma most of his life, and a sudden bout with pneumonia left him with weakened lungs. The doctor insisted that if he were to live even two years he must move to a higher altitude and a drier climate. He suggested a farm in Alberta. Dad's brother was in Calgary and liked it, so the die was cast.

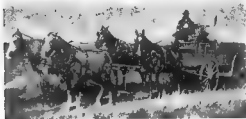
The house, furniture and chickens were sold, and worst of all, Min, the little black driver, Dad's pride and joy. Caring for Min and the chickens was the only experience remotely resembling farm life, that my dad and young mother had had up to then. The funds were pitifully small, but after many tearful farewells, and warnings of Indians and wild animals, we were on the train heading west.



ALBERTA PICNIC GROUP AT SARCEE BUTTE



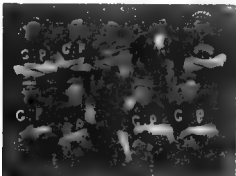
MR. AND MRS. T. ROBINSON



MR. CLYDE RUBY



Back Row L to R —L LaRoy, B LaRoy, A Reed, W Down  
Front Row L to R —J Reed, A Down, F Reed



Back Row E Clark, E Huxley, V Simpson, J E Huxley, C Gribbin.  
Centre W Hein  
Front Row V Huxley, T Hays, P Clark, F Gribbin



We arrived in Calgary in April, 1906. Dad immediately filed on a homestead, then leaving Mother and me in Calgary, living in a tent, he came out to have a look at our future home. When he returned, they began to gather together the barest necessities, a team of "green broke brones", harness, wagon, mower and rake, walking plow, lumber, nails, etc., a supply of provisions, and last but not least, a tiny black kitten.

A man by the name of Fred Magee had two four-horse teams and wagons and along with our own outfit we left Calgary for Ghost Pine Creek. One night after camp was pitched, Mr. Magee went to some nearby hills and picked some saskatoons, the first any of us had ever tasted.

One morning the horses had disappeared. "Old Maud", the leader, who was kept tethered, had somehow pulled the pin out and gone too. Away went the men to hunt for them and it was afternoon before we saw them returning. I ran to meet them, and Mr. Magee picked me up and set me between Old Maud's ears and told me to "hold on tight". I did! Old Maud lived to be thirty-two years old and raised a colt that year too.

A few days later we arrived at the Three Hills Creek and had to camp there nearly two weeks. Someone had pulled up the survey stakes and our special 160 acres looked just like any other 160 acres. However the stakes were put back and on we went, this time leading a cow, purchased from another settler who needed money. We arrived HOME at six o'clock on August 6th, 1906.

I carefully held the kitten until the tent was pitched and a bed made for me, then Kitty and I promptly went to sleep. Mr. Magee had unloaded his wagons back at the Three Hills Creek, so Dad and Mother were all on their own. The horses had to be watered and as they did not lead well, Dad put their bridles on and tied them together. He walked between them and Mother went along behind, to encourage them when necessary, by rattling a pail. On the way they found a lovely spring bubbling out of the bank of the coulee. Just across the coulee and up on the cutbank a seam of coal was in plain sight. The new home was named there and then, "Lucky Ranch". They had water, wood, coal and grass for pasture and hay. Already Dad was feeling better.

The next morning will always live in my memory. Just as the sun was making a red glow on the tent, a herd of big steers with great long horns discovered the intruders and decided to investigate. They pawed and bellowed and snorted, all the while making horrible shadows on the red-tinted canvas. Mother and I were terrified!

Dad got up and went outside, whereupon they retreated to a distance of fifty or sixty yards, then stood and looked at us. That day Dad put a fence around the tent and wagon and at night the teams (Smut and Red) were tied at one end of the wagon and Carrots, the cow, at the other, safely inside the fence.

Mother and Dad were busy every waking minute, and Mother was trying hard to learn to milk. The rest of our things were brought from the Three Hills Creek and work was begun on a shack. Dad mowed and raked the hay, then they both hauled it in and stacked it near where the stable was to be, then put a fence around it to keep range cattle out. Four or five acres of land were broken to be ready for spring. Next a sod barn was started.

About this time the McDougals family settled two miles west of us, and as the season was late, they decided to join forces with us for the winter. Mr McDougal cut some hay for his stock. Meanwhile work went ahead on the stable. It was built into the bank on one side for warmth, and, I suspect less work. The soda had to be uniform in thickness so Mother drove the horses and Dad held the plow. Then the soda were cut into lengths with an axe, and piled on a stoneboat. Red hauled the loads to the barn and stood patiently while the soda were laid, one upon the other, like huge bricks. When the walls were high enough the men cut and trimmed poles in the couler and the women carried or dragged them into piles. A larger pole made a ridge-pole, and the others were skidded up to the building with a chain, pulled, of course, by Red. The two women laid the poles on, side by side, then the men very carefully laid the soda on so they made a good firm roof.

When winter struck in October we were remarkably well prepared, considering the short time there had been to do the work. The spring had been dug out and cribbed up and a cover put on. A road had been made along the cutbank to the coal, so it could be hauled by means of a horse and stoneboat. The McDougals pitched their tent just north of our house and after the snow came they banked it right over with snow and lived there all winter, whether comfortably or not, I don't know.

In the spring new settlers arrived, including my grandmother and Dad's other brother, Charlie, who filed on the quarter west of ours, and as soon as possible Dad pre-empted the one east of the home quarter, so that we had pasture with creek meandering through it. At that time we were the farthest south of any family on the creek. The Wattie Hay family was two miles south-east of us, which pleased me no end because their daughter was just a few months older than me. Later they moved to Three Hills, and then to a farm near Carbon.

We now had more livestock, two cows, their calves, and an extra horse, Barney. Poor Barney, how he hated flies and mosquitoes! Someone had cut off his tail and he could not keep them off, so Mother used to make a smudge for him. He would stand in the smoke, snorting and shaking his head. One day he pulled his tether chain around and upset the smudge pan. When Mother saw the grass burning fiercely, she snatched off her heavy black skirt and beat out the flames, before looking to see whether anyone was around to see her in her petticoats.

One day while Dad was in Calgary, a little calf fell over a cut-bank onto a ledge and was discovered by some coyotes. The cows could not reach it, but the coyotes must have, because next day there were only a few little bones left. Dad's friends had given him a .38-55 rifle before he left the east, but Mother could never bring herself to fire it, even when she saw a pack of thirteen coyotes near the house one day.

The McDougals went to Calgary one day that summer, and asked Jim Hay and Joe Fitzpatrick to do chores for them while they were gone. Neither man had ever been there, so when they took a wrong turn and arrived at our place early in the morning, they set to work to milk our cows. We all had a good laugh over that.

In 1908 Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hay, Sr. took the quarter of land cornering ours. That was a red-letter day for me as they had a little girl, Edleen, about my age, and a boy two years older. Edleen and I became firm friends and have remained so all of our lives. We live on adjoining farms now. Our children have always been friends and now that we are grandparents I sometimes wonder if the grandchildren know whose grandmother belongs to whom, really, for we are both grandmother to them all. Edleen's baby brother was born that summer and how I envied her!

The Anderson family moved in that summer, and two bachelors, Frank Mostertz and Archie Reed. Mother used to bake bread every day, to sell to bachelors. Sometimes they bought eggs and butter too.

On the night of February 22, 1909, there was a bad storm. I woke in the night and called out. When my father came I told him I could hear wild geese. He said: "Marie, that is your baby sister crying." Life seemed complete now that we had a baby too. Grandmother Jones was there, and our baby was the twelfth little westerner she had delivered since she had come from Ontario in 1907. No doubt some of our readers will still remember her. She passed on

in 1915 and rests in the little cemetery by the Anglican Church, her share of building the west well done

One summer a prairie fire swept across the land northwest of us. All the men for miles around hurried to fight it with sacks or anything they had handy. One man had a four horse team and was frantically plowing furrows. Mrs. Hay sent Eileen and Lionel hurrying to our place for extra bread, so she could have lunch ready for the men when they came back. Their place was nearest the fire at the time. Mother, of course, was baking bread, so we took the big pan of dough and walked across the fields to Mrs. Hay's, where they made it into pans and pans of buns. Meanwhile, they put cream into the churn and left us children to churn, so they would have plenty of butter for the buns. It was a hot day, so they set the big barrel churn in the shade of the house to keep it cool. Well, we wanted to see that fire, so we took turns giving the churn a few good turns of the crank and then dashing back to see the fire. Once Lionel gave it an extra hard swing and upset it, knocking the drain plug out. We lost quite a bit of cream before Lionel got his finger into the hole, and Eileen and I ran for our mothers. The fire burned to the creek and when the wary men thought it safe for some of them to leave and have a bite to eat they came--to our place! Mother and I had gone home to do chores, so while I ran across the fields to get the buns and butter Mother got the kettle boiling for tea. Mrs. Hay, Eileen and Lionel came back with me and we soon had lunch for the men.

One summer Mr. Greaves put a thousand sheep on pasture in our district. He had a Mr. Hickey herding them. Mr. Hickey had a saddle horse and two dogs and always carried a shotgun. One week he would graze the sheep on the east side of the creek, and the next week on the west. He used to bed them down on the flats where Bob Mortimer homesteaded and built his shack. Coyotes often attacked the sheep and sometimes we could hear Mr. Hickey's shotgun in the middle of the night trying to frighten them away. One day he laid his gun on the ground and lay reading while the sheep grazed. He noticed that his pony had strayed some distance, so went to catch him. He searched and searched in the deep grass, but never did find his gun. I wonder if anyone ever did find it in later years.

Our first threshing was done with a flail which Dad made to thresh out a bit of grain for the chickens. Our first real threshing was done with horse-power to run the separator. I remember because I cried all the time they were at our place. The owner had some horses of his own but the farmer had to supply some. Of

course the horses that were used to the contraption just moped around and around. Ours had never seen such a thing, and Smut especially was terrified. The driver tied their halter shanks to the draw bar ahead, then took his accustomed place in the centre, and cracked his horrible whip. Poor Smut and Red, even after they had settled down to a steady pace, would go almost frantic every time the man shouted or cracked the whip at another horse that was lagging a bit. Then my tears would flow afresh. The driver was only trying to keep the lazy ones doing their share, I guess, but I still think he liked to crack that whip a little too well.

In the summer of 1910, Mother's sister, her husband, and their little girl came to our place, as well as Uncle's two brothers. They brought a carload of settlers' effects from Fort Francis or Remy River, Ontario.

They had a quantity of lumber and some large sheets of tin to build a house. The men immediately put up four walls, and put the tin on top, till they could get some more lumber to finish the shack. The tin was tied down with ropes, but one day the ropes were needed for something else and were taken off. That afternoon a black cloud came up suddenly, and a terrific wind hit before the tin could be fastened down. Away went sheet after sheet until all the tin was gone. Then clothes that had been hanging up, started soaring through the air, while my aunt, uncle and little cousin cowered inside. Some of the clothing was never found, and the tin was twisted beyond repair.

One day Dad brought a small load of coal up on a stoneboat, and somehow the horses, stoneboat, coal, and all went over the edge of a fifty or sixty foot cutbank, and Dad went with them. He was not too badly hurt except for a broken arm and some bad scratches and bruises. The horse stood perfectly still while Dad climbed on his back and then brought him home safely. Dr Spankie of Carbon set Dad's arm.

My aunt and uncle and cousin, Mr and Mrs. Alf Hoey and Aileen took care of our farm that winter, while we went back to Ontario for a visit. In the spring they moved to Carbon. Some of our readers may remember them. Alf Hoey was a Mange Inspector for a couple of years before taking a job driving stage between Carbon and Acme. The two brothers returned to Ontario.

Eileen had a pony, and when her father brought home a buckskin mare, Babe, and her colt, Eileen promptly claimed them too. Since I was determined to ride, my folks traded a cow and calf for the mare and colt for me. Many a trip Babe and I made to the Ghost Pine Store and Post Office in the next few years.

About that time Mr. Duncan McKenzie opened up a mine in a coulee a half mile south of our place. The road leading to the mine from the Orkney and Sarcee districts across the creek, ran right by our house, and load after load of coal passed by. Two or three of the men drove oxen, and the sight always fascinated me. There were two boys and two girls in the McKenzie family.

The next big step was a school. I had gone to Carbon and stayed with my cousin for a while, and attended school there. Eileen and Lionel attended Sarcee Butte—sometimes. For the most part we stayed home and did what lessons our busy mothers gave us to do. Now there were enough children in the district for a school. After many meetings, the work was started in 1913, and Webb School opened its doors on January 4, 1914, with Miss Anice Maud Pratt as the first teacher. Miss Pratt became my aunt in 1916 when she married my Uncle Charlie. My Dad's health, after improving for the first few years, gradually failed, and we laid him to rest beside Grandmother in 1916. He had really enjoyed his ten years of pioneering.

Mrs. Snell will be pleased to learn the sequel to the story of Mr. Hickey's gun. Mr. H. C. Currie has told us that he was breaking land on Charlie Currie's homestead in 1911. He was using a John Deere Dakota Rod Breaking Plow, by the way, and it was pulled by two Clyde horses in front, then two oxen and a saddle horse hitched to one side. When a corner of the plow share struck against metal, Mr. Currie investigated and found a gun so deeply imbedded in grass that it could not be seen. He dug it out and found it to be in fair shape, though rusty and pitted. After a good cleaning it was quite useable. He inquired about it and was told by Charlie MacDonald that it must be Mr. Hickey's. By that time, of course, Mr. Hickey had moved away, and could not be located.

Eventually Mr. Currie sold it to Adolph Skrukwa, who was working for him and who wanted it for his father at Lac la Biche.

Mr. George Leet had a light-hearted approach to the difficulties of establishing a home in this new country.

#### MR. GEORGE LEET

I left Nova Scotia in the fall of 1903, as the call of the west was stronger than that of the grand old ocean and scenic highways and lakes galore, that linger in the memory no matter where we roam. It was a new land we were looking for, and a future home, so it was good-bye to all, and board the harvest trains for Winnipeg.

I spent two harvests, one winter and one summer in Manitoba, looking over the country from Winnipeg south to Letellier. There were so many thistle beds and thin crops, I thought "this can't be what the old easterners meant when they kept telling us to 'go west young man, go west', it must be farther west" so I gathered up my belongings and took my last drink of Red River water. This Red River water was really something. We had been using it the last nine or ten months where I was working. I used to boil the water barrels full. After every rain storm, when the river was in flood I used to see everything from rotten logs to dead horses going by. This was a real fairy land where we got the coffee without the beans.

Calgary was the next spot, a likeable place, and the most friendly place I'd found.

Next I headed for Didsbury, and the land-agent, Bert Smith. Together we cruised around until we found a place that looked like home to me. It had been homesteaded before but there was no shack on it. I had to wait for word from Ottawa before I could file on it. While I waited I worked in Calgary. I had a pick and shovel job in a gravel bank, but five days was enough of that. Then I got a job in the Golden West Soap Factory on a pressing machine at \$2.00 a day, until I filed on my homestead. I sent my mother all the money I had left as there were still nine brothers and sisters at home to feed. I did carpenter work from May until November 15, then went back to Didsbury.

On the evening of November 15, we loaded up two jags of lumber, stove, tool chest, groceries, tar paper and all the other things for the winter and for building a shanty 12 by 16. One fellow started out that evening. Both loads were on wagons as it was a fine warm day with no snow. That night about 8 inches of snow fell and the weather turned cold. Next morning the land agent and I had to re-load his load on sleighs, but got started about noon. We made Sunnyslope about midnight, half frozen. It was real winter weather and hard going as the runners cut through the snow into the gravel. In two days we got to my quarter, unloaded, and had to go back two miles to Herbert LaRoy's to stay over night as that was the nearest place. LaRoy's and Billy Cunningham's, one and a half miles north, were the only places you could be sure of getting a place to stop. From then on it set in cold and real wintry. I had to walk two miles from LaRoy's to my place and work three or four hours until I got so cold I could hardly feel whether I had nails in my hand or not.

At last I got the shanty done and a stove going. Then I forgot about the cold and went looking around for something to eat. The first thing I got hold of was five pounds of rice. I put one cupful in a

small pan, but that didn't look enough so I dumped in another cupful. In a few minutes the rice was to the top of the pan so I got a larger pan thinking I was okay now. But it was not long before I had to get a good big cooking pot. Well I guess no Chinaman ever ate more rice in a week than I did, but in a few days all was going along like clockwork. All the neighbours I met were a real friendly bunch and you were always welcome at their homes.

I soon got into the way of making baking powder biscuits and then loaf bread. Sometimes it came out nice and light and sometimes I thought I had got hold of a rock instead of a loaf, but I ate it anyway.

When all was fixed up for the winter there was no place to go, for there was not much doing the winter of 1906 and '07, and being the bashful type I'd sooner stay home anyway. When the coal oil lamp cast its shadows around, the scenes of the old homeland I'd left behind came back to memory, more vivid than ever. Then to amuse myself I enjoyed putting my thoughts into verse or rhyme, or call it what you like.

Later the young people's gatherings brightened up the winter evenings. It was nice to hear some of the good singers sing the old-time songs. Then when the church services started we had some place to go on Sundays. After some of the school houses were built, services were held there on Sundays. It all seemed to make for better feeling.

When we started to break up the land it was hard going. It took four good horses to turn over one furrow with a fourteen or sixteen inch plough. When the engine came in, ploughing cost about seven dollars an acre. Mosquitoes were very bad morning and evening.

The first few years there was some timber to be had in the deep coulees near the Red Deer river. We used to pull it up from the bottom of the coulee with four horses on three hundred feet of heavy telegraph wire. We used it for buildings and fences. There was plenty of coal but it was slow work getting it out and sometimes you would wait half a day to get half a ton. I think the weather was more severe in the earlier years. Blizzards sometimes lasted three days and blocked all roads. Stock that had no shelter sometimes starved or froze, even in the coulees. The dry years were a bad setback. 1910 was very dry and there was little crop. In 1914 the grain was only about a foot high and the heads were very badly shrivelled.



Threshing was a problem. Only an odd machine was to be found in the country and we had to stack all our grain and wait until it came around. The winters of 1909 and 1910 my threshing was not done until January. The Scott brothers threshed around the country then.

I spent most of my summer months working away from home until my marriage to Martha Ann Herdman of Strathroy, Ontario, in December, 1911. From then on I spent most of my time in the Ghost Pine and Three Hills districts, until 1943.

*Serving the district as Field Supervisor is a man who has been a part of Ghost Pine history since 1907. Clyde Ruby tells his story "Memoirs of a Baking Powder Biscuit Homesteader."*

#### MR. CLYDE RUBY

Coming to Alberta in 1902, we arrived in Olds on March 21. My father had taken a homestead about twenty miles southwest of Olds and twelve miles west of Didsbury, in what is now known as the Jella district. I lived there until 1907, when I came out to the Ghost Pine in the Sarcee Butte district, and homesteaded the N W 12 - 31 - 22 W 4. The land homesteaded was first filed on by Dick Deering, and as he was letting it go back he cancelled it in my favor, and I filed on it on April 27, 1907.

I came out to see the land on April 23, after the hard winter of 1906-07, which will be remembered by many of the ranchers of those days. The coulees were still pretty well filled with snow and as we crossed the creek at the George Saunders' place, we found, in a snow-filled coulee, a cow which was down and could not get out, so, trying to help the poor critter, I put a rope on her and hauled her out with the saddle horse. When I took the rope off she took after me, but I had the saddle horse as a bodyguard.

After filing on my land in April, I was not out again till September. I got Mr. J. H. Young (who later became my father-in-law) to break my first five acres during the summer.

When I came out in September I put up my first building, which I used as a barn. (At that time my possessions consisted of a twenty dollar horse and a forty dollar saddle.) I stayed at Mr. Young's during the early part of the winter, taking timber from the coulees to use for posts in fencing the homestead. Early in January, 1908 I moved my shack on to the farmstead, moving it from Didsbury on two wagons, my father and Mr. Young each furnishing a team. When it was landed on the homestead it was all ready to start living in, as we had camped in it en route.

During the winter of 1907-08 the Sarcree Butte School District was formed, and early in the spring work began on the Sarcree Butte School. I worked on it from the time it was started till it was almost finished.

On July 1, a community picnic was held on Sarcree Butte. A big shade was made, covered with brush. A good crowd turned out. They came in wagons, stone-boats, on horseback and on foot. To end a perfect day, we had a dance in Mr. and Mrs. Young's home.

In haying time in 1908 a bunch of Ghost Pine homesteaders were working on a haying crew, putting up hay for P. Burns and Co. near Sunnyslope. A few names I recall at present were, Bill Heins, Ed Clark, Harry Baker, Lee Abram, Ed Deering, Sam Abermenko, L. Ingles, Harry Hall, Wilfred McCubbin and myself.

I returned to the homestead when the haying season was over, and found my shack occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bert Scot and their daughter Jean, who had homesteaded the S.E. 14-31-22 W 4. As my abode was not too large, I bunked in the barn. Just imagine a kitchen, pantry, dining room, living room and bedroom, all in a building 10x14. Of course the bathroom we could hang outside of the house. The Scots stayed with me till they could move into their house.

I bought my first team, harness and wagon in the fall of 1908, and started hauling coal to Didsbury from the Ghost Pine coal mine. I would haul freight for the Ghost Pine Store or mine props for the coal mine on the return trip. Wilfred Ferry was the proprietor of the store and Bob Cook operated the coal mine. The trip to Didsbury and return took a full five days (with good luck). The Sunnyslope Hotel was the halfway house. It was run by Dan McKinnon, a typical westerner when it came to hospitality, and Mrs. McKinnon could certainly satisfy the appetite after a day on the trail. I continued freighting for quite some time, in 1910 making a trip every week, and I did everything from sending money orders to Eaton's, to bringing out cough syrup for people along the trail (once in a while a little Scotch paregoric).

I hauled a lot of supplies in 1910 when the Grand Trunk was under construction here. The Canadian Northern was under construction at the same time, being built into Morris, so in 1911 we hauled our wheat across the river. We always rough-loaded all four runners of the sleigh going down the hill, but it was much better than going to Didsbury.

In 1912 the Grand Trunk was completed, and it was really something. We had a town with a railroad running through it! That fall when it came to hauling grain a group of farmers exchanged hauling, loading a car for each one. We still had to shovel it from our wagons to the box car, but that was not so bad. We could still make a trip every day. When you had your car loaded you still had to wait for a train to come through to bill it out to its destination. I had the pleasure of coming from Calgary to Three Hills on the first passenger train.

So in the fall of 1912, with the town of Three Hills started, and a railroad through it, and being able to go to town and back the same day, in my opinion pioneer days were over.

*Mr. Leigh Curtis was one of the earliest of the ranchers in the district. The Calgary Albertan has published several of his stories of his life in Ghost Pine, and many of us have enjoyed them in that paper. Parts of them are re-published here with the kind permission of the author, and of the Albertan Publishing Co., Calgary.*

#### MR. LEIGH CURTIS

I got out to this north country by helping Harry Webb, Jack Gibson and Harry Irwin take a bunch of cattle—300 head, from sixteen miles west of Calgary to their location on the Three Hills Creek.

The trip was uneventful except that the first day out, travelling a road along side of the C.P.R. right-of-way nearing Calgary, we met the Imperial Limited. The range cattle, never having seen a train before, turned tail and stampeded in the wrong direction putting us back a whole day. The second day got us to Calgary all right, but we had the bridge over the Bow to cross. These ignorant critters had never seen a bridge either. It took a lot of hard work with the horses and rope ends, yipping and cursing, to get the leaders started on the bridge and even then they acted as if they were "stepping on eggs." Time after time we got them moving across the bridge when somebody with a team and wagon started across from the other side. That bridge had more loose planks than tight ones, and the row the teams and wagons made was too much for the cattle. They retired in haste and work had to be done all over again. It took us from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m. to cross the bridge and put the bunch in a pasture for the night.

The first day out of Calgary we took the wrong fork in the trail and when we realized it we had to head off across the bald-headed prairie in the general direction of the right trail. We had no grub with us so we were without supper and breakfast and finally caught

up with the cook and wagon about noon. Boy! Did that grub taste good!

Riding the "bald-headed", or travelling the trails, you often saw bunches of cattle or horses grazing, haystacks near the creeks, but never a house. They were all in well-sheltered creek flats well below the level of the prairie.

In some cases the trail down to these flats, on which the buildings and corrals were situated, was too steep to haul down heavy loads. So chutes of peeled poplar poles were constructed down the sides of steep cutbanks. Hay was pitched onto the chutes at the top, and gravity did the rest. The hay landed at the bottom where it was stacked.

Riding northeast six or eight miles from the Three Hills Creek you eventually struck the Ghost Pine Creek. This creek, the outlet of the Ghost Pine Lake (now Pine Lake) some fifty miles north, wound its way southeast to empty into the Three Hills Creek about a mile from its mouth.

Here nature provided a triangular pasture, some four miles long, a mile wide at the tip, broadening out to eight miles or more on its open side to the north where the line stretched from the Ghost Pine Creek to the Red Deer River. It was covered with several years' growth of thick bunch grass. Fenced in on three sides by the almost perpendicular banks of the Red Deer River canyon and equally steep banks of the smaller canyons cut by the two creeks, Ghost Pine and Three Hills, as they joined up with the river, it was ideal. Stock turned in there must work its way back to the northwest tip of the triangle for both water and shelter.

An empty old log shack faced the ford of the creek at the northwest tip of the triangle. It had been put up and occupied at times by the Lawrence brothers as a bee camp when they had used the triangle as a summer range. The Lawrence ranch was located directly east on the Red Deer River. They were now running their bunch on the east side of the river and the shack was used only for a couple of months in the fall by two men.

A short distance up the creek from the shack, on the side of the cutbank was the outcropping of a four foot seam of coal. This seam, located between two layers of rock, produced coal of the best quality. A mine had been opened up by cutting a horizontal shaft into the seam for some fifteen feet, where it widened out as the coal was mined, to a good sized chamber. This coal could then be purchased at the mine head for \$1.75 per ton.

Two miles farther up-stream I found my homestead and location for the ranch. The creek made a letter 'S' through the northeast corner of the quarter section with a ford between two long deep pools providing plenty of water. A high cutbank on the north and west sides protected a low-lying flat fringed with thick clumps of bushes. Here I was later to build a shed, 100x20, sod walls with poles and hay roof, enclosed by a big corral crossing the creek, for calves and thin stock. Plenty of room here, too, for a couple of big stacks of hay. On the opposite side of the creek, but some twenty feet higher up, was a saucer-shaped flat protected by a hill on two sides. This was the location for the house, stables and horse corral.

## THE REAL GHOST PINE PIONEERS

Even in 1904 some farmers were drifting in and settling on the lands between the Kneehill Creek and the Three Hills Creek, the western slope of the divide between the Three Hills Creek and the Ghost Pine Creek. These homesteads were then few and far apart on land with no water or shelter, and which the ranchers considered useless, except for grazing, or hayland. Late in the fall of 1904 Gunn and I found two young Englishmen building a lumber shack on the NW quarter of our own section.

These new settlers didn't worry us. In fact we did not think they would stay long, and were glad to have new neighbors close to us. However, as time went by, I realized that these few farmers were just the advance guard of a steady stream that was to continue to pour into the Ghost Pine district until every available quarter section of land was occupied and fenced. By the end of 1908, with Pre-emption in effect, there was practically no vacant land left, except an occasional school section and the road allowances. Therefore ranching as we knew it, went out of business overnight.

These new settlers, who were arriving steadily from 1904 to 1908, were the Real Pioneers of the Ghost Pine Creek district. They were of the sound stock who came prepared to withstand every inconvenience and hardship in order to establish homes for themselves and families. For two years or more, until a settler named Thomas brought in a well-drilling outfit driven by horse power, the majority had to haul water in barrels from the creek.

The two Englishmen, who spent the winter of 1904 and 1905 in the shack on the quarter next to mine, were just as green as I was when I first landed in Calgary. Geoffrey had filed on this homestead, while his chum, Wilfred Ferry, had his a mile north. Both town bred boys, they seemed to get on well together, mainly, I suppose, because they were the direct opposites in disposition and character.

Geoff was the weaker of the two, jolly and easy going, and as it turned out later, easily imposed upon. Wilfred Ferrey, though slight in build was a strong character, a combination of brains, courage, ambition and a determination to succeed. He ranks as one of the Real Pioneers, because when joined by his brother, Eustace about 1906, they filled a long felt want by establishing the district's first store and post office.

The Hubbards and Rupes had just got nicely settled in the old line shack on the creek in the spring of 1905, when Art Davies and his cousin, Harold Powell, arrived to settle on a half-section off the creek, south of my place. Both were English, but with some practical farming experience in Manitoba.

Art Davies was blond, short and slight, with an expression of almost angelic innocence, that I was to discover later concealed not only a lot of mischief and deviltry, but also a very shrewd brain. He had a very fine tenor voice, that was a treat to hear (only the cows could stand mine). He was good company with an unlimited supply of stories, many, I think, he made up as he went along. He certainly knew horses.

Harold Powell was dark, much bigger and more powerfully built and unusually strong. He had the prominent square jaw of the doer. A great lad to work.

Along with Wilfred Ferrey, Davies and Powell made up the first lot of the Real Pioneers.

"The March of the Cameron Men" was to be heard in the land early in the spring of 1905, when the Cameron family arrived and settled on a half section across the creek, but not on it, from my place. With 100 head of cattle, eight or ten horses and a couple of wagons loaded with household goods and farm machinery, they had hit the trail all the way from Montana.

Firey Hugh with a white pointed beard, and his jolly, buxom, good-hearted wife, were then past middle age. Alex (Sandy), the son in his thirties, was well educated, quiet and slow of speech, slow to anger. He was a good man, a good son. An adopted daughter in her teens, and a cousin, Jack McIntosh, whose stock of yarns seemed inexhaustable, completed the family. Originally from Nova Scotia, possibly third generation Canadians, they all were as Scotch in speech as if they had just landed, and of course strict Presbyterians.

No temporary shack for the Camerons. The men soon had lumber cut from town and Jack McIntosh, who was a first class carpenter, with the help of father and son built a good substantial story-and-a-half farm house. Once settled in their new home, we were given the opportunity of enjoying Real Scotch Hospitality—there is no finer

Busy as Mrs. Cameron was, she found time to "mother" all the young bachelors. Many the pound of butter, loaf of bread and jar of milk and cream she insisted on handing out to us chaps. They were luxuries to us at that time and sure were appreciated. A wonderful woman, Mrs. Cameron, utterly unafraid. I remember once, when the creek was in flood, seeing her wade in till the swift current was above her waist to rescue a calf from drowning.

Thus the Camerons joined the Real Pioneers.

Then in 1906 came that fine American family, the Reeds. Husband and wife in their forties, big jolly daughter Jennie, and two big sons. They took possession of the old Lawrence line shack and the stable and corral, vacated by the Rupees, which were all on the Reed homestead.

George Saunders and his very pretty daughter, Muriel, arrived next, homesteading between my place and the Reeds. A big man, George Saunders, a practical farmer and a sound citizen. Muriel of course created quite a sensation, and in no time at all Harold Powell had her "roped, tied and branded." So the Saunders, too, were real pioneers.

In the spring of 1906 came William Johnson, his grown-up sons Jack and Ernie, and two daughters, who later married the Ferrey brothers. They homesteaded near the Ferreys.

The Huxleys, a young married couple, also settled near to the Ferreys.

The Dawns—husband, wife, two sons, and several good looking daughters, settled on the divide between the Ghost Pine Creek and the Red Deer River, near the Sarcee Butte.

The James Campbell family from Scotland settled on the east side of the creek, opposite the coal mine, and took over the working of the mine.

Art Milan, a practical farmer from the States homesteaded quite near the Dawns. He was a bachelor, about my own age and one of the finer specimens of American manhood.

George Andrews, bachelor farmer from Ontario, settled on the

divide to the south-east. A character, George, I remember being at his shack for dinner one day when he said he was going down to get a jar of pickled beets from his aunt, Mrs. LaRoy, a quarter of a mile away. I watched George start back with the beets, open the jar and start eating. By the time he reached his own place the beets were all gone, so he just turned around and returned the empty jar. I never got a taste of them.

Practically all of these people took advantage of pre-emption and acquired an additional 160 acres. Many are still alive and are enjoying life on prosperous, well run farms, where they first homesteaded. Those who have passed away have been succeeded by their sons.

These are some of the people whose grit and industry have made Alberta what she is today.

### LITTLE THINGS THAT HAPPENED YEARS AGO

Since arriving in Alberta, I had gradually accumulated a light work team, a second-hand wagon, a mower and hay rake, a couple of saddle horses, and some thirty head of cattle. The cattle were running with Harry Webber's bunch and the rest of the outfit was at the Nash ranch.

I had filed on my homestead on the Ghost Pine Creek and as spring arrived I planned to take up residence. So sometime in April I hitched up the team and hit the trail for Calgary to buy a tent and lay in supplies.

I had just arrived in Calgary when I ran into an acquaintance, Ralph Gunn, who was working for a wholesale firm. There was an opening for an experienced clerk and as I didn't actually have to be on my homestead till haying time I applied for, and got, the job.

By July, Ralph Gunn and another young chap, Earl Water, had decided to file on homesteads next to mine. We got away to a late start but as we had only a light load on the wagon we could jog along the trail and by four p.m. were in the slough country.

The sloughs were alive with wild ducks. The game laws up to this time allowed settlers to shoot game for meat any time. So as supper was not far off I took the shot-gun, crawled up to one of the sloughs, stood up, and blazed away. Not being a crack shot the result was one duck.

The outfit had stopped on the trail waiting for me. I returned, dropped the duck in the wagon, then started off for the next slough to get some more. Glancing back I saw a buckboard containing two



"Mounties" come over a rise and approach the wagon. One got out, went directly to where I had put the duck, held it up and pointed at me. I decided to find out what the trouble was and returned to the wagon. There I was informed that I was under arrest for shooting duck out of season and must return to Calgary at once.

Saddling up one of the horses I rode back to town with the Mounties and arrived at the police barracks about 7 p.m.

Col Sanders tried my case right away so that I could catch up with the wagon the next day. He listened to my explanation and understanding of the game laws and then explained that, as large quantities of ducks had been slaughtered by workers on the irrigation ditch, the laws had been changed to put a stop to it. I was guilty of a breach of the law. He would have to make an example of me.

"Well the fine is \$50, but taking into consideration your ignorance of the change in the law, your traveling on the trail, and requiring the duck for fresh meat, I am letting you off as lightly as possible. The fine will be \$10 and costs," (about \$16.). The Colonel then left to finish his dinner.

When I came to pay the fine, I found I had only \$10 in my pocket. I had money in the bank but they could not accept my unsupported, unmarked cheque. They asked if anyone in the city would stand good for me and I gave them the name of the wholesaler for whom I worked. They phoned him and I was free to go.

After thanking Mr Mewburn I got away early the next morning and caught up to the outfit some twenty-five miles out. The rest of the trip was uneventful, except for getting stuck in mudholes on the trail, which was all in a day's work. We pitched camp on the homestead a couple of days later.

The land was covered with some four or five years' growth of thick bunch grass. We had to go east across the creek about a quarter of a mile from the ranch to put up the hay. Ralph and Earl started right in the next day with the mower and hayrake, which we had picked up on the way through, while I turned in to make a sweep and stacker out of peeled logs and poles. Old timers can tell you how the native grass cured so quickly in the hot sun that the hay-rake could almost follow the mower.

We must have had a hundred tons stacked but not yet fenced or fire-guarded, when one day as we were having dinner on the flat we saw heavy black smoke to the north and on the same side of the creek as our hay field. Running up out of the flat we could see the

fire a few miles away travelling towards us fast, and with a strong wind behind it. There was no time to lose if we were to save the hay.

Grabbing up some gunny sacks, which we soaked in the creek, we ran to meet the fire. It was 2 p.m. when we started in at one end of the fire where it had reached the creek. It could not jump the creek—and started swinging those sacks out along the line of fire. At 2 a.m. the next morning we had saved the hay and a strip of grass about a quarter of a mile wide by some three miles long bordering the creek. The main fire was past us and burning out the triangle to the south, where it finally went out from lack of fuel.

We learned later that this fire started up some thirty miles north and as it swept down on us, destroyed most of the good grazing land and hay.

One thing we will all remember was the wild life dashing out of the smoke ahead of the fire. Deer, antelope, coyotes, once a timber wolf and many chickens.

After haying was over, Earl stayed with Gunn and I only long enough to help us put up a log house. He got homesick, quit and went back east. This left Ralph and me with the job of putting up a small stable and corral, a calf corral and shed, hauling down, stacking and fencing enough hay at both places to do the horses, calves and other stock through the winter.

We got it done. With a cookstove and a heater in the 18x16 ft. log house, with a pole and sod roof, four tons of good lump coal piled outside, enough groceries for several months, we were all set to be warm and comfortable.

From then on we divided up the work. I did the outside work, and except when I needed help, Ralph did the cooking, washing, etc., and as he had some talent for painting, he painted Indian heads on specially prepared skins for the Hudson Bay Company, for which he received about \$30 a month.

However, just before Christmas, Ralph left for Seattle to travel for a wholesale firm.

All my stock were on the home range except five head of three-year-old steers I intended to feed for spring market. They were running with another bunch some ten miles south. So one day I went after them, cut them out, and headed home. Crossing the divide and in sight of the home range things didn't look right somehow. I could see only one of my haystacks instead of three or four. Where the other stacks should have been was nothing but long, black marks that were never still—cattle!

Good, four strand, barbed wire fences around the stacks had gone flat before the rush of some three hundred head of starving cattle. The hay they hadn't eaten was tramped down and spoilt. Only one ten-ton stack of hay, cut after the first frost, was left and I had to save that.

Corraling the steers, I got a six-shooter and an old tin pail from the shack, putting a couple of stones in the pail. Picking out a young steer, I roped him and finally got the pail tied to his tail with some string. The pail didn't stay put for very long but it had the desired effect. Once free the steer charged into the main bunch with the pail and stones behind him making a great racket. I fired the gun in the air and yelled to help things along—they were off—tails high.

The dog and I alone could never have got them moving out of there otherwise. I followed and caught up with the bunch a couple of miles below my place, and with the dog's help turned them across the creek where there was good grazing.

I had to turn the five steers out again to rustle and before winter was over the hay was pretty well gone.

It was lonely at times, but I had plenty to read and an occasional visitor—one walked in while I was having a bath in a wash tub.

## THE UNAUTHORIZED BUTCHER

The Saunders had just got nicely settled on their homestead in 1906, when Sam Bellamy rode in on a fine roan saddle horse and established himself in the mouth of a coulee opening into the Ghost Pine Creek. I don't know whether he had filed on this land or was just squatting. His name is not included among the pioneers. His stay on the Ghost Pine Creek was short—he got out quicker than he came in.

Sam was in his early thirties, short and stockily built, sported a small goatee, a very plausible talker in a voice that had a decided drawl. He said he came from "the States" so it may have been Texas originally. His eyes were inclined to be shifty, their expression both shrewd and cunning.

He arrived with nothing more than he could pack on his saddle, but as he knew his business as a cow hand, he was able to get work in the district and later acquired a team of sorts and a second-hand wagon. He worked for me for a week helping me fence the quarter section for a pasture. He worked well but somehow I felt I couldn't trust him.

The only way you could locate his living quarters was by a piece of stove pipe sticking out of the hill near the creek. He had dug a hole about ten by twelve feet by eight feet deep into the side of the cutbank, faced up the open side with sods and made a sloping roof of poplar poles covered with hay and loose earth. Crossing the coulee to the other side, he produced a stable for his horses in the same way.

I hadn't seen much of Geoffery who had the quarter next to mine. I presume he must have been receiving a substantial remittance from home. Anyway it turned out that Geoffery and Sam Bellamy were soon good chums. It wasn't long before I learned through the Ferrey Bros.—who were plum disgusted with Geoffery—that Sam had persuaded Geoffery to buy some thirty head of cows and turn them over to Sam to run on shares. It wasn't long before these cattle appeared on the range—and of course were soon mixed in with mine and the Cameron's.

Now Sam had no hay, or the outfit to put it up with. He had no corrals or sheds in which to handle cattle. No long deep pools to use for winter watering.

Sam had the cattle only a month or so, when a rumor reached us that he had been selling dressed beef in the district some twenty miles west of the Ghost Pine. A check of our bunches showed them as O.K. So if Sam was butchering it must have been some of Geoffery's cattle and none of our business.

Sam never offered any meat for sale around the Ghost Pine Creek but the butchering, and selling elsewhere, must have continued. The next we heard was that Sam was selling hides in town. Geoffery was still absent from his homestead so we couldn't ask him about it.

Shortly after we heard about the hides, Sgt. Tucker and a Constable of the R.C.M.P. arrived in the district and stayed for several days. Singly during the day they would often drop in at my shack for a meal but never mentioned what was going on. However, one day riding to Reed's place, I spotted one of them hiding in another coulee where he could keep an eye on Sam's place, so got a pretty good idea what was going on.

It must have been the day after I spotted the Mountie that a big prairie fire broke out in the Knees Hill Creek district to the south and, as it was their duty to attend to the fire, both policemen rode south at once. When they returned to the Ghost Pine Creek the next day, they found Sam and his roan saddle horse both missing.

It took the two policemen the best part of another day to get on Sam's track. They located the roan at Bill Cunningham's place on

the divide to the west, where Sam had traded it for another horse—then lit out for parts unknown

Cunningham by the way was another American, and a square shooter but a smart trader. He had no connection with Bellamy but I'll bet he got that roan horse cheap.

Sam Bellamy's description was broadcast by phone and telegraph. The last I heard of him he crossed the line only a short distance ahead of the police. Apparently they had no actual proof against Sam because they never had him brought back to Canada.

I don't remember what became of Bellamy's team and wagon, or the rest of Geoffery's cattle. They all disappeared from the range, I think. Geoffery himself never returned to his homestead while I was out there.

Cattle brought in from another range are always likely to stray back, so we didn't pay much attention to not seeing Geoffery's cattle with ours. It is possible too that some of them were taken across the river at the old Indian ford and disposed of in the north-east country.

### BIG CHANGES IN 1906-1907

The years 1906 and 1907 produced considerable changes, physically, socially, and religiously in the Ghost Pine district. In 1906, shacks, houses and stables, seemed to be going up on one or two quarters of every section open for homestead, while 1907 not only saw building operations on the remaining quarters of these sections, but fencing was in full swing all over the district. Only the odd sections and school sections were left open for range, or hay lands.

Old trails were fenced off in some places, and where no gates were provided, the wire was everlastingly being cut. This naturally caused hard feelings on both sides. The trails, north and south, followed the general direction of the creek, and as the creek twisted around all over the place, the road allowances usually ended up in a cut-bank or some other unfordable spot on the creek. So when men travelling the trail with a couple of tons of coal, or a load of hay, found it fenced off, they cut the wire and drove through. To make matters worse, the range cattle and horses proved they relished the sprouting grain by always finding the breaks in the fences and drifting in to feast on it.

Things got pretty lively for a while with tempers rising high on both sides. Threats of shooting wire cutters and stock owners on sight, or calling in the police by the land owners, only made the people who had to use the trails the more determined to get through.

The trouble was finally settled peacefully by some of the wiser men of the community getting the different factions together to talk the matter over. It was admitted by all present, that as no road work had yet been done, practically all the road allowances were unfit for any traffic except stock and saddle horses. Therefore, until the road allowances could be put in shape for wagon traffic, the land owners were prevailed upon to put gates in their fences, where the trails crossed their lands. The people using the trails were held responsible for any damage resulting from the gates being left open.

## SOCIAL LIFE — OLD AND NEW

So far the only social life we had enjoyed had been an occasional dance at some ranch twenty or thirty miles away. Usually, when we arrived, we found the men outnumbered the girls at least ten to one. Pretty strenuous affairs too, starting around 8 p.m. they often wouldn't wind up until 7 a.m.

The music was usually a fiddle and a mouth organ, and as the musicians had to keep going almost continuously they had to keep well oiled. This applied too, to the extra men, for if they wanted to dance they had to dance with each other. To enjoy that kind of dancing required a stronger stimulant than the looks of the other "cow-waddy."

I remember one dance where Harry Webb, and a chap named Crockett borrowed skirts from the hostess. Harry, with his bald dome with just a fringe of hair below it, looked like a fat priest; while Crockett's red hair, sharp features, long pointed nose and his glasses, were the image of a cartoon of an old maid. These two were almost as popular as the ladies and never lacked for partners.

The coming of a good many especially the unmarried daughters—of the new settlers, into the Ghost Pine Creek district, caused an upheaval in the bachelor life most of us had been living. The changes were all for the better, as is usual when the ladies arrive on the scene.

Starting early in 1906, we, the older residents of the district were introduced to real country social life, friendly get-togethers in different homes of all the people in the community, to get acquainted, and have a good time. As soon as a house was completed the "house warmings" started. Everyone was invited and attended. Only an occasional dance was held, as several of the families were very strict Methodists and strongly disapproved of dancing, card playing and liquor.

I have a clear remembrance of the first social I attended because I made a proper fool of myself and was in the dog-house for a while after. All being practically strangers, it was slow in getting started. The girls, dressed in their best, with ribbons and bows in their high piled hair, were all huddled together on one side of the room. Whispering and giggling they cast sidelong glances at the boys and men lined up along the opposite wall, who were of course much more self-conscious than the girls.

We males must have been a sight for sore eyes. No fancy silk shirts and boots, such as are worn only by rodeo cowboys and movie actors. We were togged out in the best we had which in most cases didn't amount to much. However, our prize package Wilfred McCubbin, not only had a suit, but a white collar, necktie, and white cuffs too, the round kind that used to shoot up and down the sleeves (mostly down). We all envied that young man, he was so self-possessed and assured. The rest of us either sat like so many dummies or went to the other extremes and made too much noise and acted like rowdies.

Luckily this state of affairs didn't last long. The married ladies took charge and informed us we were to start off by playing games. Stealing looks at the girls opposite we hoped it would be "kissing games" and perked up immediately. But no such luck. Kissing games were taboo—a sad disappointment for us. However the games they did put on with the help of Wilfred, who was undoubtedly the star of the evening, were all right. The boys and girls got mixed up together and things got off to a good start.

Next came a wonderful amateur entertainment. Each and every one of the young people, boys and girls alternately, were required—in some cases forced—to recite, or sing, to entertain the crowd. Whether this part was the hardest or the funniest, depended upon whether you were the entertainer or the audience. Wilfred led off with a well-delivered comic recitation, to be followed by one of the girls with a song, until all had done something. Even if it was only to stand there embarrassed and tongue-tied, and finally retire in confusion, followed by the good-natured laughter and applause of the crowd.

The girls, as usual were much better than the boys, and fully deserved the hearty applause they received. Just one exception to prove the rule, Art Davies, with his fine tenor voice proved to be the hit of the evening. One song wasn't enough. His rendering of "Sweet Adeline," "Annie Laurie", and "Waiting at the Church" brought tears to the eyes of many there. Even his "I Had a Wheelbarrow, The Wheel Went Round"—which was all there was to it, was well received.

I was last on the list and certainly "brought down the house"—but not the way you think. Badly rattled when I got to my feet, I clean forgot whatever I had intended to do or say. I didn't have sense enough to retire and sit down, as others had done, but with that awful voice of mine I attempted to sing a parody on "The Holy City."

You can imagine the effect on these good people. With the exception of a few snickers, I finished in a silence you could have cut with a knife. I was lucky I didn't get the boot put to me there and then. Needless to say, I was never asked to sing again.

There was a great bustle after this as the ladies unpacked many baskets, set out the supper and made the coffee. This was one item on the program that was thoroughly enjoyed by all the bachelors. Supper over, we had a sing-song, then the party broke up. No seeing the girls home, they returned, as they came, in the family wagon. We were to enjoy many more of these fine social evenings.

## DAIRY FARMING ON THE GHOST PINE CREEK

A bachelor's life on the Ghost Pine Creek in the early nineteen hundreds was a pretty free and easy life. In the spring, summer and fall, with the stock either in the pasture or out on the range, he could leave the ranch for days at a time, knowing that they would be alright, having plenty of feed and water, till he returned. Unlike the married man, he had only his own wishes to consider, the only drawback being that he had the chore of doing his own cooking, washing the dishes (especially washing the dishes) and washing the dirty clothes.

The first lot I washed didn't come out right, somehow. I put all the clothes into the tub of real hot water at the same time. I used lots of soap, and scrubbed them out by hand on the washboard, and rinsed them good. The ones that used to be white—just weren't any more. They were clean, but streaked and spotted with blue or black from the colored clothes. I tried tying them to the footbridge over the creek, let the water run through them for a day or so, but even that didn't do any good.

Along in 1907 I had built a log addition with a shingle roof, to the old shack. I now had a kitchen, living room and two bedrooms. Quite an establishment for a bachelor living alone, but I might get married—you never could tell. I used what was left over to make a chicken house, and stocked it up with a few chickens. I should have learned something from this. I got eggs alright, but the



chickens had to be fed, meaning I had to stick around home, or get someone to drop in once a day to feed them. This should have been enough but my next move almost cost me my bachelor freedom entirely.

There is something about Alberta—maybe it's in the air—that makes you willing to TRY ANYTHING ONCE, and once started, to see it through to the finish.

Cash was a pretty scarce article out in the country in those days. Most of us had to wait until fall when we could sell off a few steers to get some. One day the manager of the creamery over at Sunnyslope approached me, and all the others in the district who had cows, with a good spiel about how we could have some ready cash every week by milking a few cows and taking the cream to the Ferry Bros. Store. Here his wagon, making trips on regular days, would pick it up once a week and bring along our cheques for the cream delivered the previous week. Ferry Bros. would cash these cheques. Cream separators would, of course, be a necessity. These the creamery manager was prepared to supply on easy terms, and, as it was in his interest to get us started as soon as possible, he would guarantee delivery in a month's time, at our several homesteads. His wagon would start the pick-up one week after the delivery of the separators.

The proposition looked good to me. Without considering the cost in loss of freedom, extra labor, time spent on this new work and the fact that my cows had to be broken to milking, I decided to take it on, and ordered a separator. Apparently I couldn't see anything except that cash once a week.

Now I expect that a few of the old timers are the only ones left who have ever broken a range cow to milking. They will all admit it was SOME JOB. For one man alone it was even more than that. First I picked out four likely looking cows with young calves, and ran them into the pasture where they could be handy. Range cattle are used to being handled by riders, and with a well trained pony, they don't give much trouble. However they have little respect for a person afoot, especially cows with young calves. Get too close to them and they will go for a person every time. There are just two things to do—climb the saddle—or hit the top rail of the corral—FAST.

I decided to take on the cows, one at a time, and allow a week for each one to become accustomed to being milked. Starting in, I picked out the meekest looking one of the four. It was just a routine job to run her and her calf into the inner calf corral, rope the calf

by one hind leg and tie it to the fence, and then drive the cow through the connecting gate to the other corral. But the gate had to be closed and securely fastened before the cow could get back to the calf, to do this meant riding through and dismounting. I finished this job and looked around, just in time to see her ladyship charging right at me. I made the top rail of the corral as she hit the fence below. Meek looks are sometimes deceiving—especially in the female. Anyway, cows like all other females, forcibly separated from their young, get real peeved about it—take out their annoyance on the nearest male. So, this being a range cow, I knew I was in for it.

Dropping back into the inner corral I cast the calf loose. Coiling up the larist, I again climbed the fence, mounted the horse, roped the cow around the horns, and took a couple of turns around the saddle horn. When she felt the rope tighten she wheeled and charged right at the horse, on the slack of the rope. This was old stuff, however, for the horse. He just side-stepped, and as she plunged past he braced his forelegs, half squatted with his weight thrown backward. The cow reached the end of the rope and stopped so suddenly she did a flip-flop and landed—HARD. After a couple more tries which ended in the same manner, she didn't have so much fight left. It wasn't much of a job to get her tied up to the corral fence, though she did her best to reach me through the fence while I was doing it. I figured that she wasn't really in the proper mood for milking at that time. Anyway, range cows, when it comes to their milk, are thoroughly British. "What they have they hold"—as long as they can. So I decided to postpone the actual milking operations till things had quieted down a bit on the corral front.

Later I returned to the corral with more ropes and a pail, ready for the main bout, but no stool—it wouldn't be healthy to sit down near that cow for a while. I got a loop around her hind legs, worked it up to just above the knees and snubbed her rear end up close to the fence (not as easy as it sounds either), but this didn't prevent her kicking. She was real good at it, either way, fore or aft. She got me a couple of times, fortunately only with a grazing hoof, but she never missed the pail. It has always been a mystery to me, how a cow looking the other way, can be always "right on the target" with either hoof. Another rope fastened around one hind leg just above the hoof, the leg hoisted up some eighteen inches off the ground, the other end of the rope tied to the corral fence also, put an end to the kicking—for the time being. She still had something in reserve—her tail. She couldn't get the pail, but she rarely missed me. A real gentle cow can cause considerable annoyance with her tail—but this cow packed a wallop.



Mr and Mrs J Down, Annabelle and Lily



Mr Jonathan Down



Mrs H Cameron



Mr H Cameron



Blieriot Home



Lumni School



Mr. and Mrs. S. Kanderko, Sr



Mr. and Mrs. Young



Mr. and Mrs. G. Saunders



RODEO AT BLERIOT RANCH

The cow's udder was heavy with milk, but I could get only a few drops—she was holding out on me—so I turned the calf in with her, let it have a good feed before putting it back into the other corral, then turned in again myself before the cow had time to turn off the flow. I got a little milk this time, a couple of quarts or so, about all she had that the calf hadn't taken. I cast loose the cow and tossed in some hay. The creek ran through both corrals, so she would have plenty of water.

I still had another little job to do—teaching the calf to drink milk from a pail. Most everyone in the country has had a try at this, at one time or another, so I won't go into detail, as you probably know all about it. I will say only that it was no cinch, and required a lot of time and more patience. When this was finished I found that the best part of half a day had been consumed in milking one cow and attempting to feed one calf, while there was plenty of other work waiting.

For the first few days it was practically a repeat performance twice a day. By the end of the week the cow had quieted down considerably, though she still had to have her head tied to the fence. She would let me sit down and milk her. Kicking had been reduced enough that she could now stand on four legs instead of three, and upsets of the pail and myself happened only occasionally. The calf was drinking like a good fellow.

I went through the same routine with the other three cows and calves and by the end of the fourth week I was fed up with the job—but I had my separator and couldn't quit. I delivered my cream to the store, collected my cheques, but decided that I didn't really own the cows. They owned me. I sure earned the cash I got out of it.

When haying season came around I was really up against it. By that time the only open lands left for haying were a good four or five miles from the ranch. This meant camping there until the hay was put up. There seemed to be only one thing to do—turn the milk cows and calves back on the range. This was a heart-breaker after all the time and work I had put in on them.

However, before I could do this my problem was solved. Floyd Price, a young American farmer, rode in one day. One of the neighbors had sent him to my place. He had homesteaded nearby, and was looking for a place where he and his wife and two small children could stay until he could get his buildings up. I had plenty of room for them, so we made a deal. His wife would do the cooking and housework, while he would do the milking, separating, and delivering the cream, while they stayed there.

Later on, when the family moved to their own place they bought my milk cows and separator I was out of the dairy business FOR GOOD.

*At first glance it would seem that the names of Ghost Pine Creek and Ghost Pine Lake would have a common origin, since the creek drains the lake into the Red Deer River. This is apparently not the case though. The lake is now known as Pine Lake, and the creek was originally called Devil's Pine Creek.*

*Before reading about the origin of the name of the creek, it might be interesting to glance at the legends about the lake. According to the Geographic Board of Alberta's 18th report, published in 1924, "Many dead Indians have been placed in trees, and their spirits have been said to haunt the lake."*

*The same board published in 1928 a booklet called "Place Names of Alberta" and this legend appears in it:*

*"Indians believe the vicinity of the lake to have been haunted by a headless horseman since an Indian battle was fought at the south end of the lake. Many traces of the battle have been found by the early settlers."*

*Mr. Kerry Wood has kindly permitted us to use his account of another Indian story. It was told to Mr. Wood by Mr. Tom Walton, who homesteaded at Pine Lake in 1892. Mr. Walton learned the Cree language, and was told many very interesting items of Indian history by the Cree Indians who made frequent visits to the lake.*

*This is Mr. Wood's account:*

*On the shores of Pine Lake the Blackfeet raided a sleeping camp of Crees and murdered every man, woman and child in the band. The date of the massacre was somewhere around 1830 or earlier. Only one Cree warrior survived, because he'd been away from the camp on a hunting expedition at the time. When he returned and found all his family and friends murdered and mutilated, the Cree painted his face black in mourning, then set out on the trail of the Blackfeet. The lone Cree managed to kill and scalp many of the rival tribesmen, stealthily raiding their camps at night or else ambushing any brave who became separated from the main group. But for years afterward, Crees avoided Pine Lake. They thought the region was haunted by ghosts of the murdered people, therefore the place was called Ghost Pine Lake.*

*Since publishing the above story, Mr. Wood tells us he has had reason to change his estimate of the date of the battle spoken of. He now believes it to have been fought in about 1815 or 1820.*

*Mr. Alex Cameron, "Sandy" to his friends, begins his letter with the story of the origin of the name of Ghost Pine Creek. Mr. Cameron is one of those few people who have been able to start a diary and then keep it up faithfully. The accuracy of the facts and dates he gives us are verified by his diary*

## MR. ALEX CAMERON

Ghost Pine derives its rather spooky name from a weird looking pine tree, which according to Indian tradition stood at or near the outlet of Pine Lake. According to the legend this tree had such a sinister appearance that the natives called it Devil's Pine, which latterly was softened to the less offensive but still inappropriate name of Ghost Pine.

Prior to 1900 very little was known of this district and that little was not known by "the tongue of good report". It was included in that vast stretch of country east of the C.&E. railway which was designated as the Great Unknown, unsurveyed, climatically unbearably cold in winter, semi-arid in summer and totally unfit for agriculture. Such was the popular conception. However, a great change was at hand, not only for this district but for all of Western Canada as well.

A few years before the turn of the century a number of ranchers settled in the Knee Hill and Three Hills districts adjacent to Ghost Pine and during the summer months their cattle sometimes drifted eastward and ranged along the Ghost Pine, and thus, together with the fact that coal was known to exist along the creek in large quantities, first brought this part of Alberta into prominence and prepared conditions for the influx of settlers which was soon to follow.

The Ghost Pine district was surveyed into sections in 1903. When I came here in 1904 the surveyors' pits seemed to have been freshly dug and the iron pin markers were in evidence on the northeast corner of every section. Townships 31 and 32, Range 21 were surveyed at a later date.

Prior to the coming of the homesteaders there were a number of "squatters" along the Ghost Pine. I am unable to name them all. Fred Irwin was one. In 1904 his shack stood near where Francis Reed's house now is. D. C. McFarland also lived far down the creek but I cannot spot his location. A Mr. Hubbard and family and a Roscoe Rupe had a horse ranch a couple of miles south of the present coal mines. They left the district about 1906.

The first homesteader on the creek was Leigh S. Curtis. He filed on his quarter in 1903. His buildings were on the flat about 100 yards from the steel bridge on the creek. Jim Bishop owns his quarter now. Coming west from Ontario in 1902 Curtis in due time arrived in the Carbon district where he worked until he located here. In 1908 he went to Didsbury, engaging in business, where he remained until 1913. For many years he has resided in Dauphin, Manitoba. Well educated, his recent articles contributed to the *Albertan*, contain a wealth of information relating to incidents in the early days and they are so well written that it is a pleasure to read them.

The year 1904 saw a great deal of land taken up—filed upon. Only the even numbered sections were open for homestead. The only exceptions to this rule applied to Section 8 and part of Section 26 which were reserved for the Hudson Bay Co.

I filed on my present location—a quarter for myself and one for my father—on November 2, 1904. (I would have filed on November 1, but being All Saint's Day the Calgary Lands Office was closed.)

I was born in Nova Scotia as were both my parents. When I was not quite 12 years of age we moved to Great Falls, Montana, where we lived for several years before coming over here. I had always had a longing to return to my native land. The opportunity presented itself in 1904. I was recommended to Didsbury for information regarding homesteads. While there I contacted Bert Smith, the land guide, who drove me out here. On our way out we met Wilfred Ferrey and Geoffrey Swanwich who had already filed on land and a Mr. Embree who afterwards located east of the Red Deer.

At that time there were a few scattered settlers from Sunny-Slope to Three Hills Creek. Of course along the Three Hills Creek proper, were several ranches with large herds of cattle. From the latter place to the Ghost Pine all was solitude. The prairie trails meandered over the "turtle-backs" and the jolting was terrific. One wondered if he would arrive in one piece at his destination. A prairie fire had swept over a portion of this district that fall and the situation was not very inviting. The only one we saw around here was Curtis roofing his log-shack with soda. I saw the land and Smith and I camped out that night. He turned his horses loose and had quite a job catching them the next morning.

The early homesteaders wanted to be near the creek in order to get water for their cattle and I was no exception to the rule. Well, that was that.



My father and I came over in the spring of 1906 (early April) bringing horses and some settler's effects with us. There were not many here ahead of us. Curtis was here of course. Also Wilfred Ferrey and Swanwich had wintered here. The late Mr. William Johnson, a sturdy Englishman, and his sons Jack and Fred had arrived about a month before we did, and were busy digging a well and getting up some buildings. A prairie fire had swept through the country shortly before our arrival and the land was as black as John Crow. Curtis had a little hay left and that helped us over the hurdle on the horse feed question.

Much as I dislike to dwell on our own activities, suffice it to say for the sake of making this narrative intelligible that we built a shack and stable, in the meantime staying with Curtis. Afterwards we broke 20 acres of gumbo with the John Deere "foot warmer". About the same time the Johnsons also broke considerable land. Therefore this was the first prairie broken on the Ghost Pine.

In May of 1906 the men who filed the previous year began to arrive. Mr. George Saunders, a native of Prince Edward Island, but who had been in Alberta for a couple of years, came early in May. Like ourselves he was a cattle man. For nearly 40 years Mr. Saunders was our neighbor and did his share in developing this country. In 1944 he and his wife sold out and moved to Bowness, latterly moving to Calgary, where today in his 88th year he is in fairly good health and takes a keen interest in affairs.

Also in this same month, the late Mr. Isaiah Reed came to his homestead on the creek. Coming here from Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Reed and family always took a prominent part in community life, especially as regards the church. As it has been pointed out the services of the Presbyterian mission from 1906 to 1909 were held in this home. Mr. Reed also was one of the first trustees of the Sarcee school. He also served as Councillor for this district in both the L.I.D. and newly-formed Municipal Council. Mrs. Reed passed away in 1921. Mr. Reed died in 1928. Their son, Mark, died in September, 1929 at the early age of 33. Archie lives in the States, Francis and Phineas live on the creek and the daughter, Jennie, Mrs. Sommerville, lives in Three Hills.

Another early Ghost Piner was the late George W. Clarke, also from Washington. He and his sons Ernest, Ed and Pete came here in 1906 and settled north of the town line. Mr. Clarke had the first threshing machine in this area. He did not only the threshing around here for several years, but also a great deal of the threshing

in the Three Hills country. Mr Clarke passed away in 1916. His son Ernest died in 1910. Ed still resides here. Pete is living up in the northern country.

Among the early settlers of this area were Robert Cook and Allan Campbell. Natives of Scotland, they came to their homesteads in the fall of 1905. For many years Robert Cook was connected with the local Ghost Pine Coal mine, under the name of Campbell and Cook. Bob was also the first road over-seer when this Local Improvement District was formed in 1908. Allan Campbell died in 1939.

The following homesteaders also arrived in 1905. John Robinson, Thomas Robinson, William Cunningham, Sam Belamy, Arthur C. Davies, Harold Powell, Eustace Ferrey, George A. W. Johnson, George Thomas and Lou Snyder. I hope I have not missed any.

The late Joseph H. Young arrived late in 1905. After residing here for a number of years he returned to the States where he died several years ago. His widow, Mrs. Eliza Young, hale and hearty, resides in Three Hills at present. Their son Ira, lives on the Pacific coast. His daughters, Clemie (Mrs. C. E. Ruby) and Mary (Mrs. G. Sommerville) reside in this district. Mabel, widow of the late Wilfred McCubbin, resides in British Columbia. Fern (Mrs. Reed) lives in the States.

The pioneers of the Slovak settlement in this area, the late Mr. John Hugo, the late Steve Kanderka and Mr. Andrew Stipkala took up their homesteads about this time.

1906 was a very important time in the advancement of this part of the country. Also it was marked by a circumstance which was not so good. The last extensive prairie fire swept through this country early in April. With the exception of a narrow strip along the creek all the old grass was burned off. The poor stock had to wait until the new grass appeared.

In June the Ferrey brothers, Wilfred and Eustace opened a general store on the creek, a mile south-east of the present store. It supplied a long-felt want as people came from a large area to do their trading there, particularly after the post-office was established some months later. Postal facilities in the early days were not very elaborate. When we first came here we got our mail in Carbon, then after a while we got it from Three Hills by what ever way we could. Finally after a long agitation a post-office with a weekly mail service was established at the Ghost Pine store. In due course of time a bi-weekly service was given us, then finally the thrice weekly service came into being. Mail days were red letter days in early days. The mail was the only means of contact with the outside world. There

were no telephones and of course radio was many years in the future. Transportation was by horse-back and wagon in the summer and frequently 'shanks pony' and in sleighs in winter. People came from far and near to get the news of the outside world even if the news was over a week old. The store continued on the creek for seven years until June of 1913 when it was moved to its present location.

I have already mentioned that Wilfred G. Ferrey was one of the earliest homesteaders on the creek. A public spirited citizen, a man of good education, he contributed a good deal to the progress of the community as store-keeper, post-master and school trustee during the eighteen years he was here. After leaving this district he was for many years post master in Drumheller. He then moved to the coast. In the spring of 1906 a happy event took place in the marriage of Wilfred to Alice Johnson, daughter of William Johnson. I believe this was the first marriage solemnized on the Ghost Pine. Eustace Ferrey left here in 1910 and died in England in 1934.

Geoffrey Swanwich left this country in 1908. Frey Meyer took over Geoff's quarter and held it for awhile. It is owned now by Jim Bishop who also has Curtis' quarter, as I have previously mentioned. Dave Dixon, Sam Adwell and Bob Topping arrived about this time. Dave and Sam died years ago. For all I know Bob is still living in Clarendon where he moved years ago.

The late Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell and their family, Stewart, James, Robert (Bert) and Dolly arrived from Scotland in the Spring of 1908. Mr. Campbell was a cheery jolly Scotoman, always ready to help in time of need. A well-read and extensively travelled man, he was also a practical man and could turn his hand to almost anything. A good organist he was a familiar figure playing the organ in the old Sarcor school house when church was held there. Mrs. Campbell was the soul of hospitality and her home was always open to the wayfarer. She was a splendid example of adaptability. Coming from a large city to this isolated baldheaded prairie with all its primitive conditions incidental to pioneer life she adapted herself to this new life far better than many who were born and brought up in it. Dolly, pretty vivacious, was also a good singer and her singing of "Kilmarney" was always enjoyed. She married Robert Cook in 1910. Stewart died in 1933. James now lives in Calgary. Bert, a veteran of World War I now lives on the old homestead. After leaving here in 1920 Mr. Campbell was a traveling salesman for years. Up to a few years before his death in 1938 he was still a vigorous man. Mrs. Campbell died in 1948 at a very advanced age.

Among the arrivals in 1906 were the late Henry Hill, John Urban, Mr and Mrs Frank Huxley and family Mr and Mrs Ed Huxley, Arthur Milan, Wm T Stewart, Fred Ayer, Wm Wesenberg, Davie Chopcider and Charlie McDonald. Ayer, Wesenberg and Chopcider stayed long enough to "prove up", then left. Of the above, Verner Huxley, Ed Huxley, Jr and Billy Stewart are all that are left on the Ghost Pine. The rest have either left the country or have gone to the great beyond.

Nineteen hundred six is remembered for the beginning of church services in this area. Mr Hugh Cosgrove conducted services at the residence of I W Reed during the summer months. Also Rev A D Thomson conducted an occasional service at Mr Wm. Johnson's residence. Both services were under the auspices of the Presbyterian church.

The first grain grown on the Ghost Pine was threshed in December of 1906. Wm Johnson and ourselves had a fair quantity of oats and wheat which turned out quite well in spite of a bad frost on August 3. Mr Clark did the threshing.

Nineteen six was decidedly dry. With the exception of some rain at the end of May there was practically no moisture to speak of. The fall was long and dry. A bad omen for the coming winter.

Now we come to about the hardest winter ever to hit western Canada. The winter of 1906-1907 set a record for severity that has never been equalled before or since. Old timers still speak of it in awed tones. It began with a heavy snowfall on November 15-16 and continued with unabated fury till the end of March.

For days at a time the thermometer never went above 40 below. What trails there were soon became obliterated by the freezing, drifting snow. Stock suffered severely even in this district where there was considerable hay put up. Thousands of cattle perished throughout the country, causing the ruination of scores of ranchers. What made it so doubly hard was that the settlers were just starting in and were totally unprepared for such severity, considering the fact that most of the preceding winters were fairly mild. Spring came at last but the snow did not go till along in May. We have had hard winters since but they were not a patch on 1906 and 1907. If every winter were that severe there would be no inducement for anyone to stay here.

The summer of 1907 was fair. A severe hail storm passed through here early in July, destroyed what little crop we had, broke nearly all the windows in our house and a creamer lid that was in a corral was pierced through with a hail stone. Mr Young had a good crop of oats that year and the hail missed him by a close margin.

Before we pass to more pleasant things I must not forget to mention that we had a foot of snow on September 2. This, of course, went off and we had a fine fall.

Early in 1907 Ghost Pine was enriched by the coming of many worthy people. Mr and Mrs. Josiah Dawn and family, natives of Menford, Ontario, came to their homestead, S.W.-14-31-22, early this year. Their son Arthur had been in the Three Hills district for some time and had homesteaded a short distance west of the present town. Walter Dawn also homesteaded N.W.-6-31-22 which was later acquired by the late Arthur Milan. Mr and Mrs. Dawn were sincere Christian people and were always foremost in church, missionary and Sunday school work. Mrs. Dawn passed away early in 1932. Their daughter, Amy, (Mrs. J. B. McCubbin) resides in Calgary. Lily, (Mrs. H. C. Currie) resides in Orkney. Their daughters Margaret, (Mrs. F. M. King) and Annabelle, (Mrs. H. Moore) passed away years ago.

Another prominent citizen, the late Mr. Wilfred McCubbin came to this district in 1907. Wilfred served on the Manor school board as trustee and secretary. Taking a keen interest in farmer's affairs he was for years a delegate to the Wheat Pool. In 1928 he and family moved to British Columbia where he continued to reside until his death in June 1952.

Another arrival in 1907 was Tommy Downs, a native of Scotland, who took over the Sam Bellamy quarter now owned by Francis Reed.

The winter of 1907-08 was comparatively mild in marked contrast to the preceding one. Just enough snow for good sleighing and easy on stock. Spring came early, and the growing season was ideal. In June we had just enough rain to make easy breaking with the "foot warmer". There was not much land under crop in 1908 but what there was yielded splendidly. The first frost was on September 14.

1908 is notable in this district for two events, one local, the other national. As the land was settled and the population increased the need for a school was imperative. Consequently the Sarcos Butte school district was formed and the first Sarcos school was built in the summer of 1908.

The lumber for it was hauled from Didsbury, by teams of course, over the turtle-back trails and very often through mud-holes. The building of the school was done by local help. The late Mr. James

Campbell and Clyde Ruby took a very prominent part in its erection. The first trustees were I W Reed, George Saunders, J H Young and James Campbell, Sec.-Treas. The first teacher was a Mrs. Shaw. She was succeeded by the late C. G. Bible who taught for many years.

The building of this school formed an epoch in the annals of this country. It was the first school erected east of Three Hills Creek to the Red Deer River and south to the present site of Drumheller. East of the Red Deer the towns of Morrin and Munson were practically non-existent. Two generations of pupils received their primary education in Sarcee. For forty years it was the centre of community activities—religious, social and political. (The new school, erected in 1948 is a social centre now, for that matter, but not to the extent the old one was.) The old Sarcee School had made history. In later years the old building may have become draughty and out-moded in many ways but many pleasant memories cluster around the scenes of long ago in the old school house. When it was dismantled and sold in 1949 the old timers who were closely associated with its history had many a pang of regret at its passing.

I have mentioned that Clyde Ruby had a large share in the construction of the Sarcee School. Clyde has been in this country, if we include Didsbury, longer than any of us. Coming to this country as a youngster with his parents from Iowa in 1902, he knew Didsbury as little better than a railway siding. Coming out here in 1907 he has during these years taken an active interest in road construction and municipal work.

I am running ahead of my story. James McNair and Robt. Gibson came here in 1908. Jim was quite a romancer, especially in recounting his own exploits. He used to put on an air of profound mystery and we expected to hear some gems of wisdom fall from his lips, but it always ended in a dud and we were none the wiser. Gibson was a genial, easy going fellow who resided here for many years until he moved to the north country where he resided until he passed away in 1950. Harry Baker and his brother Fred are two other old-timers who homesteaded before 1908. Fred still lives on his farm. Harry resides in Calgary.

Jesse McCubbin came out here in 1908. Before the outbreak of the first war he served for some time as a Methodist Missionary in the Didsbury district, and has always taken a keen interest in church work. He also served as secretary of the Lumni school for many years. He is a veteran of World War 1 and now resides in Calgary.

Arthur Milan was another early homesteader. His homestead

was the N W -14-31-22. At a later date he moved to the N W -6-31-22. He resided in Three Hills-Ghost Pine district till his death in 1947. Art was a very capable man with a very brilliant mind. He composed some very fine poetry at various times. I remember in particular hearing one of his poems read in the Manor school describing the early history of the farmer's movement in this country, and the rise of Social Credit, which impressed me most favourably.

Louis J. Milan came here in 1908. A prosperous farmer, Lou is never at a loss for a droll joke garnished with his sparkling Irish wit.

Mr and Mrs Harris Davidson and their five boys, Willard, Harley, Stanley, Claude and Ray came out to their homestead early in 1909, although Mr Davidson had taken up his land a couple of years previously. The Davidsons were real pioneers, God-fearing, hard working and courageous. Mr Davidson passed away in May, 1940, highly respected by all. Grandma Davidson, beloved by all, passed to her eternal rest in February, 1963.

The Pre-emption and Purchased Homestead Act came into force September 1, 1908. By this act all odd numbered sections, except those reserved for the Hudson Bay Company or set aside for educational purposes, were thrown open for filing and thus brought about a larger influx of settlers to the Ghost Pine. Among the most prominent of them were Jonathan Dawn, George Mathewson, Floyd Price, C. G. Bible, David Keachele, Steve Dawson, Severin Peterson and John Potter. There were probably others whom I cannot recall at the present.

Jonathan Dawn was one of the most energetic old men that I have known. In his declining years he would perform an amount of work that would put much younger men to shame. Born in Ontario, he spent nearly forty years of his life in the States and some people called him "Yankee Dawn". He was a wonderful old man in every sense of the word.

Another "live wire" who proved himself a worthy citizen of his adopted country was Floyd Price. He crossed the prairies in a prairie schooner with his wife and his two daughters Kalenda and Hattie, from Wyoming to Big Valley. He brought horses and cattle along with him. His homestead was S.E.-7-31-22. Arriving at the Ghost Pine in October 1908, he and his family spent the winter of 1908-09 in Curt's house across the steel bridge near the present steel bridge. Mrs. Price was a splendid woman and everybody loved her. For twenty years she was an invalid and during that time she bore her suffering with Christian fortitude. Mr. Price suffered a severe stroke in August 1943, and for nine years was confined to his home,

unable to speak, and was only able to watch events in which he could not engage although he longed to do so. His suffering came to an end November 22, 1952.

One of the men who will long be remembered in these parts was the late Christopher G. Bible. Born in Ontario he taught school in that province for some time before coming west. Arriving in this district in 1908, he homesteaded and pre-empted a half section of land, in the meantime becoming Sarcee Butte's second teacher, a job which he held for several years. He was a good teacher and there are not a few people scattered throughout this district who received their educational start from Old Chris. He was unique in many ways. Honest, intelligent and public-spirited he yet dearly loved to be on the opposing side and could never be accused of consistency in his opinions. A keen student of sociological questions he studied Major Douglas' Social Credit theories long years before Wm. Aberhart ever heard of that gentleman. Mr. Bible died in October 1942 aged 66.

A family that took a prominent part in the social life of the Ghost Pine community for years was the Sommerville family, consisting of the mother, the late Mrs. Catherine Sommerville, and her sons John, Hugh, Robert, George and James and the daughter Mrs. Margaret Lyster. They were natives of Scotland and in 1908 took up an extensive tract of land in Range 21 of Township 31. The Sommervilles were all good singers and I remember Bob, who had a strong bass voice singing 'Asleep in the Deep' on several occasions at Sarcee School, also at Manor. John and George are still living on their farms. Hugh and James are living at the coast. Robert passed away in 1928. George's son, Lindsay, made the supreme sacrifice in World War 2 in February 1944.

Another Scotchman who has been here a long time is Archibald C. Waddell. Away back early in 1904 Archie came to Calgary. For a time he lived in Crossfield and also spent some time in the vicinity of Swalwell. He came to the Ghost Pine in 1907 or 1908. His wife passed away in 1935. Archie is the soul of generosity and he has befriended more people since he came to this country than any person that I know of. He and I have been fast friends since I have known him.

An old time resident of this district is David Kaechele who homesteaded here in 1908. A native of Ontario, he came west when quite a young fellow, and during most of that period has made Ghost Pine his home. Dave has always taken a great interest in Farmer's Co-operative work and was active in the U.F.A. movement for many



years. Also for a considerable length of time he was a Wheat Pool delegate for this Sub-District C. 9. I wish to pay a tribute to Mr. Kaechele for his years of faithful and efficient service as linesman for the Ghost Pine Mutual Telephone Co. We have a good telephone service in our telephone organization out here and that efficient service is largely due to Dave's untiring efforts through the years. I am in a position to appreciate his services and I believe that sense of appreciation is shared by all persons connected with this telephone company.

Before 1908 passes into history we must not forget to mention that Townships 31 and 32, Range 22 were incorporated with those townships further west to form Local Improvement District No. 1604. This was in June 1908. Hugh Cameron was elected councillor for Township 31 and Ernest G. Clarke that of Township 32. Some of the road allowances were plowed and disked to provide outlets for us, instead of "bumping the bumps" as Leigh Curtis used to term driving over the "turtle backs."

It is a long cry from those disked road-allowances to our high-graded roads of today, but let us not despise the day of small things. It is interesting to compare the taxes of 1908 with those of today. Each quarter was taxed \$8.00, \$2.00 in cash, \$6.00 could be worked out on the road.

1909 saw the steady advancement of this community. The newly-arrived settlers together with those of an earlier date broke more prairie (generally with a foot-warmer, the vernacular for a walking plow), erected new buildings, and continued more extensively the road work begun the previous year, and, most encouraging of all, began to talk of building more schools. The religious work was carried on by the various churches. The church activities during those years are outlined in a separate article.

The spring of 1909 was late; the crop good and the fall cold and dry.

Charlie McDonald came to the Ghost Pine either in 1908 or 1909 and homesteaded where Stan Davidson now resides. Some people may wonder how Cream Coulee got its name. Well, it happened this way. In the summer of 1909, Charlie, while on his way to Three Hills with a load of cream and eggs upset his wagon in his attempt to navigate the incomplete grade on the old road south of the present one. Those of us who knew Charlie can imagine the amount of sulphur in the air when this happened.

An arrival in the Ghost Pine early in 1909 was John Cook who arrived from Scotland. Jock, a fine looking man, was a good foot-

ball player and also a singer who was always in demand at the various social gatherings. He left here in 1917 and died in 1947.

Another arrival about this time was J. G. (Bert) Scott. He homesteaded S.E.—14-31-22. Bert was a dandy singer and his favorite song "Farmer McGee" used to bring down the house in Sarcee.

Now we come to the famous dry year of 1910, the daddy of them all. We have had many dry years since that time, but 1910 was unique. As we have before stated the fall of 1909 was cold and dry. There was a snow fall in December and a little in January of 1910—just enough for sleighing and no more. Toward the end of January the snow all disappeared followed by summer-like weather which continued through the months of February and March. The creek began to flow—what little water there was in it—about the middle of February. Early in March farmers in the Three Hills district were seeding. Out here seeding was all completed by the first of April.

The month of March was unnaturally hot and not a drop of moisture of any kind. Through the month of April the drought continued. Threatening clouds would pass overhead, a gust of wind would spring up and gone with it the rain. It was the year of Halley's comet, (which nobody saw) perhaps that had something to do with the unusual weather.

The dry weather continued through the month of May with some threatening clouds, typical of the dry year, looming up and then going away. On the 10th of June the drought was temporarily broken by a snowfall of about six inches on the level. Everybody was happy thinking that the long dry spell was at an end, and that at least we could have green feed. Our hopes proved to be short lived. The snow soon melted and it turned hot and dry again and continued that way until the middle of August when we had our first rain. It was a soaker when it did come.

In the spring the grass was brown. In the fall it turned green, reversing nature's laws. The prairie wool (hay) was of very poor quality and was so fluffy that it took a lot of it to make a load. But the stock seemed to thrive on it, dry as it was. The good old standby "prairie wool."

Mr. and Mrs. Halverson and their family consisting of Hilda, (Mrs. A. Campbell), Ruth, (Mrs. Lou Milan), Esther, (who passed away years ago), Alfred, (now living in B.C.), and Anton, natives of Norway, located on Section 4 in 1907. Anton, a very estimable young fellow, suffered for years with diabetes and passed away in April 1910. About the time of his burial a local fire swept through

near his home and it was with considerable difficulty that his casket was saved. Mr and Mrs. Halverson have been dead for many years.

The Manor school was built in 1910. The trustees were F. L. Huxley, W. G. Ferrey and A. J. (Baldy) Quick. Manor's first teacher was C. M. Flett.

The winter of 1910-11 was severe. The spring was late, April being particularly stormy and cold, the thermometer going away below zero on several occasions. The crops got away to a good start although the season was cold. However, on August 13th Mother Nature took a hand and decided the crop situation for that year. A severe hail storm starting near Olds swept through the Three Hills and Ghost Pine districts and trimmed us properly. It was very severe north of the town line. The only lucky one was Mr. Joe Young whose good crop was hardly touched. By a curious coincidence 26 years later on the same date a hail storm of equal severity passed through this district.

A new-comer to the district in 1911 was the late Mr. John F. Lyster who proved himself to be a very worthy citizen. He bought the Ed Deering place.

I forgot to mention Ed in my reminiscences. He was an early homesteader here, and after selling out moved to Morrin where he had a store for some time. I have lost touch with him.

1912 was an ideal year, early spring, ample rain fall, heavy crops. Fred Meyer and Bill Wesenberg were around in those years with the big "American Abe," steam engine breaking land with their 12 bottom ploughs and threshing in the fall. The big black engine would crush the old wooden culverts like matchwood.

I cannot recall anything of importance happening in 1913. The winter of 1912-13 was normal. The season was a little on the dry side but the crops were fairly good. In the fall of 1912 we voted to have a municipality established. The Ghost Pine Municipality (first called Roach) came into being January 1, 1913. The late Mr. I. W. Reed was our first municipal councillor.

A newcomer to the Ghost Pine in 1913 was Fred M. King, who came here from Saskatchewan in the spring of that year. During his residence here he and his family have taken a prominent part in the school and social life of the community. Mr. King was on the Lumni school board for years and was Municipal Councillor from 1936 to the time when the Ghost Pine Municipality was merged in to the larger unit of Knee Hill.

With the beginning of 1914 I think it can be said truthfully that

the pioneer history of the Ghost Pine came to an end. We had already settled down to the routine of an old settled community. The long expected railroad had come through a few miles west in 1912 and 1918. It was no longer necessary to make those long trips to Didsbury to deliver our produce or to obtain our heavier supplies, such as lumber and machinery. In the future Three Hills would be our trading centre.

New schools had been established prior to this fateful year. The telephone came to the store and also to some farmers' homes in 1913, the roads were improved year by year, but we all know what the gumbo dirt roads were and still are in wet weather. The gravelled roads were many years in the future. As the late Mr L. W. Reed said, "We will have roads in this country if we wait long enough."

Lots of prairie was broken up in those years. The ranching industry was passing away and the country was settling down to what I suppose nature intended it to be, a wheat growing country.

All farm work and also transportation (outside of the railway) was done by horses. It goes without saying that trucks were unknown. The old steam engine, like ranching, was slowly becoming a thing of the past. Its ultimate successor the internal combustion gas engine at this time was a rather crude affair compared with what it was destined to become later on, but here and there they were putting in an appearance, becoming more efficient as time went on.

Those were the horse and buggy days, but people were talking about getting cars, they were soon to come and with the coming of the automobile the social and business life of the settler was completely changed.

The horse was still king in 1914 and was destined to reign for many years to come, yet signs were not wanting that eventually he was to follow the steam engine into oblivion, although no one in 1914 thought that in less than 40 years the horse would be a rarity either on the farm or on the road. "The old order changeth yielding place to new."

This brings to a close my contribution to the recording of the early history of this district. I have probably missed a few names and failed to record some events of importance to the interested reader. My objective was to give an outline of the story of the early settlement on the Ghost Pine. If I have added anything to the "store of knowledge" regarding this community, and in doing so, if I have given some pleasure in presenting my narrative I shall be well pleased.

## PRESBYTERIAN AND ANGLICAN CHURCH SERVICES

*Church services were very important in the life of the homesteader in Ghost Pine. Mr. Cameron has given us the following summary of the histories of the Presbyterian and Anglican Churches.*

The first Christian Mission established on the Ghost Pine in 1904 was under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. Its headquarters were at Carbon and included services at Gamble School as well as Ghost Pine. The services were held at the residence of the late Mr. Reed and were conducted by Mr. Hugh Congrove, a Scotsman, who had attended a leading Scottish university. A very talented young man, Mr. Congrove was associated for some years with the late Dr. Kerby in Calgary before leaving for the United States many years ago, where he has achieved considerable prominence.

Rev. A. D. Thomson, another Scot, who homesteaded north of Three Hills conducted some services at the residence of the late Mr. Wm. Johnson in the summer of 1906. He moved to R.C. many years ago. The terrible winter of 1906-07 terminated all religious activities until the spring of 1907 when Mr. N. Erna Reed, now head of the I.C.S. in Calgary, took charge of the work, and continued in that capacity until the late summer of 1908. In 1907 Mr. W. D. MacDonald (now Rev.) conducted a few services at Ferry Bros. Store under the Presbyterian Mission of Olds. Mr. Reed's successor was Mr. T. W. Warwick, an Irishman who was with us until the fall of 1909. He homesteaded in the Youngstown district after leaving here. It was during his incumbency that the services were discontinued at Mr. I. W. Reed's home and established in the newly erected Sarcee Butte School in the spring of 1909.

Mr. Norman Campbell, a Nova Scotian, conducted the Presbyterian services from the fall of 1909 to the spring of 1910. An able speaker and a keen thinker, Mr. Campbell's health was not of the best, and he was not able to undertake very active ministerial work for some years. A young man, Mr. Thomson succeeded him and was here for about three months. Mr. N. T. Lease, an Englishman, conducted the services from 1910 to the autumn of 1911, when he was succeeded by an Irishman, Rev. Ed. Grant, who conducted the work till the fall of 1912.

Mr. Smellie was next, and was with us till the spring of 1913, when he was followed by a Mr. McRae who ministered till the fall of 1913. About this time Ghost Pine was included in the Three Hills charge and the late Rev. Peter McNabb ministered both in Three Hills and in this congregation till 1916. The late Mr. Andrew Kirk preached in Ghost Pine from 1916 to 1920. He also had charge of the Three Hills church till 1917.

Mr. Townley had charge of the services of Ghost Pine and Orkney from 1920 till union of the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist churches in 1925.

*Concerning the Anglican Church, Mr. Cameron says—*

The Anglican Church established a mission in Three Hills in 1907. At that time the town was down on the creek flats, over two miles southwest of the present town. Services were held in Pratt's Creamery and also at Ferrey Bros. Store on the Ghost Pine Creek south of the present store. The services were conducted by a Mr. McCracknell.

The late Rev Wm. Attwood had charge of the Anglican Mission from 1908 till the fall of 1909. It was during his incumbency that Christ's Church Ghost Pine, which has been a landmark for many years was first started. Mr. Collier, now of Vancouver, had charge from 1909 till 1911, Rev Partridge from 1911 till the fall of 1912; Rev Phoenix from 1912 to 1916. From the latter date till the early twenties Rev Henderson and Rev Marsh conducted the Anglican services in this parish.

In 1908 the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor was formed and continued for many years.

*Mr. Arthur Dawn has explained the origin of the name of this league. The Epworth League was the name of the young people's group in the Methodist congregations at that time, and the Christian Endeavor served the same purpose in the Presbyterian Church. Since young people of both denominations attended the meetings in Ghost Pine, it was decided that a combination of the two names would be suitable, so it was called the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor.*

*Mr. Walter Dawn gives us the story of the Methodist church work in Ghost Pine. His letter follows—*

#### **MR. WALTER DAWN**

The first settlers in this district were mostly ranchers who settled along by the Ghost Pine Creek and down along the Red Deer River. These men looked on this country as a rancher's paradise. They had open range and good prairie hay for their stock.

A big prairie fire swept through here in the spring of 1906 and it was followed by a very severe winter, with deep snow, causing great hardship to the ranchers and to their stock.

My father and I filed on our homesteads in the fall of 1906. We took up residence on them the following year. All the available

homesteads were pretty well taken up by this time. Much of the sod was being broken up and farming was becoming quite general.

I do wish to pay a tribute to the people who were here when we arrived, and to those who followed later on. Regardless of nationality or religion, we were, and still are, like a big family. We helped each other and had much real pleasure in community picnics and organized sport. We also had social gatherings in private homes during the winter time. A young people's service was held every Sunday evening in private homes before the Sarcee School was built in 1908. These services were continued for a number of years in the schoolhouse.

By request I will give a brief account of the first Methodist students to hold religious services in our district. The first student was Mr Trotter in 1908. Mr Charles Scofield followed in 1908, Mr J Rogers in 1910, Mr Robert Simons in 1911, and Mr Howard in the fall of 1911. Most of these students were located down on the Three Hills flat. Some of them held church services in the C. W. LaRoys' home at Ghost Pine, and they also attended young people's services. Mr Howard held church service in Mr Pratt's hall at Three Hills, in 1911. These young students travelled by saddle horse and they learned to ride the hard way.

In the early days, we thought it was best,  
To observe Sunday quietly, as a day of rest.  
All through our district was called Gospel Ridge,  
That was mostly east of the Ghost Pine Bridge.

It is true we were all so happy and gay,  
Until war broke out in 1914, on that fatal day  
To all the boys who served that we might live,  
Again a tribute, our deepest gratitude we give.

The March 1964 issue of "The Beaver" magazine has a very interesting article by A. E. M. Hewlett, about the French Counts of St Hubert, near Whitewood, Saskatchewan. Briefly, this article tells of how several French Counts, a Baron, a Marquis and other distinguished people came from France, bringing large sums of money and a great number of French and Belgian working people. They founded the settlement now known as St Hubert, but originally called La Rolanderie, in about 1891.

They brought many luxuries from France, built impressive homes, and endeavored to re-create something of the life they had known in France. Some of them tried raising horses, cattle and

sheep, all on a large scale. Many of their projects were impractical, but the result of it all was good. The people they brought to Canada to work for them stayed on to establish good sound farms and businesses of their own.

Among the industries financed by the Counts were a cheese factory, a brush factory and a chicory factory. At one time a beet sugar factory was planned and all arrangements made, but the plans fell through. The chicory plant was operated at first by Count de Roffignac. After a fire, Mr. Renault and Count de Beaudrap bought the machinery and operated the factory on the ranch where the latter was engaged in raising horses and cattle. The raising of chicory however, involved so much hand labor that it was hard to find anyone who was willing to raise it, and the project had to be abandoned.

Mrs. Hewlett in her article says that all of the noblemen returned to France and that "They left behind no single member of their families, much money lost in ranching and commercial schemes, houses and lands sold for a song, and memories, now growing dim, in the minds of onlookers and of continental workers the Counts imported."

One of them though, after a visit to France, returned to Canada, and in 1904 Count de Beaudrap came to Ghost Pine where he bought a home on a wide sort of shelf, half way down a coulee of such breath-taking beauty that it must be seen to be believed. Joe Kubinec lives there now, with his family.

Paul de Beaudrap called his ranch the *Rancho Jeanne d'Arc*, because he was a thirteenth generation descendant of a brother of the great Joan of Arc. Xavier, his eldest living son tells the story.

#### MR. X. de BEAUDRAP

I was born at St. Hubert, near Whitewood, Saskatchewan, in 1892. My father, Paul de Beaudrap, left St. Hubert at the turn of the century, and after a trip to France, he came to Alberta, along with his brother, Roger, and Mr. F. de Torquet. They came to Ghost Pine in a covered wagon, arriving on July 15, 1904. The land was not yet surveyed, so could not be homesteaded until a month later. My father bought out Mr. Hiram Letts. Mr. Letts moved to a farm six miles northeast of Trochu, where the Letts School was later built and named after him.

My father and his brother kept a diary, and it is from the diary that I have been able to verify any dates I will use.

The house they bought had been built about 1897 or 1898. It consisted of two log buildings, joined by a rough lumber structure



with an earthen floor. This middle room was used as a storage room, entry, summer kitchen, etc. The whole house was roofed with sod, which leaked badly. One of the first tasks, then, was to shingle the roof.

My father brought us out the same year, as soon as the place was fit for my mother to live in. Our family consisted of my mother and father, their two daughters, Yvonne (who later became a nun and died in 1947 in Vegreville), and Genevieve (who is Mrs. H. Wiart and lives in Castor), and three sons, Andrew (who lives in Calgary), Bernard (who died in 1941), and myself.

My uncle's two sons, Pete and John, came out here in 1904, Pete from Edmonton, and John from school at St. Boniface. Another son, Rene, arrived in 1908, and in 1910 his daughter Madeleine married Mr. de Torquest.

In 1906 we built an addition to the house. The lumber was hauled from Didsbury by Bill Cunningham and Mr. Smith of Didsbury built it.

From my father's diary I read the details of the bad prairie fire on April 1, 1906. We all got up at 5:45, planning on going to church at Trochu. My father went to the top of the coulee at 6:15 to see how the prairie fire, which he had seen the night before, was progressing. When he saw how close it was he came back and had us hunt up all the old overalls and such things, that we could find, to use in fighting the fire. We fought fire till 6:00 p.m. We fought it along the edge of the coulee to where Cutmore and Gandy lived. They were both away in Didsbury. We saved their house, but the barn was burned. A snow storm in the evening helped us. The fire took all the grass except a little between the coulees which we cut for hay. An item the next day mentions that Mr. Cutmore returned from Didsbury and came over to ask hospitality for his horses, since his barn had been burned. The same fire had swept through Trochu. Many horses in a large herd there were burned, but some escaped when they ran down to the low swampy area east of town. Fr. Voisin was staying at Mr. Trochu's that day and they had some trouble saving Mr. Trochu's buildings. One storage building built into the bank, and used for coal, caught fire and the coal burned for several days.

The hard winter of 1906-1907 is still spoken of by the older ranchers as a kind of nightmare. My father had an accurate centigrade thermometer, and he recorded the temperatures every day. For weeks the thermometer hung around thirty to fifty degrees below zero and even lower. On January 14 we had thirteen steers brought down from near Trochu. Their legs were raw from walking through

the hard drifts. The temperature that day was -55C. (-67 F) We had planned on getting coal from the Ghost Pine mine that day, but decided it was too cold. Instead we went on the sixteenth, when it was only -54 C. (-65 F.) We had the coal loaded by two o'clock and started for home. We reached home at eight. There was a lot of wind that winter and the trails were always blown in. On January 17, my father's comment on the weather reads "Nice day" It was only -48 C. (-45 F)

In 1904 we got our mail at Sunnyslope. Later our mail came to Three Hills. Then for a while I was working in the Trochu Valley Store and taking the mail from Trochu to Tolman's across the river. Once in 1908 the ferry cable broke and we couldn't seem to get the government interested in supplying a new cable. The mail piled up until finally I was asked to take the letters around by Content Bridge on saddle horse. After I returned an ex-sailor who lived near the ferry volunteered to splice the cable.

*Mr de Beaudrap has also given us this history of the Catholic Church in the early days of Ghost Pine.*

In June of 1905, Fr. Voisin came to Trochu from Innisfail to say Mass on the first Sunday of the month. On July 2, the first Sunday of July, he came to our home. We used a tarpaulin to make a sort of canopy from the side of the house, and he celebrated High Mass, the first Mass to be said in the district. Those attending were Mr Trochu, Dr. Sculier, Mr de Cathelineau, Mr Pappillard, Paul and Louis de Chauny, Mr de Torquet, and my father. They afterwards enjoyed their dinner together under the same shelter.

From then on, Fr Voisin came to Trochu one month and to our place the next. He used to ride from Innisfail.

In 1905 when we built a large addition to the house, one room was set aside for the purpose of having the priest say Mass there, a sort of little chapel, but not an elegant one.

In about 1909 Fr. Peter Bazin was made Resident Priest at Trochu and his brother, Fr Joseph Bazin visited the missions around Trochu.

Another priest I remember, was Fr. Lamort, who was in Trochu only a short time.

After the school was built at Lumna, Mass was sometimes said there or at Hugo's, until St. Teresa's Church was built in 1929.

In about 1915, while I was overseas, my sister Yvonne began giving religious instruction to several children in the neighborhood. She continued these classes for a few years.

*John Hugo Jr lives in the Sarcee area now. He was born in Ghost Pine, in 1908, so his memories are a "boy's eye view" of pioneer days, and he cannot vouch for the accuracy of all details.*

**MR. JOHN HUGO, Jr.**

I was born in 1908, on my father's homestead, three miles east of the present Ghost Pine Store. The house is still standing and is used occasionally for storing seed grain. It is a log house, about 14x16 with a 12x14 lean-to.

Most of the houses at that time were built of spruce logs from coulees along the Red Deer River. Some of the logs were up to 24" in diameter and as long as 50 feet. We don't find them that size now, but when I was a boy, homesteaders came from as far away as Three Hills, Trochu and Swallow to get logs for building.

Water was a problem, as in most cases they had to go down from 100 to 260 feet to find water. In many cases the settler tried digging a well, only to become discouraged after going down 50, 60 or 70 feet. Then he would hire a well-driller to finish the job. Some of the early well-drillers were the Siebert brothers, Hugh Scott, and the Sheridan brothers.

Some of our early homestead neighbors were, to the north, L. A. Snyder, F. W. Fleming, Vic Rodgers, to the east, the Stenden brothers, Charlie Smith, Emil Lund, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderman and their sons, Fred, Ted, and Will, to the south, A. Stupkala, S. Kanderka, and A. Pearson, to the west, the Guest brothers, J. E. Huxley, Wm. Stewart, the Kaechele brothers, George Reading and later F. M. King.

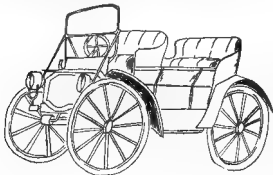
At first the railway towns, Didsbury and Olds were the shopping centres. Most homesteaders planned on making about four trips a year to town. They took a wagon and brought back an ample supply of the staples, such as flour, sugar, salt and tea, as well as some clothing and farm supplies, and of course the mail. They also brought mail and some supplies for their neighbors, but we usually tried to manage in such a way that we did not have to ask the neighbors to bring the heavy or bulky things. Later on, of course, the shopping was done in Acme or Munson, and then after 1912, in Three Hills or Trochu.

The most comfortable way to travel was on saddle horse. Riders usually wore chaps, and they tied either a yellow oilcloth slicker or a sheepskin coat behind the saddle, depending on the weather. A lariat and a rifle, shotgun, or six-shooter seemed to be standard equipment.

The R C M P from the Trochu detachment would visit the homesteaders about once a year to see that everything was in order. They were very picturesque in their pyramid hats, buffalo coats and red tames decorated with gold and white braid. They had a difficult job to do, and they did it well. They were liked and respected by the settlers, and they were heroes to the small boys.

At first the settlers travelled in wagons when a saddle horse was not practical, or in winter the bobsleigh took the place of the wagon. Later we began to use a buggy or a democrat, which was a heavy buggy with two seats. Some of the buggies were very elaborate affairs with folding tops, celluloid side-curtains and rubber tires. I remember a particularly fashionable driving coach Fred King brought from Saskatchewan. It had rubber tires, two seats, doors, a top, side curtains, fenders and two coal oil headlights. As I remember it that surrey was really an outstanding vehicle, and would rate about like a cadillac of today, in value and comfort.

In winter the cutter was beginning to replace the bobsleigh, and some of these were very comfortable, with folding tops, side-curtains, buffalo robes for the knees and charcoal burning foot warmers for the feet. Dave Kaechele had a cutter of the top luxury type, and a beautiful, well matched driving team which could pass anything on the trail. The reason I remember this outfit so well is that he had a set of sleigh bells which, once heard, could never be forgotten, for their clearness and harmony. On a frosty evening they could be heard a mile away.



1914 H. POWER BUGGY

All the early pioneers will probably remember the horse-power threshing machine owned by the Clark brothers. The horses were hitched to several poles which were attached to a shaft. They went round and round, a little like a merry-go-round. A geared-up shaft supplied power to the separator. A man stood in the middle with a whip to keep the horses going at a steady speed. The cylinder in the separator had to be hand-fed, and the straw had to be forked away.

Another well-remembered thresher was a big steam outfit with a tremendous capacity. It was among the biggest made. It was brought in by Fred Meyer and Will Wiesenbergl. Looking back, it seems to me it was the size of a small locomotive, but of course I was very young. When they moved this engine it levelled out the turtlebacks and left tracks that could be traced three years later. It travelled at a snail's pace. When used for breaking, this outfit would pull from 12 to 14 breaking plows each 14 inches wide. Nearly every homesteader in Ghost Pine worked on this outfit at some time or other.

One of the earliest cars I can remember was an International Power Baggy belonging to Clyde Daffus. It looked a bit like a democrat, and was equipped with a two-cylinder engine under the front seat. Either he had never had a crank, or he had lost it, so to start it he had to get in underneath and turn the flywheel by hand.

Then there was Joe Young's Maxwell, which looked a little like later models of cars. He used to come down the hill south of our place, and as he picked up speed the belt that drove the back wheels would fly off, and he would have to walk back a quarter mile or so to get it, and then get under the car and put it on, before he could go any farther.

In the district east of Greenleaf there was a settlement of people I remember for their hospitality and friendliness. These are some of the names that come to my mind—Gutman, Katzin, Waterman, Silver, Rosenthal, Month, Kramer, Newman and Goodman. They were mostly of the Jewish faith. I used to visit back and forth with some of the young boys. Sometimes I went over on a Saturday, and if the Rabbi was able to get out to hold church services the boys would be called into the house to attend. Some of these same boys are in business now in Calgary and I enjoy meeting them and swapping yarns.

Sod was broken with a walking plow pulled by oxen or horses or both. The Dawn brothers, Herb Currie, and my father, all had teams of oxen.



FIRST MASS IN GHOST PINE 1905



TURNING SOO 1905 MR PAUL deBeaudrop

I was among the first pupils when the Laramie School was opened on January 1, 1916. Our first teacher was Mr Walters. The school burned down in 1939 and was replaced by the present building

*Concerning Mr. J. H. Young, Mr. Cameron says—*

Mr. Joseph H. Young will be remembered by the surviving old-timers, not only as a public minded citizen, but also as one who demonstrated that this district was a grain growing district, and would eventually develop into one of the best wheat growing areas in Alberta. He was a bundle of energy, rapid of speech and movement, always looking beyond the horizon, but ever ready to do the work at hand.

By 1907 Joe had produced a large crop of oats. He was especially lucky in escaping the violent hailstorms which swept through this country at this early period. In July, 1907, a devastating hail storm hit this district but missed Mr. Young by a narrow margin. Another one came on August 13, 1911, and cleaned the rest of us out but left him intact. The only hail storm that hit him was the destructive one in 1916, and that was only very slightly.

The settlers were required to have a certain amount of breaking done, in order to prove up on their claims. Joe Young and his hired man plowed many an acre of prairie for the homesteaders. He was one of the farmers who hauled coal from the Ghost Pine coal mine to Didsbury, often assisted by his good wife. When the railroad came to Acme and Three Hills, Joe, like the rest of us, loaded many a car of grain from the loading platform before there were any elevators. He was one of the first trustees of Sarcee School.

The Young home, being pretty much in the center of the east part of township 31 and ranges 22 and 21, was a very convenient place for the bachelors to have Mrs. Young supply them with bread and also eggs. Their daughter Clemmie, (Mrs. Ruby), in the early days assisted Mr. Ferrey in the post office in the old store down on the creek flat.

Mr. Young had a very severe illness in 1913, which impaired his health to some extent. He sold out and went to Florida about five years later. In the meantime he visited Ghost Pine many times. He latterly moved to the Pacific coast where he passed away some years ago. Mrs. Young returned to Three Hills and is still hale and hearty at an advanced age.

*Our thanks to Mr. Cameron for a splendid word-picture of a typical pioneer, which serves as an introduction to a typical pioneer wife, Mr. Young's widow, Mrs. Eliza Young.*



Some of the pupils of Sarcee Butte School in 1909 with their teacher

Back Row Francis Milan, Leslie Saunders, Ira Young, Pearl Saunders

Middle Row May Saunders, Mary Young, Mr. C. G. Bible (Teacher),  
Harold Adwell, Fern Young

Front Row Stan Davidson, Harley Davidson



THE OLD SARCEE BUTTE SCHOOL



In 1906 my husband left the State of Washington in search of land, and the first news I had from him, he had filed on a homestead in the Ghost Pine district, and wanted me and our family (four girls and one boy) Mabel, Clemie, Ira, Fern and Mary to join him at Didsbury, Alberta, where he had two rooms furnished in the immigration shed, and where we lived from December until February, 1906. In the fall of 1906 he hauled lumber to the homestead and built a two roomed shack, also dug a cave (root cellar)

On February 20, we loaded out worldly possessions on three wagons, and with provisions and horse feed started for our homestead, arriving there two days later. The children and I remained on the homestead while my husband returned to Didsbury to bring in lumber to build a barn. He continued to do considerable freighting, hauling coal out to Didsbury, and supplies back to Ghost Pine Store. He also hauled lumber to Trochu when that town was in the making.

As soon as the frost was out of the ground we began breaking the prairie sod, the first breaking done on the ridge. Del Price and Ira were the plowmen with six horses on the plow. About 25 acres were broken and seeded to oats that spring, the balance of that quarter being broken that summer.

Until the thaw came, we melted snow, and then hauled water from the creek or coulees. Not knowing how deep a well would have to be to reach water, Archer Reed and his father, I. W. Reed started to dig a well with shovels, hauling the dirt up with a windlass. After digging about fifty feet they retired from the job. We afterwards got H. E. Davis and his son, Charlie to come and drill it, using a horse-power drill. This was the first well on the ridge. It was about 200 feet in depth, and none too much water.

In 1907, with lumber from the coulees we built two more rooms onto our house, giving us a four room house now. While taking timber out of the coulee my husband got blood-poisoning in his face. One morning he was too sick to get up, so, making a bed in the wagon for him, I drove the team to Didsbury to the nearest doctor, making the fifty mile trip in one day. When we arrived the doctor said that one more day would have been too late, but by the next day he was feeling better, after a night of keeping poultices warm over a coal oil lamp. By the end of the week, as there was freight to be taken to Ghost Pine Store we loaded it on and started for home.

We arrived home on Saturday night and found the family all right but worried about us.

The first mail we received when we first came to the homestead came to Carbon.

On July 4, 1906 we had a picnic on our place. We built an arbor covered with bushes for a roof, and set up tables and benches, taking our organ to the arbor. We had a very nice program. Many of the homesteaders were present.

In 1907 we went to Trochu to a Sport's Day, travelling in a wagon over the turtlebacks. We had a good time and returned, tired but happy. On July 1, 1908 there was a big picnic on the Sarcee Butte, with a dance at our house at night.

As we had an organ, many pleasant evenings were spent by the young people and the older ones too. A great many people used to stay with us overnight while moving across the river to their homesteads.

We hauled wheat to Didsbury and we hauled many loads of hogs there too. Our first crops were threshed by a horse-power machine owned by Mr. George Clarke and Son. We often had threshers for two weeks.

In 1910 our last child was born on April 27, at the homestead. There was no doctor, but Mrs. Brown and Mrs. J. Dawn were in attendance at his birth. He died when he was eight months old. Bert Scott and Clyde Ruby made the little casket in which he was buried. He was laid to rest in the only cemetery near, being the little English Church cemetery at Ghost Pine.

In 1911 we hauled our grain to Morrin, as the railroad was there one year ahead of the Three Hills road.

In 1912 we purchased the S.E. 14-31-22-W4, Bert Scott's homestead. There we moved into a larger house with a deeper well, 819 feet, but with more water. We continued raising horses, cattle and many pigs, but now marketing grain and livestock was much easier as we had a railroad town fourteen miles away at Three Hills.

*Old-timers will remember Mr. and Mrs. George Saunders who lived near the creek, where the Albert Johnson family live now. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders live in Calgary and Mr. Saunders has shared some of his memories with us.*

I came to Ghost Pine Creek on May 4, 1906, and began to build in June of the same year. I went to call on Hugh Cameron. I put up a crude shelter to sleep in first, then I built a dug-out for a more permanent shelter. I built my log house alone, but I had the advice of Jim Long of Three Hills, who had had some experience in the art of building with logs.

In June, 1906 Mrs. Saunders came out from P.E.I. with the six children. I met them in Calgary. On the way down I found the Rosebud Creek flooded. Two young homesteaders failed to make the crossing. One, a young man from Ontario, was drowned. His body was not recovered for ten days. The other young man lost his nerve, after being floated downstream in his wagon box, and had to be rowed across in a boat.

We left Calgary on a Saturday, but had to spend two days in camp on account of heavy rains. We spent seven days on the trip from Calgary to Ghost Pine. The Kneeshill Creek was flooding, and when we forded it, the water came into the wagon-box. I had a bag of lime, which I had planned to use to plaster the log cabin. The water reached the lime and it started heating. Soon a cloud of steam was rising from the wagon-box.

At that time, steers were selling at from \$38 to \$40 per head. We sold usually to Pat Burns or to Arthur Evans of Three Hills. The cattle had to be delivered to Olds. It meant a trail drive of five days or more. My boys, Arthur and Bruce trailed the cattle while I followed with the camp outfit. A good hot meal of beefsteak and onions was always relished by the boys. On our return trip we brought along a large order of groceries and supplies for the ranch.

The first teacher of Sarcee Butte School was Mrs. Shaw. She held the position for six months. For the balance of the term the school was taught by Mr. C. G. Bible. I was one of the first school trustees. The others were Joe Young and I. Reed.

We bought our coal at the Ghost Pine Mine at \$1.10 per ton. Mr. Jack Bason was the owner at that time.

Hugh Cameron broke the first sod in 1905. I broke some land in 1906 for hay. In 1908 I had a fair crop of oats, which I had sown by hand, broadcast. It was about four feet high. It was cut by Archie Reed, using the first binder in the district. In 1909 I had the first harvest to thresh. Pete and Ed Clarke threshed it. Their threshing machine was run by horse power. It had no blower, just dropped the straw in a pile, which had to be continually forked away. Isaiah Reed had threshed a good crop in 1908.

Most settlers along the creek came in 1905, and they were engaged in cattle ranching. Pioneer life was very lonely, and luxuries were few and far between, but on the whole it was a good life.

*The question of the first sod has been much discussed. As Mr. Saunders mentioned, Mr. Cameron broke the first sod in that vicinity in May, 1905. Mr. de Beaudrap tells us that his father also broke up a small piece of land in 1905, but he was enlarging a garden plot which Mr. Hiram Letts had been using for a few years before he sold out to Mr. de Beaudrap in 1904.*

*Mrs. Francis Reed has submitted the following interesting anecdotes concerning the I. W. Reed family, who were among the early settlers along the creek. Phin and Francis Reed, sons of Mr. I. W. Reed, still live there, in the Ghost Pine Valley, with their families.*

#### MRS. FRANCIS REED

The I. W. Reed family arrived in the Ghost Pine district in the spring of 1906. Mrs. Reed and the younger children stayed near Didsbury the first summer while Mr. Reed and the older boys worked on the farm buildings.

The day they arrived, Archer was behind the others, driving the cattle. Mr. Reed sent Francis back to help bring them in, but somehow he missed them, and soon it became dark. He kept on going west, and after walking six miles, he arrived at Dave Caddenhead's place where they kept him overnight. The next morning they lent him a pony to ride home on. When he got there he found that the family and the neighbors had been out looking for him the night before.

In those early days church services were held in the Reed home. Student ministers spent the summer months getting experience. Among those serving here were Mr. Cosgrove, Norman Campbell, Mr. Warwick, Mr. Grant and Mr. Reid. Mr. Reid always ate a raw egg for lunch before starting out on his long rides. For a while the people of the district held parties in the different homes. At one of these the men had been told to bring the cats. Preacher Reid had baked a cake, but in getting off his horse to open a gate he dropped it. He broke the plate but the cake was not hurt.

Mr Dawn was working on Walter's homestead over west of the creek one summer. As he drove home one evening after work, with his team of horses pulling the wagon and the yoke of oxen tied on behind, he came to the creek. As soon as the horses were in the water they stopped to drink. The oxen were thirsty too, and walked into the water, pulling the wagon box off the running gears and leaving Mr Dawn out in the middle of the creek in his strange boat with no oars. Mr Reed threw him a rope and pulled him to shore.

The boys in the district spent all the time they could spare, playing in the creek. The Reed boys and Ira Young were swimming one time, and Ira had a pole to keep him from sinking. He let go of it and would have drowned if Phin had not pulled him out as he was going down for the third time. Mrs. Reed said "You shouldn't go in the water till you have learned to swim."

*Near neighbors of the Reed family were the Campbells. Robert (Bert) Campbell has dedicated his story to his mother and father, and to his brothers, Stewart and Allan.*

#### **MR. ROBERT (BERT) CAMPBELL**

In the year 1905 Allan, my oldest brother sailed from Glasgow, Scotland for Canada. He had had correspondence with people in Owen Sound, Ontario, about learning to farm, with a view to eventually having a farm of his own. He decided, then, to make Owen Sound his destination.

Within a few days of arriving he found a job, (unpaid) with a farmer, and, full of enthusiasm, he went to work. Among the people he met in Owen Sound was a young man about his own age who also had an ambition to have a farm. This young man, whose name was Robert Cook, had come from Barrhead, Scotland, and was to become Allan's brother-in-law, a few years later. "Go west, young man!" was the slogan at that time, both in Britain and Eastern Canada, so Allan and Bob obeyed the slogan and left the east for Calgary, Alberta.

On arriving in Calgary they soon found others who wanted homesteads, and set out with them, intending to go to Lacombe, but destiny again played a part, and their plans were changed. They met a few homesteaders on their way north, who told them of a bad hailstorm which had swept the Lacombe area. They also told them of land to be had at Carbon and north of Carbon. When they reached Carbon, Mr. and Mrs. Reed, who were members of the party, located land there. Allan and Bob, with the buoyancy of youth, headed north till they reached the Ghost Pine, where they camped at a mine, operated by Jack Bason and Charlie Catchpole. After a well-earned rest they

located land and returned to Calgary to file on the north half of 10-31-22-W4.

At that time there were only a few rough trails crossing the country and it was quite a feat to haul lumber all those miles. The wagon and team of horses were the only means of travel, but life was full of romance of the early west. Allan and Bob hauled lumber and built a small house, or rather, shack. They had a bunk each, built on the wall, one above the other.

One night, not long after they built their shack, they went to bed early, being very tired. A knock sounded at the door, so Allan got up, dressed and opened the door to find a traveler who explained that he had lost his way. Allan invited him in, but he said he would get his wife, who was in the wagon. It only took a few minutes for the lady to get out of the wagon, but for those few minutes the shack was in confusion, as Allan roused Bob and got him dressed in time to receive their company.

The neighbors along the creek at that time were the Reed family, the Saunders family, Wm. Cunningham, Johnsons, Art Davies and Harold Powell, and L. Curtis. Early in 1906, Bob Cook, taking his turn at riding to Carbon for the mail, met Hugh Cosgrave, a young student of theology who, under the Presbyterian Church, was conducting services at Carbon. Bob asked him if he would consider holding services at Ghost Pine, and Mr. Cosgrave seemed to like the idea. On returning and delivering the neighbors' mail, Bob asked Mr. Reed what he thought of it. Mr. Reed was delighted with the idea and offered his home for the services. This was the beginning of the first church at Sarcee.

Allan had been writing letters to Mother and Dad about the west and the wonderful opportunities for young people. Dad, who had his own furniture business on St. Vincent Street in Glasgow, became so fired with the idea of coming to Canada that he sold his business, and booked passage for the family to sail on June 6, 1906. Dad, Mother, Stewart, Jimmy, Dolly and myself, as well as an aunt who had visited Canada before, left Glasgow for Montreal.

There was a bit of heartache on leaving, especially for Mother and Dad, as we were leaving our older sister, Nellie, who was married and had a little son, also the grave of another sister, Daisy, who was two years older than myself. The Lord is kind, when He doesn't allow us to know what is ahead. We younger ones didn't do much thinking, that day, of the ones we were leaving behind, our imaginations were too busy conjuring up pictures of the west we were going to. We never saw Nellie again, as she passed away from this world in 1912, at the age of twenty-seven, leaving her husband and three small boys.

The ships didn't cross the ocean as fast in those days as they do now, and the old Sicilian took eleven days to Montreal. We spent three days sight-seeing and Dad was kept busy at the customs, getting our seventeen large cases and numerous small ones through. However we were finally settled in the train and on our way. There were quite a number of people in the train who were heading for the west too, and we soon made friends. After four days and five nights on the train we reached Calgary, and it was wonderful to get out and walk. We stayed at the Arlington Hotel for two days waiting for our luggage to be unloaded and put on the train for Didabury. Speed hadn't reached Canada at that time and you just had to have patience, but we were finally on our way to Didabury and arrived there late in the afternoon.

Dad had forwarded our probable date of arrival, but didn't realize that sometimes the mail lay in the post office for days, before being called for. We stayed four days at the hotel in Didabury. That was when we first met Mr. W. G. Ferres. He was in Didabury making arrangements to open a store and post office at Ghost Pine. Needless to say we got to know him much better in later years. Our patience was almost exhausted when young Bob Cook arrived one day and inquired for the Campbell family. He had brought just one wagon, and we had seven wagon loads of luggage to say nothing of the eight people counting Bob. After resting for a day, we started for Ghost Pine with only the cabin trunks. The ladies rode in the wagon, while the rest of us walked most of the way. When night came we camped at Lone Pine. There was a heavy frost that night and we all enjoyed our hot coffee in the morning. We started out early as we had to travel slowly over the rough trail. At Three Hills we had lunch and fed and rested the horses. The town then consisted of one store and a few shacks. The sun had set when, after crossing many ridges, we came down the trail and across the creek near where Tom Bishop lives today. As we crossed the creek Mother said it reminded her of the children of Israel in the wilderness. We were all tired, and I am sure Mother would have liked to turn back. However Allan had the kettle boiling and had cooked meat and potatoes. He and Bob had added another 14x30 to their 10x10 shack when they knew we were coming and had put in a table big enough for sixteen people. Mother cast her eyes over everything and then a few tears came. Travelling 52 miles in a wagon had been rather a rough beginning, especially coming from a home and country that had all the conveniences and comforts we have just begun to enjoy here. However Mother had great courage, and after a night's sleep she and my aunt soon had the place looking fairly nice, on the inside.

Allan and Archer Reed made two trips to bring out our luggage from Didabury, along with some groceries. Allan had a good saddle

horses, and soon I was riding all over and I got acquainted with the Reeds. I thought this was the life

Allan had two cows, so wild you couldn't get near them except on horseback. He also had a mower and rake, and Dad bought a team and wagon, and we all went haying. There was only a small area of grass, which had been sown on the south side of the coulee, that was worth cutting. The rest had been burned off in a prairie fire which had also burned Allan's barn and a set of harness. There was about 80 tons of hay, which seemed like plenty to Allan and Bob, who had only been here one winter and that a mild one. By this time Dad had thirty cows and several calves.

In August I hired out for two months with Mr. Grieve of Carbon, who had a camp a half mile south of the south bridge over the creek. He had a flock of 2000 sheep. They would get on the move about sunrise and travel quite a bit, but they seemed to know when to start back, and were always bedded down by sunset. I had two sheep dogs, who kept circling the flock. In spite of the dogs, and my close watch, the coyotes managed to get quite a few.

In the fall, Jack Bason asked Allan and Bob to take over the mine. Neither one of them had had any mining experience, but they were in a new country, and quite ready for new adventures. Stewart went to help John Neil, a rancher on the river. Other ranchers we met, from the river flat, were Andrew Bleriot and the Lawrences.

Stewart and Jimmy had filed on homesteads making up the E. J-12-31-22, and Dad filed on the quarter next to Allan's. I helped in the mine.

The weather began to look bad in October, and we didn't have our winter clothing, so Dad and I took two loads of coal to Didsbury where we sold it at \$8 a ton. We bought some groceries and clothing, paying some cash, besides what we got for the coal. On the return trip we spent the night at Sunnyslope and woke in the morning to find the ground covered with four or five inches of snow and it was still snowing. We had to travel slowly, as the road was heavy, but we reached home, a bit cold, before the weather got too bad. It kept getting worse till we had our first blizzard, and after that there was a blizzard every week almost all winter.

We were not worried about the winter, as we thought we had plenty of feed and even though the snow piled up in drifts and the trails became blocked, and the coal business did not boom, we had a good supply of food, plenty of coal, a violin, a mandolin and lots of company. Dad had brought quite a library, so we had lots of good books to read in the long evenings. Water had been rather a prob-



lem, as the creek had dried up, but now, with so much snow around, our problem was solved. Our first Christmas Day in Canada, we had the Reed family as guests. We didn't have turkey, but we had roast beef and the ever popular plum pudding, and as my memory serves, we had a very happy time.

The early part of 1907 was very serious for those with stock, many ranchers along the river had very heavy losses, and then later in the spring, many of the weaker animals died. The bitter weather made it difficult to haul hay. We, like everyone else, had our losses.

Bob Cook rode to Carbon one very cold day, to get powder for the mine, and when he returned he became very ill with pneumonia, which hung on for a long time. Dad knew a bit about medicine, and had brought some doctor's books from Scotland. They proved a great blessing as it was impossible to get help, with the drifts so deep, and the doctor so far away. Mr. Reed and Archie came over several times to sit up nights with the patient, and Mother and Dad were very grateful to them. Bob finally recovered completely.

We made snowshoes from willows and heavy twine, and they were a great help, getting around in the snow. The drifts in the coulees were so deep we were able to have ice cream in July. We were able to catch quite a number of fish in the creek, and as the water remained cold the fish were nice and firm.

One Sunday, Stewart left John Neil's to pay a visit home. The river was quite high, and the horse got into a hole. Stewart slipped off its back and caught the tail, but the horse headed down the river, so Stewart let him go, and swam to this side, thinking the horse would do the same. However, the horse turned back and went home, and Stewart had to walk home. I don't think it was a very enjoyable walk, with his clothes dripping wet.

We had broken ten acres in 1906, and we seeded Banner Oats by hand, and then harrowed. The crop was not heavy, but the kernels were large. We fenced in section ten. The fence posts, mostly spruce and poplar, were taken from a coulee near the Red Deer River.

This summer we began hauling lumber from Calgary to build a larger home on the flat by the creek. It took a little over a week to make the trip. We usually camped at Paddy's Spring. As haying time came we were busy putting up as much hay as possible as we had bought a few more cows and had two young colts. Archie Reed and Dave Dixon cut our crop and it was threshed by the Clarke outfit, which has been described by other pioneers in this book.

The fall of 1907 was very dry and a prairie fire started near Stettler and swept all the country as far south as the Handhills. We used to ride up to the Butte in the evenings and watch the flames leaping high across the river. The weather continued fine and we played football on Christmas Day.

The district was being settled fast, and a school was a necessity. The first trustees were Mr. Reed, Mr. Saunders, and Mr. Young, with James Campbell, Jr. as Secretary-treasurer, and James Campbell Sr. as assessor. Arrangements were made to borrow \$1000 and Bob Cook donated three acres of land. The board voted to pay him fifteen dollars just to make the deal legal. All the neighbors donated time and labor and soon the materials were hauled in, in readiness for the spring of 1908.

A very mild winter followed the extreme winter of 1906-07. There was plenty of feed, and cattle were in good condition. People found it easier to get around, and we enjoyed more social events in the homes. The school was opened in 1908, and then in 1909 it was opened for church services, and later for concerts and other forms of entertainment.

We had built our home by that time and it was nice to have lots of room. We always had company. The young ministers arrived on Saturday night and stayed over night. Sgt. Tucker of the R.C. M.P. usually visited us when in the district, and Leigh Curtis was a regular visitor, also Anton Halverson and his friend A. Bogue, two fine young Norwegians. Dad had an organ now, and was really happy, as he had missed the organ and piano. The winter of 1909-10 we had skating parties on the creek and the young folks would gather at our place afterwards and spend a happy evening, with Dad at the organ. Mother had to have the boiler on for coffee, but she enjoyed the evenings too. She was very fond of singing.

By now I had filed on a quarter section and had 30 acres of barley and 20 acres of wheat. That year our crops were cut by Dave Dixon and threshed by Ingles with his steam outfit. Myer and Weisenberg were doing a large amount of breaking in the district.

In the fall of 1909 it was decided to get an organ for the church. Jenny Reed (Mrs. Bob Sommerville) was asked to solicit the west side of the creek, and my sister, Dolly, the east side, to the river. Money was also raised by box socials and other entertainments. Mrs. Peterson was always on hand with lots of coffee.

Dolly, in the course of her travels, came to the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Peterson. Mr. Peterson told Dolly his wife was sick, and asked her to go and get Mrs. Burroughs, who lived near the

river Mr Burroughs was away, and Mrs Burroughs and Dolly took turns riding Dolly's horse back to Peterson's. Mrs. Burroughs asked Dolly to stay and help, and before she left for home a little girl had come to the Peterson home. Dolly was late in getting home, and Mother was beginning to worry but when she heard about her experience she was glad her daughter had been a help. She sent Dolly over the next day, to see how the mother and baby were getting along. Mr Peterson told her they had decided to call the baby Dolly. Dolly felt she had had quite an experience for a sixteen year old.

Another baby girl had been born in the district, I think in 1907, to a Mr and Mrs. Ayers, who didn't stay here very long.

By this time Allan and Bob Cook had each built a home on his own land. Anton Halverson's family had arrived from Norway, and Allan was very much interested in the eldest daughter, Hilda. They were married in June, when there was still snow on the ground and the minister had lots of difficulties on the road coming from Didsbury. Then, in the fall Bob and Dolly were married.

Our family circle was getting smaller. Stewart left on a visit to Scotland. The summer of 1910 was very dry. The rains were too late to save the crops, some of which were never harvested. Allan sold his land and he and Hilda moved to Calgary. Dad and I went to Calgary and Dad got a job traveling for a furniture company. I got a job with a milling company. James stayed home to look after the farm and stock. We had quite a number of Duroc-Jersey hogs. In the fall I came home for harvest.

The winter of 1911-12 was cold with lots of snow. Crops were good in 1912 and the Ingles outfit did most of the threshing around Sarcee. The land was being fenced and pastures were becoming scarce.

James had to go to Calgary, for medical treatment and while there had his appendix removed. When he returned home he was accompanied by Mr Jack Lyster who stayed a night with us while he located land.

In 1911 Stewart was married in Calgary to Miss Catherine Crawford of Glasgow, Scotland. They came to Ghost Pine and made their home where Elmer Hiller lives now.

In 1913 a few new little Canadians arrived in the district. Mr and Mrs. Cook had a son and Mr and Mrs. T. Downs, a son, (they lived where F. A. Reed lives today). The Allan Campbells and the Prices had sons. Mr and Mrs J. Lyster had a daughter, and the Stewart Campbells had a son. There may have been others that I can't remember now. The only hospital near at that time was St.

Mary's in Trochu, and the doctor was Dr. Milne, who has been well-known in Calgary for many years. Although it was only a small hospital in those days, the patients received the same kind and considerate care they receive today in a more modern St. Mary's.

Allan and Hilda returned to Ghost Pine and bought the land where Steve Kanderka lives today. They made their home there for a number of years. My sister-in-law, Mrs. S. Campbell, took over the Sarcee School where she taught for five years. She had taught in Queen's Park High School in Glasgow before coming to Canada.

In August, 1914 we heard the news that war had been declared on Germany. There were no radios or telephones in the district then, so the news took quite some time to reach us. In 1915 I went to Calgary and joined the army. My brother James, was married that year, and remained on the farm. His wife, Miss Jennie Scott, came from New York, but was formerly of Glasgow, Scotland.

*Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McCubbin are now living in Calgary. Mrs. McCubbin, before her marriage was Amy Dason. They occasionally visit in Ghost Pine and are welcomed as old friends. This is Mr. McCubbin's letter.*

#### MR. McCUBBIN

I homesteaded S.E.—88-31-23 in September 1908 and landed out there some time in November after working two months in a saw-mill at High River, along with Wilfred, my brother, who had come west in 1907 from Ontario.

The weather that year was good up till New Year's Day, when I roofed my shack in my shirt sleeves. After that it was down to 20 to 40 below for two weeks and then for several weeks around zero. We were coming home from some doings east, early one morning and had to take turns driving and running to keep warm. In the morning the water was running off the roof. There was no more real winter. That spring I helped C. G. Bible to build his house.

In 1911 I worked for Tom Rath. He told me about a friend who used much hair tonic for fear he would go bald before he could get married (and he never wed). In the fall of 1911 I took on mission work for the Methodist Church at Neapolis.

Here are some of the early settlers I remember: R. A. McKay, who was farmer, builder, and chicken-rancher. "Boston" had many misfortunes. He helped the district by grading the town line from

the range line to Bear's Corner (west of Three Hills) in 1908. Mel Simpson, who drove a flashy horse and buggy. Frank Jacques was south of me and was known for his forceful language. George MacKay (brother of R. A.) was across the road from me. He was a very efficient bachelor, but sometimes he would be up half the night with a batch of bread. Then the next day he would make up for it by stretching a "wee nap", till it was a good sized one. A. J. Quick, who was across from Jacques never became westernized, and went back to Ontario after proving up.

Mr. Hanser and two daughters, Anna (who married Charbe Conrad) and Teresa (who became Mrs. Wm. Meyers) lived on N.E. 36-31-23.

Griff Davis was south of him and was really a better coal miner than farmer.

Art Crawford was on S.W. 6-32-22, and the two Stunden boys (cousins of Art), Victor and Lorne lived with him.

Wilfred McCubbin was due south of there, where he homesteaded in 1907. He married Mabel Young on December 21, 1910.

South of this again were Jock and Henry Hill, also Tom and John Robinson. Further south was Dave Dixon, and east of him Bill Cunningham.

In 1911 Bethel school was opened and Robert Simons held services there. Some of those attending were Mr. and Miss Fleming (who later married Archie Meston), Charlie Everett, C. M. Flett, and others. Before that time services were held in the C. W. LaRoy home. Lulu and Burton LaRoy were very active in church and social doings.

In 1914 Clyde Ruby and I had some land dealings and made a trip to Didabury. We noticed their rural mail delivery and decided we should have similar service. That was the first step—by 1916 it was in operation.

That same year I joined the 3rd University Coy. and was with the Pats in France in November of that year.

*The next of our pioneer friends to join our gathering is Mr. A. B Crawford with the following letter.*

**MR. A. B CRAWFORD**

I filed on my homestead on February 11, 1911. I was working at Chestermere Lake, and when I was eighteen years old I wrote to Sam McBratney at Three Hills, asking about land. I had known Sam in Ontario, which place I had left in 1901. Sam told me that Tom Rath had told him that there was land at Ghost Pine, so I went to Didsbury, then out with the mailman to Davien, then to McBratney's. He took me over to see the land, which was the S.W. 6 T.32 R.22. We had dinner at Tom Rath's. Tom was away in Ontario getting married, but his brother, Johnnie, was there. I believe Johnnie's homestead was on 36, where Three Hills is now located. I went back to Calgary to file on the land.

The following summer I met Wilfred McCubbin, who wanted land, so when I left Chestermere Lake he came along with me. We drove overland through Carbon and when we got to the Ghost Pine Store, Mr. W. G. Ferrey told us that he had seen us coming. No doubt we were not travelling very fast over the gumbo in a wagon. Thinking that we would probably need some grub, they had postponed his brother Eustace's wedding till we could be waited on. However the happy event took place after we left.

Wilfred got land a mile south of my place and that fall I helped him build his shack. We drew his lumber from Carbon on a cold day in October or November. We made the round trip in one day (no eight hour day then) and we were nearly frozen when we got to my shack. It stayed cold, but we got his shack built.

I did not stay on the homestead all the time, but used to go out to work for enough money to keep eating. While I was away I met a man farther south who told me that Mr. Young had some very fine daughters. When I came back I asked Wilfred McCubbin how he was coming along with Miss Young. It was just a stab in the dark, for I had heard nothing, but Wilfred got a bit warm. He jumped to the conclusion that W. Ferrey had told me, and was all set to hang him to a tree. However, everything must have worked out alright as he got his girl. I met the other daughter, Mrs. Clyde Ruby at a chicken supper in Three Hills in 1962. Their mother was a real pioneer lady. I can remember her and her husband hauling coal, each driving with a load.

It seems to me, looking back, that Ghost Pine was a cold country, with snow lying deep most of the time. It may have been just that the shacks were so cold. Frozen potatoes, bread, etc. were common diet in my shack.

Then one fall, I think about 1910, I had a bad toothache, so I rode a horse to Calgary to have it fixed. I got home the day before New Year's, but the tooth still ached, so I was lying on the bed. Victor Stunden was there at the time and feeling sick, so he was on the bed too. Lorne Stunden and Allie McLeod slept on the floor under the table. Allie was a cowboy who stayed with me during the winter. Mr. D. Hanser, a kindly German was visiting us one day. Suddenly Victor jumped up and said to Mr. Hanser, "See that mouse running up the wall!" and he threw a boot at the wall. We knew then that he was delirious. We had to hold him in bed for some time and it was quite a task. It took two of us to hold him. Then the long vigil began. All the rest of the winter Dr. Sawdon used to come out every couple of days. Jack Bowhay used to bring him out. We got a nurse, Miss Caitanah, who stayed till Victor could be moved in the spring. It started with pneumonia and then pleurisy. I can remember when Dr. Sawdon and Dr. Milne tapped his lungs, while two of us held him. Our nurse was wonderful. She looked after him in that 14x16 shack. There were no conveniences of course and there were three of us eating there besides the nurse and patient. Lorne stayed there, and McLeod and I slept in Mr. Hanser's barn loft. I can remember we would put a lantern under the blankets to warm them up a bit, then put it out, get into a fur coat and go to bed. Then the frost would form on the fur and stick onto our faces. As sure as the thermometer went down to about forty below, Bül Rheingert's pump would go on the blink, and Mr. Hanser would get out his pipe wrenches and some of us would lend a hand to fix it. However, to get back to our patient, we moved him to Didsbury, stopping at Sunnyslope where Old Dan McKinnon fed us, then on to Calgary, where Victor was in hospital till summer. His lung never did heal and he went east that summer. A few years later he died there, in a doctor's office. Lorne went to the war, and was gassed. The last I heard of him he was in Hamilton, but that was a long time ago.

We used to travel the old Carbon Trail quite often. In summer we slept under the wagon and were nearly eaten by mosquitoes. In winter we stayed at the stopping houses. I could sleep, but the others were kept awake chasing bugs. However that all changed since the early days.

I remember when we went to the Red Deer for raspberries. We would pick a lot of them, and before we got home in the wagon over the turtlebacks they would be in soup, but with a sucker or two out of Henry's trap we managed O.K. It was just as good as any meal at the Palliser.

I remember the first Christmas Concert at Manor School. I was one of the warblers. The teacher, C. M. Fielt came to our shack to give us some lessons beforehand. One of the songs was "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes". We made plenty of noise, but I'm afraid we were slightly off key.

We used to go to dances and parties in the winter. Old Mr. Evans, the mailman, used to sing "Rule, Britannia!", and he really could sing. Another favorite at that time was "Red Wing." We went to a party one time at C. W. LaRoy's, and when the music got pretty hot some of the boys, led by Clyde Ruby, began to tap their toes. Mr. LaRoy announced that this was a Methodist home and there was to be no dancing. That tamed us down.

One time I set out to cross the river, but when I got to the Wigmore Ferry I found that the ferry was at the other side and there was so much ice coming down that it could not be brought back. We built a fire in the coulee, and before night there must have been forty or fifty people there. I was young and didn't take a prominent part in the conversation, but just as they do now they discussed and tried to settle all the ills of the world. There were no communists to argue about then of course. One man from the U.S. said "All you Canadians ever eat is boiled beef and bread. When I get my place I'm going to have my hotcakes and coffee!" We were able to cross next day, and go our separate ways.

Threshing was done by horse-power or steam. A good deal of the breaking was done with oxen. Tom Fay broke some for me with oxen and Fred Huxley broke about fifty acres for Lee Abram on the next quarter east of mine. He used to start work very early in the morning, then about ten o'clock he would unhitch and let his oxen go into the coulee on Hanser's pre-emption. He would stay with us till about four in the afternoon, and then go to work again and work till late at night. He drove five oxen and used a rod bottom plow.

We didn't worry in those days about keeping up with the Joneses. Chances were the Joneses had precious little themselves, no radios, no telephones, very few cars, and what cars there were, were often out of commission. I must have been quite a flapjack cook, for when any of the neighbors dropped in they always asked for flapjacks. I made them out of flour, water and baking powder, so you can imagine what they were like.

I spent part of my time on my half section of scrip in the Hand Hills. In 1910 I sold my shack in Ghost Pine to a teacher for \$50.



and moved to the Hand Hills, where I stayed for eight years. Then I moved to a ranch at the mouth of the Jumping Pound Creek. I sold the ranch to the Indian Department in 1946, and now at sixty-four I am living in semi retirement adjoining the old ranch, keeping a few cattle, and some favorite old horses and thinking of the old days. I would like to know where some of the other old-timers are, and if any of them can find us here they will receive a real old time welcome. We are on the Bow River at the mouth of the Jumping Pound Creek, two miles west of Cochrane, on the south side of the river.

*Among the many people who came to the Orkney district from the Orkney Islands is Mr John Moar who tells us this story of his journey to Canada, and some of the joys and sorrows of the pioneer life.*

#### MR. JOHN MOAR

As another pioneer and old timer of the Orkney district, having come here in 1906, why did I leave the old land and come to the unknown, leaving friends and loved ones behind? That is a hard question to answer, but working as a farm boy for the master, it seemed to me the chances of getting ahead were very poor. I was lucky that my parents were looking after a large library of books, and in my spare time I used to like to read books about different countries, including Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and I made up my mind to try one of the colonies, Alberta, with its sunshine, got its share of praise, and seemed to take my fancy. I joined the Home Guards in the winter of 1905, and enjoyed the life for a while, but in the spring of 1906, spring fever got me, and since I was out of my teens I decided I was old enough to travel. I booked my passage from Stromness, Orkney, and arrived at Glasgow on June 2, 1906, bound for Alberta. For one as young as I was there was plenty of excitement in travelling. We were eleven days on board the ship "Mongolian" before we reached Montreal, and then another five days on the train that brought me to the little town of Carstairs, Alberta. There were over 800 passengers on the "Mongolian," and most of them were bound for western Canada, all seeking their fortune in a new world.

Work was easy to get in those days, and I was soon at work on a farm, breaking prairie, fencing and haying, until the fall of 1906. That winter of 1906 and 07 will be well remembered by many old-timers as the worst for many years. I took a job feeding cattle for

a Burns ranch. The late Thomas Johnston and I were to feed 375 steers, hauling hay about three miles, regardless of storms or drifted trails. By spring we were sure we had had no picnic, but in the sunshine of springtime we soon forgot our troubles, and I began to think again of the land I hoped to own. I worked at farming or trail-riding until October, 1908, when I got my homestead where, I am glad to say, I still reside. In the following spring I was on the road to the homestead with a wagon and three horses, with high hopes, the past behind and a bright future ahead. What a wonderful picture the prairies were in those days, a tent here, a sod shack there, with a few other shacks dotting the prairie. The best way of travelling was by saddle horse, because the turtle backs were terrible. There was work to be done, but now we were working for ourselves, not for the master, and we couldn't just "let George do it." We had to do it ourselves or it wouldn't be done.

The cook book was studied diligently, but town was far away so we usually ended up by having pork and beans and dried prunes, generally known as C P R strawberries. Prairie chickens were plentiful, and we often had chicken dinners. We bachelors would cook prairie chicken—maybe. I remember one time when I was plowing and shot a prairie chicken. I was perhaps too hasty in preparing it for cooking, thinking what a good meal I would have. Somehow, though when I was eating it, it seemed to have a strange flavor. Finally I discovered it had been roseberry seeds and I had forgotten to remove the crop. So—a tip to cooks—if you want flavor don't over-clean your chicken. Funny though, I can still eat chicken.

There seemed to be lots of bachelors in and around this part, but they were not bachelors by choice. I remember on one occasion I opened a match box and on the small card that holds the matches in place was a girl's address. I thought "Here's my chance." But then I thought of the story of the bachelor who found an address on an egg, and wrote to the girl. The answer was "You're too late. I'm already married and have six children."

Oh yes, there were eggs to be had, so we started raising a few chickens of our own, and even pigs. We also had some house-cleaning to do. I remember one time I had to make a trip to the Ghost Pine Store, quite a trip over the turtlebacks in a wagon. Getting back rather late, I was surprised to find the door of my shack open, and about six pigs having the time of their lives. Oh, Brother! flour and groceries all over the floor! That was one time I really had to do some cleaning.

Time seemed to go quite fast in those days. The homesteaders

had their get-togethers quite often, and we had many enjoyable times helping each other to build or to break horses.

Fire was a great danger as it was open prairie every place and none of the shacks were fire-guarded. In the spring of 1909 Mr Dunham asked James Stanger and me to come and fire-guard his shack as we were the only ones to have horses there at that time. The day was nice and bright and there was a north wind. We had just finished, and were having our dinner, when we looked to the north and saw fire a few miles away. There was a rush for our horses and with the plow in the wagon we had to race to Roy Mitchell's place where Mrs. Mitchell was living in a tent, right in the path of the fire. We were fast, but so was the fire. However it passed the tent a few yards to the west, giving us time to backfire and save the tent and household effects. The fire ran on to the creek, and we had plenty of backfiring to do. The day wore on till night and we were still fighting fire. About 1 a.m. I was fire-guarding my own shack. None of us lost anything, but we were all ready for a good rest.

The summer of 1910 was very dry, and the crops, our first, were light, but our expenses were small and we got along. Along about 1911 there seemed to be more people around and we had church services sometimes, and there was talk of building a school. In the spring of 1913 Roy Mitchell built the first school in the Orkney district, and I hauled the lumber for it from Munson, over the frozen river. The roads at that time were terrible but soon we began to get better roads. The Munson people, with an eye to trade, gave a large amount of groceries to help, and a camp was started for work on each side of the Red Deer River. We also got a ferry. The first man to run the Munson Ferry was Mr. Perreal, who was also an Orkney homesteader. He lives near Morrin now. As more land was broken each year, many a load of grain moved over the river to Munson. In those days four and six horse teams lined the highways.

*Mr. Moor's story closes with this poem, obviously written many years ago before he built up the beautiful home where he still lives with his wife and family.*

Here's a health to our Sunny Alberta,  
To its crops, its battle, its soul,  
Where the sun very seldom does hurt yet,  
And it's little we get for our toil

Where it's forty below in the morning  
And at night in the shade, ninety three,  
But in spite of climatic conditions,  
Well, it's Sunny Alberta for me.

Sometimes we know that we fear it,  
As we wince 'neath the sting of its cold.  
There are times we wish we weren't near it  
When the flies and mosquitoes grow bold.

But there's something that grips and that holds you  
Though the life far from trouble is free,  
And in spite of the heat-cold disadvantage  
Well, it's Sunny Alberta for me.

Now my home, 'tis a shack, and a small one,  
Winter-blown by winds keen as a knife,  
And the bill at the store is a tall one,  
And I'm told that I'm wasting my life

Though the pants that I wear are disgraceful,  
And it's pretty hard picking, you see,  
Well, I've still got my faith in its future,  
And it's Sunny Alberta for me.

For Alberta is still in the making.  
She's vast, and she's raw, and she's new,  
And the province is teeming with riches  
But the markets are dreadfully few.

And a day is in sight in the future  
When conditions adjusted will be.  
Faintly glimmers a light through the darkness,  
And it's Sunny Alberta for me

*From the mainland of Scotland comes another fine pioneer family, the Sommervilles, represented here by George, who writes for the family*

#### MR. GEORGE SOMMERVILLE

The Sommervilles of Ghost Pine Creek are Scottish by birth and ancestry. On the paternal side they are directly descended from the house of Couthally in the Carnwath district of Lanarkshire, Scotland, on the maternal side from the island of Islay in the west Highlands.

John came to Calgary early in 1907 and later in the year filed on the S W 20-31-22. By proxy he registered on section 18-31-21 for his mother and brothers, Robert, George and James. They arrived in Alberta accompanied by their sister Margaret on March 16, 1908. Pre-emptiona were attached as made available by the government. Hugh, the eldest brother, on his arrival in 1911, homesteaded what is generally termed the Lawrence flat. This "flat" got its name from two elderly bachelors who squatted, prior to survey, for the purpose of ranching. Having exhausted their homestead privileges earlier, in the district of Oida, they were ultimately forced out when the open range was used as pre-emption. They purchased some land in what is now the Manor School District and after living a life thereon, suited to their years, eventually moved to retirement.

The first journey by the Sommervilles to take actual possession of the land was made from Calgary, (which, incidentally was used as headquarters for several years) the last week in March, 1908. Wagons were used from Calgary to Carbon, where deep snow compelled transferring the loads to sleighs for the remaining twenty miles.

Comprising the company were Bob and George, accompanied by Andrew Leggatt and Bill McCutcheon, who also, together with Archie Waddell, had filed on land adjacent to the Sommerville property. The first night was spent in a tent, on the banks of Twin Lakes about 22 miles northeast of Calgary. The temperature was 16 below outside, inside, it felt like 50 below. For some unexplainable reason the stove had been set up on the outside. The second night was spent in the Ross home south of Carbon, and the travelers, following the previous night's experience, were ready to lend their voices to vociferously assist any hailed exalting home, particularly a home possessed of warm beds, and the stove—inside.

In those days bridges on creeks and rivers were few and far

between, therefore the Kneehill, Three Hills and Ghost Pine Creeks had to be forded. This created no problem on the trip here mentioned, as a belated winter was still in command. A blizzard struck in full fury at a point near Waitse Hay's steading, compelling the acceptance of offered hospitality. The home was the orthodox one-roomed shack of the period, and by the time the family of four or five moved over to make room for the added four, the walls threatened to budge. In fact, turning over in the floor bed had to be done by command only, else the curtain separating the visitors from the family was in jeopardy.

Three days were spent in this warm shelter, and no doubt Mrs. Hay welcomed our departure, as the good, kind lady had to prepare meals of pancakes and syrup during the entire stay. The larder had been at its lowest when the storm struck. However, no complaints were voiced and the younger emigrants thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

The storm passed and the party took to the trail again. Just north of Sarcee Butte, a cutter with two occupants approached. When asked where, in this sea of snow, would the northeast  $\frac{1}{4}$  of 18-31-21 be found a voice from the blanketed interior gave the general direction, adding, "So you're the folks on 18 eh." We wondered if the Ghost Pine grapevine had been at work, also, had the strange emigrants from Grand Old Scotland come up to expectations. By the way, beside her brother Ira, somewhere beneath the blanket protection, was Mabel Young, no doubt wishing that those oatmeal savages would hasten away.

A camp spot was chosen beside a shallow coulee, near where Bob in later years erected his home, and the tent was erected. Experience had taught the greenhorns that a ground sheet is not sufficient to separate flesh from frozen ground, so a nearby stack of wild hay was raided and a sufficient amount of hay stolen to make a comfortable mattress.

Return trips were made to Calgary frequently, during which the flooded creeks were a hazard, necessitating on occasion the chaining of the box to the running gear when empty, to prevent it from floating away. The crossings were so muddy that, on many occasions it was all a team could do, to pull the empty gear across the creek. This meant unloading and carrying the lumber etc. across on shoulders, through water high enough to compel the discarding of nether garments.

In due course, the hauling of material and effects was completed and the basic family established. Mother Sommerville, in charge

of the home, steered the course in her fearless Christian manner, and often, like other pioneer mothers had to go back to methods considered obsolete in modern centres.

The family launched out, endeavoring to carry their share of the load as pioneers in developing the heritage won by Britishers in the past, and made free to applicants from all nations. The estimate of the family's success or failure shall depend on who is the narrator. At this date, irrespective of results, the horizon silhouette by those of the name, promises its continuance, probably until the Butte vanishes. Who knows, in the distant future, the ghosts of those who shall repose on the Butte may flit over the land in the silence of the night, and proudly comfort themselves on the name's share in developing a section of our fair Dominion worthy of its best efforts. A district pioneered by a cross section of the world. Folks whom it has been a privilege to call "neighbor."

*Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Thomas live in Victoria now, but are not forgotten in Ghost Pine. Their sons, Clay and Elmer (Buzz) still farm in the district. Mrs. Thomas says—*

#### **MRS. ELIZABETH (KURSEY) THOMAS**

My name was Elizabeth Kursey. I came to the Ghost Pine district in 1911 from London, England. I married a bachelor farmer in 1913.

It seemed very cold in those days. We lived for three years in a log shack on the homestead where my youngest son is still living. Five children were born to us, the first, a boy, in 1916. We saw many hardships, had blizzards and deep snow, but it was a happy community, and everyone seemed contented.

I used to ride horseback. I remember one horse in particular, he seemed to know I was green at the trade and he would take me for a wild ride up hills, around corners, but he always brought me home. I used to herd the cattle home from the pastures. We milked a lot of cows in those days.

The neighbors seemed far apart to me, but we shared whatever we had together. We used to meet at the little schoolhouse for entertainment or for church. The minister would drive out from town with his horse and buggy. Sometimes the church services were held at a neighbor's house. Later on, when the children were growing up there were skating parties and musical evenings.

I really enjoyed my farm life and I will always remember the

kindness of the neighbors. We live in Victoria now, but I will always call Ghost Pine my home, for that is where I spent most of my young days and that is where my heart is.

*And now Mr. Thomas reminds us again of that ever-present menace of the early days—the prairie fire.*

#### MR. G. E. THOMAS

I left Chehalis, Washington with the Eddie Huxley family and we arrived in Didsbury on or about March 25, 1906. After living in the Immigration Building for a few days we proceeded to the Huxley homestead which was located two miles north of the Ghost Pine Store. After taking up residence we found there were some things we needed in the line of equipment and provisions, so we set out one morning for Didsbury. We stayed all night at Sunnyslope. As night came on we saw a red sky caused by a prairie fire which started near Pine Lake, and swept the country as far south as Ghost Pine Creek and the Red Deer River. We found later it had burnt the hair off some of the horses.

*To any Ghost Piner the name "Ferrey" brings many different memories to mind—the first Ghost Pine Store, the first Ghost Pine Creek Post Office, the first rural mail service, and of course Ghost Pine's only set of triplets, born on October 16, 1914. Mr. Ferrey has retired to Vancouver, B.C. now, and this is his story.*

#### MR. FERREY

I will commence my remarks with a few words leading up to my leaving England to settle in Canada.

I was born in London, England, June 12, 1885, son of Benjamin Edmund Ferrey, architect. I was educated at South Kensington College and at Merchant Taylor's School, in London. I left school at 15 to work for MacMillan & Co., book publishers. In 1903 I resigned, intending to study for Holy Orders in the English Church, but felt unsettled and had heard glowing reports of Canada, so I decided to emigrate.

With Harry Davies I went to Tamworth Agricultural College for a short course. There we became acquainted with a Mr. Simpson, Mr. Fisher and Geoffrey Swanwick. After many adventures the



five of us left Liverpool on March 28, 1904. Our ship was the "Bavarian", which had been a troopship in the South African War. It was eventually wrecked in the St. Lawrence River.

Davies and Fisher left us at Winnipeg, but Swanwick, Simpson and I went to work for farmers near Oak River, Man., at \$100 a year and board. Our working day was from 5 A.M. to 9 or 10 P.M. Simpson gave up in a few months, leaving without wages. Swanwick stuck it out for three months, then borrowed ten gold sovereigns from me and set out for Alberta. I stuck it out for six months, till after harvest, then left with \$50 for my work.

I met Swanwick in Calgary, which was a real "Cow City" then. I remember seeing Chinese in pigtails. Tommy Burns, the boxer, was a sensation at that time. We decided to homestead, and were sent by the Dominion Lands Office to Didsbury, to contact land guide Bert Smith. At that time we were able to get board and room for \$1.00 a day, American Plan, no extra charge for bed-bugs, which were plentiful in some of the hotels and stopping houses of the time.

We set out with Bert Smith and a young bachelor, Alex Cameron, in Smith's democrat. We carried a bell tent and full camping equipment and provisions for several days. We travelled by way of Neapolis, Berlin School, then Sunnyslope and the Three Hills Creek, camping the first night near the original Bothamly Wagon Mine. Next day we travelled over the rough turtlebacks, following the Nine Mile Coulee, which landed us close to the original Ghost Pine Coal Mine. We went up the creek past Fred Irwin's homestead and Cameron located land on Section 38. Swanwick and I located on Sec. 20.

It was early in November when we brought our equipment and grubstakes to our homesteads, and we were certainly taking a chance, as the season was late, the danger of prairie fires was acute, there was no fuel, and no means of getting water except by bucket on foot. We had a tin camp stove, lots of blankets, but the nights were very cold, and for firewood we had only the willows from the creek.

Fortunately we met Leigh Curtis, a budding young rancher who had a quarter of Sec. 20 and a log shack on the flats. He had a team and wagon. After a very bad snow storm on Nov. 16, we moved in with him on a share basis. We had a tough time, and his partner, Ralph Gunn, decided to leave altogether and Curtis had me drive him to Didsbury. I heard later that Ralph Gunn had taken up land in the Elnora district.

In the spring of 1906, quite early, we were surprised to see a wagon and team come down the slope to the shack. In it were Wil-

ham Johnson and his two sons, John James and Frederick Ernest, both young lads like myself. We certainly gave them a welcome, as we had almost run out of grub. We had no meat or sugar or flour to speak of. We cooked up a fine meal and then helped the Johnsons find their homestead stakes on Sec. 30, just south of the present store.

Following the Johnsons were the Reeds, the Camerons, Bill Cunningham, Dave Dixon, Pat Calaghan, the Robinsons, the Hills, Winegard, the MacKay family, the Contrads, the Roths, the Dawns, Kaecheles, Robert Gibson, Sommervilles, A. Waddell, A. Legate, Bill Falconer, J. McCutcheon, the Rocks, James Campbell and sons, Allen, Stewart, Jimmie and Robert, and a daughter, and my brother, Eustace, who came out in 1906. William Johnson fetched in his three daughters, Alice, Gertrude, and Laura and he was also joined by a son, George who returned from Dawson City in the Yukon to take a homestead. All those who remained took up pre-emptions later on.

Unfortunately, I abandoned my original homestead, to locate a new one on the same section as William and George Johnson, where I founded the first store in 1906, and was appointed Postmaster in 1907. Mr. Metcalfe hauled mail from Didsbury.

I married Alice Johnson on April 17, 1906, and the first wedding of the Ghost Pine district was my own. It was quite a job to find a minister. He had come from New Zealand. He had a homestead near the "three hills."

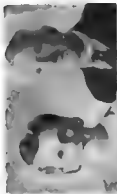
When I first opened the store in June, 1906, with my brother as a partner, we hauled about half a carload of supplies from Didsbury over bad roads during the wet season at great expense. Most of the hauling was done by the settlers after that. To help finance they would haul coal from the mine and on the return trip they would bring a load of goods for the store at the prevailing rate of 50c per 100 lbs.

The first child born to a pioneer settler was our son, Wilfred Edmund G. Ferry, born in Calgary on January 25, 1907.

The settlers got together in 1908 to organize the first burial ground and church. The building committee consisted of Tom Rath, Fred Buckerfield, the Ferreys, Johnsons, Ry Ball, and many others. Christ Church (Anglican) was built in 1908, and consecrated by Bishop Cyprian Pinkham, Bishop of Calgary.

The first burial was an infant child born to Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Ferrey. The first adult burial was George Clark. Mr. Clark was an early settler who operated the first threshing machine in the

Mr and Mrs Ferrey



Dr. Scoville



THE FERREY TRIPLETS





THE OLD GHOST PINE STORE



SARCEE BUTTE PICNIC 908



THE ANGLICAN CHURCH

district, a horse-power affair. He threshed out all the first crops around Carbon, Three Hills, Ghost Pine, and nearby districts.

Eustace Ferrey sold his homestead to the Lawrence brothers, former ranchers on the Red Deer River. Swanwick left and Fred Meyers acquired his homestead, and my first homestead was taken over by Art Davies.

Following my marriage, Rev. A. Thompson held fortnightly services (Presbyterian) at my home. A student, Rev. MacDonald conducted services at the Reed home. Then an English minister took over at my home, leaving the field with alternate Presbyterian and Anglican services at our home and Reed's. They were well filled each Sunday.

Lawrence Ferrey came out from England. He and Eustace enlisted in the first World War, Eustace in 1914, in the 72 Seaforth's, Lawrence in 1915, in the 42 Battalion (2nd Pioneers). Lawrence died of wounds in 1916, at No. 1 Scottish Hospital, Aberdeen, Scotland.

Other early settlers were Harold Powell whose homestead was later acquired by J. J. Crabb, Thos. Downs who worked at the store for a year. Geoffrey Ferrey was born on July 29, 1908.

The G.T.P. Railway went through Three Hills in 1913. The town had been moved from its former site on the flats, to its present location.

The first dance I remember was held at Frank Huxley's home, east of the store. Vern Huxley will remember it. That was before George Johnson was married, and Joe Young's daughters were still single, and single girls were very scarce in those days.

On one trip to Calgary with Geoffrey Swanwick, the latter decided to buy a saddle. Not having an over-supply of cash, he chose a small one at Riley & McCormick's and requested delivery at the C.P.R. depot next morning early, as we were leaving for Didsbury at 8 A.M.

In the morning we spotted the saddle, went out for a cup of coffee, and returned to find the saddle gone. We notified the C.P.R. policeman and then left on the train. On arrival at Alexandra House in Didsbury we were astonished to see the self same saddle in the lobby, under a table. On inquiring, we learned that a rancher named McLeod, who was proceeding later to Olds, had brought it. We tackled McLeod about it, and he was quite taken aback. He explained that he had bought a saddle from the same company, requesting delivery too, at the C.P.R. depot early in the morning, and on arriving

at the depot he had picked up the saddle which he had believed to be his. A phone call to Calgary cleared up the whole matter, and McLeod was able to join in the laughter of the lobby crowd, at his embarrassment.

Swanwick was with me again in 1906 in Didsbury, when I went to an auction sale and bought two crates of chickens and a rooster. They were mostly Plymouth Rocks, but not purebred. We obtained permission from the hotel proprietor to keep them in the horse stable overnight. Early next morning some jokesters broke open the crates and let two dozen assorted chickens loose on the village streets. Much to the amusement of those around we started a chase and finally rounded up two dozen chickens. A prominent townsman and local J.P. owned a number of purebred fowl which were running at large. To this day I wonder whether I actually did get my own fowl or not.

*The fate of the Ghost Pine Post Office seems to have hung in the balance for a time. The application was at first refused. Then Mr. Paul de Beaudrap wrote a letter to a friend of his, the late Sir Wilfred Laurier, earnestly requesting that further consideration be given to the matter, and explaining the great difficulties of the settlers in this region. Whether or not the letter had anything to do with it we don't know, but the matter was re-considered and the post office granted.*

*Mr. Ferrey has told us of the establishing of the Ghost Pine Creek P.O. on March 1, 1907. It may be interesting now to glance at a list of the Postmasters who followed Mr. Ferrey.*

Postmaster	Period of Service
W. G. Ferrey	March 1, 1907—May 29, 1923
W. E. Robertson	November 28, 1923—June 4, 1927
Claude J. Davidson	October 14, 1927—November 30, 1935
Clifford A. Milan	February 22, 1936—March 6, 1943
James Wyatt Milan	— April 8, 1941—Act.
Claude J. Davidson	February 23, 1943—November 15, 1944
Donaldson De Frece	December 1, 1944—

*In 1907 the Royton Post Office was established at the home of Mr. H. L. LaRoy on the farm where Mr. Clayton Stewart lives now. In 1910 the Post Office was moved to the home of Mr. Meggit, where Mr. Russel Andrews lives now. Mrs. Meggit (now Mrs. Currie) named the Post Office Hartcliffe, after the place where she was born and raised. Mr. Parker handed the mail from Twinning twice a week with a team of horses. Hartcliffe P.O. was closed in 1914.*

*Mrs. Currie and Mrs. LaRoy both live in Three Hills now, and Mrs. LaRoy has given us this story.*

### **MRS. LaROY**

In 1906, I came to our homestead accompanied by my husband, our five children and my husband's father. We came across the prairie from Didsbury with wagons. There were no bridges and just trails for roads. We stayed overnight near Sunnyslope.

When we arrived we stayed with my husband's brother, a mile from our homestead. We had all our lumber burned in a prairie fire in 1905, so we had to start hauling more from Didsbury again after we came here to stay.

Our first sadness came when my father-in-law died in December 1906. He was 80 years old, and died very suddenly on a very cold, blustery day. George Leet built a coffin. The only place that wasn't frozen was under our chicken house, so there we dug the grave. Present at the funeral besides our family were Billy Cunningham, who read a chapter from the Bible, Charlie Dowty and George Leet. I repeated the Lord's Prayer.

There was no school near us. One girl, Bessie rode six miles to Bethel School, and the rest were taught what we could teach them at home. One daughter, Marguerite was born while we were here. A neighbor, Mrs. Van Loon took care of me at that time.

We were fortunate in bringing enough money with us, so we hired thirty acres broken by steam plow. The rest we did by horse power.

We were hosts to dance parties as well as church parties, which were the main entertainment features.

In the five years we were here we acquired 45 head of cattle and had 500 tons of hay put up. My husband, a telegrapher, did not like farming, so in 1911 we left here and went on to Andersbury, B.C., where he worked tallying lumber.

*Mr. Clayton Stewart has given us some more interesting details concerning the LaRoy homesteads. As Mrs. LaRoy mentioned, the lumber intended for the H. L. LaRoy home, and which, by the way, had been brought from Ontario, was burned in a prairie fire. They brought in more lumber and built their home. In 1911 the land was bought by Mr. Abermenko and Mr. Crosby. Later on they moved the house, using more than twenty oxen and some horses. It is still standing on Abermenko land, occupied by Miss Anne Abermenko.*

*The C. W. LaRoy home was built in 1905 by Sam Kitchen. This lumber, too, was brought out from Ontario. After the framework had been set up for a large two-storey house, a raging wind blew the whole thing over near to where the barn is now. They decided not to take any more chances on such a big structure and built the storey-and-a-half house which is the home of the Oscar Arvidson family now.*

*Mr. Stewart also pointed out the location of the grave of Mr. LaRoy's father. It is in his pasture near a large stone pile.*

*There are not very many people who remember the old Sarcee Post Office. It was established on July 15, 1910. Mr. McCutcheon was the postmaster until March 7, 1914. In 1913, though, on July 30, the name had been changed to Sarcee Butte, probably to avoid confusion with the Sarcee Indian Reserve near Calgary. From May 18, 1915 until May 20, 1916, Mr. Watt was the postmaster. Then from August 31, 1916 until the office closed on December 11, 1918, Mr. S. E. Dunham was in charge of it.*

*The Currie family have been well known in the district since very early times. Mr. H. C. (Herb) Currie married Lily Dawn, and they still live in the Orkney district on a fine modern farm. Mr. Currie gives some very interesting facts in the following letter.*

#### **MR. CURRIE**

*We came from Acton, Ontario to the west in 1908 and established our home at the town of Carstairs, Alberta, from where we began our western careers. Of the family that established residence at Carstairs were William and Charles who had come west in 1906 and who worked at building and carpentering, Katherine a nurse; Annie, a music teacher; our widowed mother, Robert and myself who had been the farmers of the home farm in Ontario.*

*My brother Rob and I came west with definite ideas of farming if we could locate land we liked and in a location that we considered*



had possibilities. With our brother Charles, we settled in what later became known as the Orkney District which comprises an area west of the Red Deer River in Ranges 21 and 22 in Township 30, West of the 4th. The district defined by the river to the east and the Ghost Pine Creek to the south and west was named Orkney for the number of settlers who had come from the Orkney Isles.

At that time the nearest railway towns were Carstairs and Didsbury, a distance of sixty or seventy miles from most of the settlers. While there were many rumours of extended railways and some general surveying done, the proposed line which interested us most was one running north from Calgary with a branch line east from Swallow to cross the river by way of what is now known as Bay Coulee. The river crossing was, I suppose, considered too great an obstacle and the survey was never completed. A high level over the river was said by surveyors to be four hundred and fifteen feet.

At this time the Canadian Northern was building a line northeast from Calgary, following the Rosebud Creek to the Red Deer river and rising from the river level to the upland by way of the Fox Coulee to the site known as Fox Coulee but which later was named Munson, continuing north on the east side of the river. Shortly after that a line was built from Munson to Saskatoon and was named the Goose Lake line. At about this time the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific became over-extended in the west and were taken over by the government as the Canadian National Railways.

The majority that settled here were young single men who took up land with the idea of making a home. The first to marry in the community were Eva and Albert Anderson, and their son Melvin was the first child born in the Orkney district. To the few older people who had established homes I wish to express appreciation for their real pioneer hospitality and many kindnesses to the bachelor boys.

Most of those who homesteaded had some agricultural experience and it proved a great advantage to themselves and those who had none, amusing, and costly, were our experiences as we learned by trial and error to choose suitable farming equipment.

The first religious services were conducted by the Rev Peter McNabb of Three Hills in a shack owned by Mr R Roberts situated on land later purchased by Frank Cole. After the Orkney School was built in 1912 the services were held there, and, as there were many denominations represented in the community all contributed, each in his own way, to a united service and beneficial times were enjoyed by all.

In 1911 a local of the United Farmers of Alberta was organized by Mr. L. E. Hart of Carbon at a meeting held in the shack of Wm. McCutchen. It grew to quite a large membership which served well to look after the public needs of the community. Group orders of lumber, binder twine and wire were purchased at considerable advantage, and one of the first services rendered to the district was that of securing a Post Office at the home of Mr. Sirius Dunham, which was known as Sarcee Butte Post Office.

In 1913 the U.F.A. organized a picnic and stampede at the Elbert Ferry which was a great success as there was little organized entertainment in those days. Mr. W. Wasson, a local horse rancher on the Red Deer had charge of the rodeo and supplied the horses while the cattle were borrowed from the Pope Ranches on the Three Hills and Knee Hill Creeks.

We younger people who pioneered, deprived ourselves of many social advantages we might have had elsewhere, but, I feel, that we were more than compensated in the joy and satisfaction we derived from the challenge of the present and the hope of the future of a new and great country.

A new wagon imprint in the prairie grass, followed by other wagon prints until a common road known as a trail was made then later, perhaps, by a graded highway bringing much traffic of industry and agriculture in a well developed country, is a great satisfaction to the pioneers who took up that challenge.

*Among the foremost members of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association are the Mueller brothers of Ghost Pine. They were elected as Robertson Associates in 1948 in recognition of their contribution to the development of better seed grain in Canada. Mr. Robert Mueller writes this account of the way in which his family faced the challenge of the western prairie.*

#### MR. ROBERT MUELLER

Dad came west in the fall of 1900 to look the country over. He bought a quarter of land, made a down payment and went back to Heapeier, Ontario where he continued to work in the woollen mill until March of 1901. He was a loom fixer in the mill and had had no experience on the farm. However he packed his mechanic's tools and left for Didsbury where he bought an additional quarter which added to his homestead quarter, made three quarters. He purchased the quarter from the C. & E. or Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

Then in July of the same year, at Dad's request Mother sent Otto and me to join Dad on the farm. We were but boys, being about 14 and 12 years old. Mother and the rest of the family stayed

in Hespeler until October and then joined us. By that time Dad had the shell of a house built, which is still standing but with a back-porch addition and better finished throughout and more comfortable. When Mother and the other seven members of the family arrived, complete with our settler's effects, our career as hayseeds began for sure.

Our parents had very little of this world's goods so we had a hard time of it the first six to eight years and more, though I must admit many of the early settlers had similar experiences. Mother roasted barley for coffee and made tallow candles.

The first few winters were very mild. There was considerable building going on in the towns. The summers were very wet with duck ponds everywhere and no end of ducks.

I might add something of interest since I have never seen it since. A chap who was boarding at our place while breaking a particularly wet piece of ground, made oval shaped hardwood mud shoes which he fastened to his horses' shoes to keep the horses from miring in the soft ground. The horses often went down when the plough share ran into brush roots in soft ground and thus seemed to help.

It was very wet, lots of springs showed up and also mud springs which had to be fenced to keep the stock away from them. Crops of oats and barley were very heavy, also some fall wheat, but there was always the frost hazard.

The last day of August, 1907 was a terribly hot day. I was bucking firewood that day and really felt the heat. The next day, September 1, we had the worst fall snow storm I have ever seen. All the grain was frozen and later, when it was warmer again, the fields smelled like a sauerkraut with the rotting grain. There was a shortage of seed then and grain was imported from the Old Country. It was stated that the stinkweed came in with this seed grain.

While I was working out threshing that fall I heard of the Ghost Pine area from Lee Burroughs who had a homestead in the Orkney district. I was very interested and in November, Otto and I brought two wagons and came out to see the land. To make the trip pay we hauled coal back to Didsbury from the Campbell mine down on the creek. We arrived in the afternoon. Otto stayed to load the wagons and I took a saddle horse and rode to Lee's. I got the location of land to file on and rode back to the mine. I saw only one ploughed field between the creek and Lee's. That was on what was later the Pete Bergos place. We stayed all night at the mine and left for Didsbury the next day.

In November, township 31, range 21 was thrown open for filing at Olds and Calgary. There were so many waiting to file that we had a long wait. However the weather was so pleasant we were quite comfortable sitting on the sidewalk. Otto and I filed on the north half of section 6 and were warned that if anyone in Calgary filed on the same land they would have priority. We were lucky.

Late in February, 1908 we came out and got logs out of the Hudson Bay coulee for our first shack. People came for miles to get timber out of that coulee, among them Wesenberg, Dave Dixon and Roy Randall.

We built our shack in the summer of '08 and broke 15 acres. We had to spend part of our time at Didsbury helping Dad. I remember when we came out that summer the ploughed field that I spoke of earlier was covered with pig weed. I have often wondered where it came from since there was no other cultivated land next it.

The mosquitos that summer were the worst I have ever seen. We did our breaking with three horses and a walking plough. The horses were Dad's and used to mosquitos in the Didsbury area. But they were nothing like these mosquitos. One horse was so covered with welts at one time that you could not touch him with the tip of your little finger and not touch a welt. We had to water the horses at the coulee to the south and one night after a particularly bad day this horse did not stop to drink but just lay down in the water. That year Mr. McGhee carried a smudge on his sulky plough.

That winter I stayed long enough into the winter to perform my duties. The shack had no floor and the gable ends had been boarded up. The boards had shrunk leaving big cracks and my bed was always wet after a blizzard.

The summer of 1908 I worked for Joe Young. He cropped our first 15 acres and he also broke some land for me that year.

In the winter of 1909-10 I freighted coal out to Didsbury and poles back, as did many others in those days. As well as this activity I did my homestead duties and spent part of my time at Didsbury.

In 1910 I had about 45 acres broken on my homestead but it was too dry and we had no crop. Until 1910 or even 1911 all the crops we grew we needed for feed and seed. We even had to bring in seed oats from Didsbury.

In 1910 I worked on the Grand Trunk Railroad from June until November. During these years Otto was performing his homestead duties too, and spending part of his time at home in Didsbury.

The summer of 1911 I worked for Wessenberg and Myers. I tried hauling the water for awhile but my horses wouldn't stand it so I changed over to hauling coal. Bert Dawn took over the water haul and his wife did the cooking for the crew. I had them break 60 acres for me, with the big steam engine. That summer was very wet and the engine often mired down. We had no crop that year as it was all frozen. We stacked out of the snow and since there was only one threshing outfit, it was February or March before everything was finished.

My father was killed in March 1912. After that Otto and I alternated doing our homestead duties so that one of us could be in Didsbury and one of us here.

But I must go back to 1911 for a moment. I was working with the steam outfit breaking land on Lou Snyder's place when a very severe hail storm swept through the district. We all took refuge from the storm in Snyder's shack. I was sitting on the stove when a bolt of lightning struck quite near. It gave me quite a jar, but I was not hurt. However the word went out to Didsbury that I had been killed, and my family was relieved to discover the error later.

In the fall of 1911 I proved up on my homestead so I made application for a mortgage in the spring of 1912. Then I got a loan from the bank to pay off my debts. The first money I got out of it I bought myself a treat—a pound of cocoa and a pair of warm felt shoes.

In the summer of 1912 we built our second house on Otto's land. That winter we hauled the first grain of any account to the railway at Munson.

In 1913 we had the prospect of our first paying crop until hail took it. It was our first experience with hail on our own land. We did thresh some crop though. The hail made it difficult to reach the payments on the mortgage and I had my first experience with threats from a mortgage company. I was scared to death. Owing to this threat to foreclose I delivered a good share of the grain we had to the elevator to pay the interest and the required percentage of the principal. As a result I had to buy seed wheat for 1914. That was our first Marquis wheat.

1914 was a dry year but we had a good crop. I felt that things were going on nicely.

In the winter of 1914-15 we hauled material for our first hip-roof barn. It was slab and pole with a board roof. We built it in 1915 on the site where the present barn now is. We moved the other two houses over to this site that same year.

In 1916 we threshed 3200 bushels of wheat and began to see day-light.

There are many other memories of those years. We walked miles, as many as eight or ten, to attend a social evening, church or Epworth League meeting. The Epworth League, especially, had a very great religious and matrimonial influence.

I remember, too, when I bought my first team and wagon in 1909 or 1910. I was never so proud of any car I bought.

*Another contributor from the Orkney district is Mr. Fred Plant, who lives now in Newcastle, Alberta, but is well remembered for his work at election time and at census time, and for the many years he played the organ in the Orkney Presbyterian Church.*

#### MR. FRED PLANT

When I homesteaded in 1907, along with Mr. T. Johnston, Taylor J. Borwick and the Garson boys, I had no intention of farming. I merely wanted a home to retire to, for the winter, after the summer's work was done. However, when World War I shut off the work I was used to, I was forced to turn my hand to farming, with indifferent success.

In 1912, if I remember correctly, church services were held in the home of Bob Roberts by Rev. Peter McNabb. I became the organist, a position I held until I moved to Drumheller in 1952.

The first Orkney School was built in 1913 by Roy Mitchell. This building became the Presbyterian Church in 1929 when the new school was built. In 1953 a new church was erected, and the old building was sold.

I was a member of the school board during most of the early years until the formation of the large unit, being secretary for part of that time. There were some lively arguments in the first few years.

I don't think anyone will ever forget the years of drought in the '30's but on the whole it has been a good time in Orkney, with great progress.

*The youngest of Joe Young's daughters, Mary, is Mrs. George Somervilla. She has given us a child's happy memories of frontier life.*

## MRS. GEORGE SOMMERVILLE

To me now, 1906 seems a long time ago. I was just a little girl then, living with my parents, three sisters and one brother in the State of Washington.

My father had a roving disposition, the spirit of a frontier man, and much energy. He decided during the summer of 1906 to travel to what was then advertised as the "Land of Promise", Alberta, Canada, and obtain a homestead. He went into the Land Titles Office in Calgary, and filed on a homestead northeast of Calgary, about 100 miles. Father didn't see the land, but learned that this particular quarter was suitable for farming. The foregoing is the prelude to my own personal story. I can only imagine how he travelled by train to Didsbury, and how he may have reached Ghost Pine to find his homestead—I suppose he hitch-hiked a ride on a wagon going his way. I do know, however, that he arrived at Ghost Pine, where only cattlemen, I. Reed, G. Saunders, H. Cameron and others lived along the creek. A coal mine was operated by Bob Cook and Allan Campbell.

Father proceeded to establish himself as a farmer despite all discouragements. Before Christmas he had built a small wooden shack, purchased a team, wagon, plow and the bare necessities.

My mother had a sale of all we had in Washington, and just before Christmas she left there with her five children. I was the youngest and can recall only the things that appeal to a child's mind, like the boat on the Columbia River. My sister, Fern had carache and set up quite a howl. My brother, Ira was about twelve and kept well in the background. When we reached Fernie, B.C. it was Christmas time and I can remember a stuffed pig wearing Christmas decorations in a meat market. I remember letters to "Papa" written at the train window, and I kept asking if this or that house near the tracks was Papa's.

Our destination temporarily was Didsbury. Didsbury had erected what was called an immigration shed. We lived in one of its room. Thin partitions divided the families. I do not know how many families were accomodated—perhaps a half-dozen. Our adjoining neighbors were riotous at times, much to our annoyance. The men folk would come home late and in a state of intoxication. One woman told Mother it didn't worry her because she either rolled him into bed or knocked him out. Women those days were so capable! I think it was February 1906 before we left Didsbury. By that time Father had four horses, two wagons, a few dozen hens, and enough

household goods with what Mother had shipped up, to furnish the shack. It was at that time that our faithful dog, Shep, came into the picture. One morning in Didsbury, Father went to the livery stable to get his team and found Shep lying in the manger. Shep wouldn't leave the team or Father from that time on, for twelve years.

When all these possessions and a large supply of provisions were packed into the wagons we started out eastwards 53 miles to the farm. Mother drove one team and Father the other. February was not very cold that year, and the snowfall was light. We bumped along over what were called "turtle-backs." They were wee knolls all over this virgin prairie, caused by extreme heat cracking the soil and then rain washing down the edges, before the grass grew over them. Later in the spring the prairie grass grew rank and tall. Looking from one ridge to another all to be seen was grass and buffalo trails. There were few or no trees until we reached the Ghost Pine Creek. We kept one wagon wheel in a trail.

I think we spent the first night at the Henry Davis home. They had a large family. I recall boys and girls all over the place. Albert, the youngest one, had the hives. They had an organ, and I played a tune for them with one finger. It was "Peter, Peter Pumpkin Eater." The following night we reached the coal mine and I remember so well the hospitality of those "Scots" in their "wee hoose." They vacated it and insisted that Mother, Dad and we girls sleep there and they took Ira, and slept down at the mine. If my memory serves me correctly I crawled up into a bunk to sleep. Next morning we ate some of their black currant jam and what they called "Bannock."

Then we came over the hill to home. Yes, there it stood—just a four sided small frame with one slope to the roof and the landscaping consisted of prairie. The scene was unspoiled by fence or telephone poles. That spring Father built a small porch on the door where we kept a trunk, etc. My pet hen came in and laid eggs behind the trunk. I called her "Mrs. Patterson" because I thought her expression resembled a Mrs. Patterson I had known in Washington.

Mother fed us well on salt pork, bread she made from Didsbury flour, dried fruit she bought in fifty pound bags or boxes, and rolled oats. (I have always loved food). For a long while we had no water except what we hauled from the coulee running through the farm we own at present. My sisters used a team, stoneboat and barrels for hauling water. Mother strained and boiled it before using.



At first our only neighbors lived either at the creek or the Red Deer River. The following years we watched the homesteaders moving in. Bachelors came on horseback to visit us, usually every Sunday. It was then that Mother and Father were glad our organ had been shipped from Iowa to Washington and on up here. My sister Mabel played the organ while we all gathered around and strained our vocal cords. I was always at her elbow.

Reviewing my childhood days, I realize I was always among adults. In our immediate district children my age were very scarce before 1908. Ellen Huxley lived in the house which still stands close to the curling rink. May and Pearl Saunders lived three miles distant at the creek and Irma McGhee came into the Orkney district later. The Sarcee School was built in 1908. By that time the boy population (school age) had increased. My mother spent nine months on the prairie the first year without seeing another woman except her own daughters.

My father spent his winters freighting to Didsbury. He hauled coal out and brought back merchandise to the stores at Three Hills (old town site) and Trochu (old town site). One occasion stands out in my memory: the day we drove in a wagon to the Trochu Valley Sports Day event. That twenty mile trip was long and tedious. The entire family, lunch box, etc. filled the wagon. I was thrilled, watching the bucking horses and the races. At night time I watched the dancers. The sight which impressed me most was a lady dancing with a fan dangling from her waist and her full skirt gathered up and hooked over her arm.

My sister Fern—three years my senior, and I had much to learn. The first time we saw a turkey was on a visit to Ed Clarke's father's place. We thought it was a funny hen. On a visit to Reeds we saw a clothes wringer for the first time. Mother tried to keep us busy with enterprise work. We did cut-outs, made scrap books, wrote a diary; had outdoor sports, riding horseback, skating at the creek and many unforgettable picnics.

I remember seeing a herd of antelope galloping along one day about a half mile north of our house. I also remember our hired man killing two or three "wild cats" or lynx. He also gathered up buffalo horns and deer antlers and polished them to use as clothes racks. My sister and I were lost one afternoon in the coulee en route to the hayfield and I had these animals on my mind at that particular time.

Since I was so young and am not an authority on events of importance I can only repeat the statement that my father was the first

man to turn a furrow of soil on the land extending from the creek to the river, as far north as the "Thomas" road. This claim may cause disputes. He farmed for many years before he harvested a thousand bushels of wheat. We kept a few milch cows and eventually a large number of pigs. I preferred milking to dish-washing, and cow punching to darning socks, so I grew up out of doors.

I loved those evenings, though, when old Mike Ryan, our hired man repeated poems to me, such as "The Deserted Village" and "The Village Blacksmith." We always had a hired man. Those days they were regarded as helpers who were good company to be treated as guests. Some of these young men worked for us while proving up on their homesteads. We hired Dell Price (who came into the country with Wm. Stewart). We hired Robert Maeller, Peter Bergos, David Kaechele and Bill Falconer and later Willard Davidson. After they had lived with us for maybe a year or more, I began to look on them as big brothers, and perhaps they consider me a saucy little sister. Be that as it may, I am glad we had such fine pioneers as they for associates and that I have been permitted to marry one of the best citizens and to remain all my life in this community. Our home has been blessed by five boys and four girls, and sometimes I wish they could rear their children under conditions similar to my own in childhood, and have memories such as mine, of dresses, etc. made of dyed flour sacks. It was interesting to watch the blue clothes turn to grey with constant washing, and the red ones turn orange.

*We asked Mrs. Sommerville to include a poem, as most of our readers are familiar with her talent for sitting down at the corner of the kitchen table and tossing off a really good poem in a few minutes, to add a cheery note to any social gathering. Accordingly, she has given us "Sarcee Butte."*

### SARCEE BUTTE

When I am old I want to brood  
In the light of the setting sun,  
View the prairies, and Sarcee Butte  
When day is done.

I would lapse into pleasant reverie,  
And live again as a child—  
See prairie grass, and prairie flowers,  
And trails of buffalo, wild  
See empty prairie all around—  
Hills rising, here and there,  
Grass covered hills, blue sky above,  
Serenity everywhere.

The hill that stands above them all,  
Named for the tribe "Sarcee",  
As a little child I explored its slopes,  
I felt it belonged to me.

For picnics oft, in the summertime  
Its friendly trees gave us shade.  
The level spot on the crown of the hill  
Is where our games were played.

In the winter time when the prairie grass  
Was covered by moonlit snow,  
And we got an urge for a gay sleigh ride --  
Then off to the Butte we'd go.

Well, times have changed (as all things do)  
The Butte holds our graveyard now  
The prairie grass on which I played  
Long since has been turned by the plow.  
I stand and view my favorite hill,  
When the sun is sinking low.  
I see the fields, the efforts of man  
By the shade of its afterglow

These men have toiled, down through the years  
Through losses and through gain.  
They tilled the soil, with hope and faith  
And reaped their golden grain.

When I am old, and my reveries cease  
And I seek eternal rest --  
May I go to the top of the hill --  
That hill that I loved the best.  
May my body lie in the dust of the grave  
Neath virgin "Sarcee" sod.  
May my spirit rise to heaven's heights,  
And be alone with God!

*The work of the pioneer woman was hard but rewarding, as we see from the story of Mrs. Albert Anderson who now lives in Edmonton.*

## MRS. ALBERT ANDERSON

We settled on our farm in Orkney after our honeymoon following our wedding on June 27, 1911. Owing to wet weather the house which Mr. Anderson had planned to have ready, had not been built. The new barn which had never been used, served as a house until such time as a house could be built. The foundation of stone and cement was laid by Mr. Silas Dunham, and from there on we built the house ourselves, and by that I mean that I pitched in as if I had been used to that kind of work, and helped in every way I could. When the frame was up we moved in. While field work was being done I whistled away many hours lathing a good bit of the house myself, and Mr. Anderson plastered it himself.

I well remember the first lady callers I had, Lily Dawn (now Mrs. H. Currie), Amy Dawn (now Mrs. J. B. McCubbin), and Jennie Reed. At the time we did not have a cow, and depended on getting milk from the neighbors, and sometimes we ran out. The day the girls called happened to be at a time when we didn't have any milk, and I didn't have a cake either. I was very embarrassed, having callers (and being a bride) and no cake to make a lunch. Whether I showed the embarrassment or not, I do not know, but I went to the kitchen and glanced hastily at my cook book wondering what I could whip up in a hurry, and almost immediately "Cake Made in a Hurry" caught my eye and as I read the recipe I found that water, not milk, was called for. I soon had it in the oven, and much to my delight it couldn't have turned out better. What at first seemed to me nothing short of a tragedy, turned out to be a real pleasure, when I was able to serve a delicious cake with a cup of tea.

If my memory serves me right ours was the first little boy to arrive in that neighborhood. We called him Melvin, and his birthday was November 18, 1913. He was soon followed by Alberta MacDonald and then Joe Baird. Our own three children were all born in the Ghost Pine district.

Until we drilled our well our water for the house had to be hauled in a keg, and many a trip did I make myself to the McCutcheon house to get the water. At first the water for the animals was hauled in barrels from a dam at the Currie farm. I became so used to saving every drop of water of any description for hens or pigs that even after we got the well it took me some time to get used to throwing out a cup of water.

Well do I remember the first Christmas in our new home. We had seventeen guests, among them Mr. and Mrs. Murray.

I baked bread for some of the neighbor bachelors for some little time, until they decided one by one to get their own cooks.

Since the mode of travel in those days was horse-drawn vehicles, and the distance between towns considerable, ours became a sort of half-way house and we put up lots of weary travelers. Never, to my knowledge, did we turn any away. One pathetic incident comes to mind. A man with two small boys called and asked if they could stay the night. While he was putting the horses away I talked to the boys, and found that their mother had died. There were seven in the family and their father, a Mr. Burdett from near Munson was taking the two laddies to the convent in Trochu.

One of my early recollections of pioneering was when Mr. Anderson was foreman building the road around Sarcree and I moved with the gang and cooked for the men. In those early days, too, I remember, we used to drive with horses to ball games as far away as Acme or Trochu.

In the early days of the church at Sarcree I taught a class of little tots in Sunday School, always enjoying that type of work which I was used to before I was married. On one occasion when I was discussing Christmas with the little ones, one little girl told me she was expecting a baby sister for Christmas. After class I whispered to her mother (Mrs. Mueller) that Dorothy expected a little sister for Christmas and I found out a bit of news (previously unknown) when she replied "I wonder how she knows."

Before we had been long enough in the country to realize what the creeks could be like, and how dangerous during the spring run-off, we were on our way to Carbon one day in the buggy. The horses plunged in for a swim and the water washed over our knees. A rain-coat and a vinegar jug, loose in the buggy, went floating down stream. Luckily for us the horses reached the opposite shore safely.

*I hope today's bride, with her cake-mix, her mix-master, and her automatic oven will not underestimate Mrs. Anderson's triumph in turning out a perfect cake. A cake in those days was an undertaking, and a housewife who could depend on almost all her cakes being successful was usually a woman of much skill and experience in the arts of testing oven temperatures by putting her hand into the oven for a second or two, of coaxing green wood or dusty coal into a steady*

*fire, of setting stove lids at just that certain angle to slow down too quick a fire, to say nothing of guessing the capacity of spoons and cups which were seldom standard. A successful cake then, was a source of soul-warming satisfaction.*

*Mrs. Anderson's story of a narrow escape in flood time reminds us of an even grimmer flood story told by Mrs. C. G. Bible.*

## MRS. C. G. BIBLE

I was married in Calgary in July, 1909. Our wedding trip began with a train trip to Didsbury, where we were met by Mr. Saunders who brought us out to the farm. It was quite a trip. I sat on a cushion on a trunk in a wagon, and fought mosquitoes. Then it rained, and I had to put up an umbrella. We left Didsbury in the morning, and reached Sunnyslope that night. Sunnyslope was a let-down, as I had been expecting to see a good-sized, well-lighted town.

The next day Mr. Saunders brought us to our homestead. I was pleased to find a new little house to live in, and a fence. Mr. Bible had been here since September, 1908, and had been teaching Sarcee School since the beginning of 1909. He continued teaching till 1915.

In 1909 we bought a nice team for riding and driving. The first person I met in Ghost Pine was Mrs. Currie. Then I met Mr. Mueller on horseback one day.

In 1912 I went to a Stampede on the Three Hills flat, and was very much impressed by the sight of the bucking horses. In 1914 I went to another Stampede down at the Bierlot ranch. There I saw one of the best of the riders injured. Mr. Fred Foster was bucked off and his leg was broken.

Mr. Bible was a very sound sleeper and sometimes this could be really funny. One day when I was away for an overnight visit he was worried about waking up in the morning in time for school. He knew the alarm clock alone would never wake him so when he went to bed he set the alarm and then put the clock on a dishpan which was turned upside down. It was a good idea but it didn't work. When I arrived home at 9:30 next morning I found him dressing hurriedly because he had overslept. He hadn't heard the alarm at all. The children, of course, were having a hilarious time when he arrived at school. I guess they were hoping he wouldn't arrive at all.

In March, 1914, I went over to Andy Anderson's farm to get seed potatoes. I had the sleigh and a team of horses, and I took the two children along. We arrived about noon so I stayed for dinner and to give the horses a rest. About two o'clock I left for home with the sack of potatoes in the sleigh. When I came to Cream Coulee I found there was a flash flood and the water was running over the bridge. I put the horses into it, and one of them slipped and fell. Holding the line of the other horse, I waded to the bank with the children and set them safely on the ground. Then I undid one tug on the up horse. The down horse was gone, and when I unfastened the tug the other horse went too. I took the children to the Cunningham farm up on the hill. Mrs. Cunningham kept the children while I walked to the Art Davies farm. He got a team and went to the scene of the accident, where he found that both horses were gone and the sleigh was still there in the middle of the road.

We traded as much as possible at the Ghost Pine Store and avoided many of these long trips to town. The store carried a complete line of patent medicines and groceries, but the stock of dry goods left something to be desired. There were a very few bolts of cloth, so nearly every woman and child in the district was liable to be wearing a dress of the same material.

Mr. Bible passed away in October, 1942.

*Ira Young has his home now at Centralia, Washington. He was one of the first pupils of the Sarcee Butte School, and from him we hear something of the beginning of the school.*

*It is interesting to note that \$45 per month was considered a good salary for a teacher at that time.*

#### MR. IRA YOUNG

As we grow older we are often accused, by members of the younger generation, of attempting to glamorize the "good old days." I think we all believe in progress, and would dislike very much to live by the same standards that prevailed in the early part of this century, with one exception. I would like to believe that one still exists in the Ghost Pine district. We have lived in many places since we left there, but, though they have been comparatively new in development, we cannot feel that spirit of fellowship, of brotherhood and oneness, that we enjoyed in those early days. This is a pleasant memory that I have carried with me for so these many years.

My father filed on a homestead in the fall of 1905, which places us a little after the first settlers. We lived part of the winter in Didsbury, in what was known as the immigration shed. It resembled a rather primitive army barracks. As fellow tenants we became acquainted with a couple of young fellows by the name of Art Davies and Harold Powell. It was later our privilege to know them much better, as they homesteaded not far from us.

That winter Dad built his shack about one mile north of Sarcos Butte. Spring came quite early and we moved in February with our accumulations including six horses, two wagons, household supplies, a coop of chickens, three pigs and a dog. We arrived on the Ghost Pine to be warmly welcomed by two young bachelors, Bob Cook and Allan Campbell, who showed us the meaning of pioneer hospitality.

At this time the land for some distance east of us was still unsurveyed. Our nearest neighbors in that direction were ranchers who had squatter's rights along the Red Deer River. These included Bill and Al Lawrence, the Stauffer Bros., Jack Irwin, Landrum and Wason, John Neil and Andrew Bierst. The previous settlers nearest us along the Ghost Pine Creek included the Hubbards, Bob Cook, Allan Campbell, the Reed family, the Saunders family, Leigh Curtis, and the Cameron family. For a short time we went twenty miles to Carbon for our mail, later fifteen miles to the first Three Hills Post Office (operated by Mr. Evans) located on the Three Hills Creek west of the present town site. A few months after our arrival, W. G. Ferry established a store and post office six miles away from us, near its present location.

We became quickly and favorably acquainted with the Reeds and the Saunders, who furnished a large part of the social life around there for young folks. We had parties at each others homes and skating in the winter and swimming in the summer. On one occasion Phil Reed pulled a very limp boy out of the old swimming hole. The boy happened to be me.

Others have spoken of the freighting trip to Didsbury, usually a five day round trip. We paid about \$1.50 per ton for coal at the mine and sold it at \$6.50 in Didsbury.

The snow disappeared quite early in the spring of 1906 and the prairie had a good covering of old grass. Before Dad and I started on one of our five-day trips we plowed a rather crude fire guard around our few buildings, being hindered by frost in a few spots.



The night of our return huge clouds of smoke were rolling down from the northwest. The ridge north of us obstructed our view of the fire area itself. Not being familiar with the fury of a major prairie fire, we all went to bed except Mother, who sat watching at the window. In the wee hours she was alerted by shouts. It was Archie Reed who had ridden hard for three miles in the dark, smokey night to let us know that the fire had crossed the creek further up, and was coming down both sides. He stayed to help us widen the guard by starting back fires and remained until all danger was over. I shall never forget the feeling I had at daybreak. We appeared to be on a little white island in a large black sea. Unfortunately some of the newer arrivals had the problem of saving their possessions without time for preparations. Some of the livestock was scattered and found later in the sheltered areas along the creek and river. In one case some horses were used to plow guards just ahead of the fire. They were found a few days later, still harnessed, several miles from home. Before the ashes were settled a wind storm came up resembling a black blizzard. We put up our first hay from an unburned area on the south side of Bay Coulee. Until there was another covering of grass it was easy to spot many buffalo skulls and bones. Some of the horns were still in fair condition. I scraped and polished a number of them to make gun racks, etc.

The winter of 1906-07 was known as the hard winter. It was not only cold, but of long duration. In those days of crudely built houses I often think it must have been the abundance of cheap coal that enabled many of us to survive. Although coal was cheap, money was scarce. That year some of us mined our own coal in the coulee banks or along the river. This was permitted on government or Hudson's Bay land for home consumption.

Antelope were quite plentiful the first few years but were generally seen from a distance, or making time in the opposite direction. Newly born antelope apparently have no fear as many were captured and kept for a while as pets. Coyotes were both bold and plentiful. It was not unusual to sleep to the tune of a coyote chorus that seemed to be just outside your shack. It is surprising to learn how much noise even two can produce. To my immature and inexperienced ear it was fully as melodious as that squeezed out of a bagpipe.

From the time of their arrival the parents of school age children were working on the formation of a school district and the building of a school house. They had to find at least fourteen children in a given area to obtain a government grant. When counting noses they had to count some pretty big ones to get the required number. The materials were hauled from Didsbury, mostly free of charge. The

school was completed in time for the fall term of 1908. Those attending the first classes were: Bruce (Ambrose), Les, Pearl and May Saunders, Francis, Mark and Phin Reed, Ira, Fern and Mary Young, Karl, Alfred and Christina Bogie, Winnie and Ruth Burroughs, and Harold Adwell. Mrs. Gertrude Shaw was the teacher.

At this point it may be interesting to interrupt Mr. Young's letter to glance through the early registers which have been preserved by Mrs. Bible.

The long holiday was taken in the winter, probably because of the difficulty and possibly even danger involved in getting little children to school regularly in severe weather. Mr. Bible began teaching the school after the winter holiday in 1909. In April the Milen family had moved to the district and we find Francis' name on the register. In May the Davidson family arrived and we find three of the five boys in school: Willard, Harley and Stanley, who was only five years old. The school was closed for three weeks beginning June 25, and then remained open till the cold weather set in on November 18. The attendance during the summer seems to have been good, except among the bigger boys. In September the Halverson girls, Esther and Ruth, started to school. The inspector, Mr. J. F. Boyce, visited the school on November 8.

In 1910 the school opened in January, and the holidays were taken in early summer. Harvey McGhee's name appears in January, and in February, Irma McIlher and John, May and Annie Robinson. In April, Claude Davidson and Eva Belle, Ruth and Annie Moore, are registered, in August, Lionel and Irene Hay and Jessie McGhee, and in September, Wilbert Hay. The inspector in 1910 was a Mr. J. Morgan and he visited the school on April 18, and again on September 21.

In 1911 we find Waldie (Waldemar) Peterson's name registered in February and Kalinda Price started in May. The school was closed for July and the first half of August. It is interesting to note that, due to a storm, the pupils were absent on June 28, 29, and 30. With the new term we find two new names, Hattie Price and Gordon Lyster. Clara Ferguson started in September and Robert Wegmore in November. The inspector, Mr. F. L. Aylesworthy visited the school on December 6.

In the spring term of 1912, the only new names are Nurnia Williams in April, and the two Ash girls, Ethel and Connie in May, but in the fall three of the boys from the Lumas district, where there was still no school, appeared at Sarcus. They were Stephen Kanderka

and Andrew and Peter Shipkala. Nellie Hay attended for a few days. The inspection was made on November 26, again by Mr Aylesworth.

There were no new names in 1913, and only one, Reginald Sherry in December, 1914.

To resume Iva Young's letter:—

In 1907 we harvested our first crop of Turkey Red Winter Wheat. It was threshed by Mr. Clarke and his sons, Ernie, Ed and Pete, using their eighteen cylinder, hand fed horse rig. The wheat brought top price, 80c, with a premium in Didsbury. We soon found that spring wheat could be matured as well as oats and barley. These found a ready market as feed and seed among the new settlers who were coming in, especially east of the river. After that area was opened it was homesteaded in a very short time. Most of these settlers came in by way of Didsbury, Calgary or Stettler. Many of them stopped at our place on their way through, and in that way it was my privilege to make numerous friends whom I shall always remember. Of course some of them, like myself, have moved away, but it has been my pleasure to meet a few of them in other places.

When the C P R. put a branch as far as Acme, we felt we were making progress, as it was only 33 miles away. By this time there were a few large steam-powered threshing machines in the district. One operator found it necessary to go to Calgary for repairs, on horseback as far as Acme, and from there on by train. He blamed the train part of the trip for his late return, declaring that it stopped at every crossroad, and wherever they saw a farmer headed in their direction with a load of grain to be shovelled on board. He even maintained that they waited for farmers to finish their milking so they could load the cream. A couple of years later the railroad came through Morrin and Munson. Until then I had been feeling sorry for myself. It was only eleven miles to Morrin the way the crow flies, but of course the crow didn't have to swim the river or climb up and down those river banks.

As the population increased the Sarcée school house became the centre of local activities. Among the many purposes that it served were Church, Sunday School, Epworth League, dances, political meetings, Literary Society, and Athletic Association. The latter was of rather short duration although we had a pretty good line of equipment, including boxing gloves, punching bag, sandow developers, and a wrestling mat. Being a group of rugged individuals we were unable to agree upon a referee who had enough physical ability to enforce his authority. The gloves seemed to cause most of the commotion. I recall an occasion when one fellow chased the other out

through the lobby and into the yard. Another time two brothers were having a good-natured slugfest when the referee observed blood and undertook to remove the gloves. The most impetuous one proceeded to advise him, with quite a distinct burr that they were in no danger and needed no help, requesting that he keep out of the way and let them enjoy themselves in the manner in which they were accustomed.

One must marvel at the amount and quality of talent that can be found among such a group of pioneer neighbors. We had good programs that were generally attended by whole families. Mr James Campbell Sr, our faithful and able organist, supplied the music for most events. It was not unusual to return home late at night and find a light in your window, when some traveller who needed shelter had known he would be welcome. Sometimes it would be a Mounted Policeman who had come in late, fed his horse and prepared a meal for himself. Imagine the delight that a young fellow would experience to see a real Jive Mountie sitting before the fire, casually perusing a tardy issue of the Winnipeg Tribune. These men certainly played an important part by helping to develop the entire northwest. They were just as diligent in digging up a cowhide to read the brand, or in tracing a stolen braided rawhide lariat, as in solving a major crime.

I believe the Ghost Pine was developed by one of the greatest assortments of nationalities to be found in any area of comparable size. My associations there have been among the richest experiences of my life. Time has proven to me that people, fundamentally, compare quite favorably.

In conclusion:

It matters not from whence he came,  
The way he speaks or spells his name,  
Tho he be dark or fair of hair,  
He plays the game, and plays it fair  
He may be large or very small,  
Or short and fat, or very tall,  
May choose his shoes or type of hat,  
"A man's a man for a' that"





Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davies



Above left Mrs. Brown.  
Above right.— Mr. Brown.



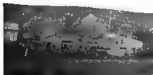
Left On the Munson Ferry  
J. Borenck, John Moor, Mr. and  
Mrs. Perreol, T. Johnston, Jim  
Tucker



Mr de Beudrap Farm Home



Mr de Beudrap and family



The Reed Home



Mr I W Reed



Mrs I W Reed

*Mr. Cameron has mentioned Mr and Mrs Harris Davidson and their five sons who came here to live in 1909. Their third son, Stan, married Marjorie Gribbin, and they still live on their Ghost Pine farm. This is what Stan remembers of his boyhood*

#### MR. S. H. DAVIDSON

I was born in Burnt Church, N.B., in 1903. My folks had a resort hotel on the Miramich. River until they came to Calgary in 1906. My father came to Ghost Pine to homestead in 1908, but the family didn't move here until May, 1909.

For the trip we had a wagon loaded down with household effects, and a team of horses called Dick and Dean. One was balky and the other wouldn't pull. We stayed the first night at a stopping house about 16 miles this side of Calgary. It was owned by Mr and Mrs. Williams. There we met Mrs. Larson who later became Mrs. Peterson, and her son Waldie. Mrs. Larson was helping Mrs. Williams, who was her sister. Later on she and Waldie moved to Ghost Pine and Waldie and I have been good friends for many years.

The next night we stayed at Paddy's Springs. It rained almost continually from the time we left Calgary. We must have reached the Ghost Pine Creek about 9 or 10 o'clock on Sunday night, and we got stuck solid in the creek. The balky team didn't help any. Mr. Saunders paled us out and up the hill, and we finally reached our log shack about midnight.

There were five of us children, and Ray, the youngest, was only four months old. It was raining as hard inside as outside. The folks set up our beds. They had two umbrellas, and put them up over the beds to keep some of the rain off. They put the sack of flour under the table to keep it dry, and we finally settled down to sleep.

I started to school a few days after we arrived, walking about two miles across the fields to Sarsse School.

Our shack was on the old Jim McNair place. That summer my father brought lumber in and built the house that still stands on the home place. Josiah Dawn used his team of oxen, Lige and Eli, to help us build our first henhouse out of sods. Mr. Dawn was always very good about helping a neighbor.

My father bought some cattle which were supposed to be milk cows, but were actually range cattle, as wild as young hares. The

result was a miniature stampede at milking time. We eventually tamed some of them down so that they would handle reasonably well.

For our first plowing we borrowed horses to put with our own horses to pull the plow. It was slow work to say the least. The first harvest that I remember, was cut for us by Joe Young. We youngsters had never seen a binder before and we found it very exciting. We would run after it, and whenever it stopped we would ask him to "make the windmill go again."

The first car I ever saw was, I believe, a Ford, the one they called a Runabout. It was a small two-passenger car, with a little box-like luggage compartment in the back. It belonged to a man who came to the school to see our school teacher, Mr. Bible. I think he was trying to sell him something. He offered to take Mr. Bible home after school, and they asked us boys if we would like to have a lift too. I think the lid of the luggage compartment was opened up to let us sit in it with our legs dangling. My problem was that I had brought a little homemade wagon to school that day. Its wheels were wooden rings sawed off a post. The only thing to do was to pull the little wagon behind the car. I don't suppose the car was travelling more than ten miles an hour, but that little wagon had a mighty rough ride.

In those days the few people who were fortunate enough to own cars didn't carry spare tires. Instead they were careful to have plenty of patching material. The rim didn't come off the wheel and the only way to handle a flat was to pry the tire off, patch the tube, and put the whole thing together again. The quality of the rubber was poor, and a wise motorist allowed considerable time on any trip for fixing flats.

One weekly attraction was a sort of amateur stampede down at Mr. Reed's place, the K.C. Ranch. The boys liked to try their hands at riding bucking horses. The Reed boys, the Sommervilles, the Saunders boys, and my brother Wilard, showed up quite regularly. Mr. Reed, by the way, was well known for the splendid Shire horses which he raised.

We all looked forward to the berry-picking expeditions to the Red Deer River. The neighbors would all go together in a wagon and of course a large lunch basket was one of the biggest features of these big days. Everybody walked up and down the river hills, as at that time the trail down the hill was very steep and dangerous.

The annual community picnic, sometimes held at the Ghost Pine Creek, was one of the gala events of the year. Football, baseball,



and races of all kinds were highlights of the program. Not to forget the grand picnic lunch, when everyone got out a lunch-basket, and a long line of neighbors and friends sat on the ground on each side of a real feed spread out before them.

Our religious life, as I remember it, was taken care of by the Presbyterian Church services held at Sarcee School on Sundays. One of the pioneer ministers caused quite a little comment one Sunday, when he preached his sermon adorned in chappa and apura. However, as these were an important part of the apparel of the early pioneers, I don't suppose he meant any disrespect.

Our early Sunday School was held in conjunction with the church, and the Reed family played a very important part in it, Mr. Reed as Bible Class teacher, Mrs. Reed as Primary Class teacher, and Jennie, later Mrs. Bob Sommerville, as Intermediate teacher. I will never forget the kindness and patience of Mrs. Reed as our Sunday School teacher.

One of the highlights of the early days though, in my opinion, was the Sarcee Christmas Tree. For a few years Sarcee was the only school in Ghost Pine, and people used to come from as far away as Three Hills when the Church and Sunday School worked together to put on a concert. Adults and children took part in the program. Mr. Campbell always played the organ, and he was a born entertainer. If the program slowed down he might break out in some good old Scotch song, accompanying himself on the organ, or sometimes he would strike up a song we all knew, and he would soon have the whole crowd singing.

*For several years the pupils from surrounding districts went to school at Sarcee Butte, sometimes travelling many miles. Only they and their parents knew the hardships involved. Mr. Fred King tells us how the Lumni district arranged for a school of its own.*

#### MR. F. M. KING

The Lumni School District was formed in the year 1913. Sarcee Butte and Manor had already been formed, so Lumni has the same territory now as when it was organized. The first organization meeting was held in May, 1913, in the John Hugo home (the old log house). There was a splendid turn-out of ratepayers, including Mr. C. V. Rogers, Mr. Jim Gandie (who lived where Mrs. Kubinec lives now), Mr. L. Snyder, Mr. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Sanderman, Bill and Fred Sanderman, Alf Pearson, Mr. Andrew Stipkala Sr., Mr.

John Hugo Sr., Mr. S. Kanderka Sr., Mr. W. T. Stewart, Mr. J. Dawn (who lived where Mr. Frolek now lives), Mr. and Mrs. F. King. At this meeting Mr. Snyder was appointed Chairman and Mr. Rogers, Secretary. The boundaries of the district were submitted to the Department of Education.

On approval of the boundaries another meeting was called, and the following were elected as trustees: Mr. Snyder (Chairman), Mr. Rogers (Secretary-Treasurer), Mr. F. M. King. At this meeting the district was given the name of Lumni, (proposed by Mr. Rogers and approved by all), which means "enlightenment".

After all the organization was completed the trustees got permission from the Department to set a mill rate and collect taxes and call for debentures. This took some time and there was some impatience at the delay. However, by July 1, 1914 the trustees had everything in order, and a contract was given to Mr. George Peters of Three Hills to build the school. He had it completed, as well as the barn and outbuildings by December 1, 1914. Mr. Hugo and Mr. King had each donated an acre of land for the grounds.

Next the trustees called for applications for a teacher. It was considered best to have a man. From the applications received, Mr. Garfield Walters was appointed. He was the son of a Welsh family living on the farm now owned by Mr. Walter Ticknor. He had quite a problem, as very few of the children spoke English at all well, and his Welsh accent made it difficult for the children to understand.

These are some of the pupils enrolled on the first day, in January, 1915: Pete Stipkala, Rosie Stipkala (later Mrs. J. Nakaska), Andrew Stipkala, Steve Kanderka and his sister Teresa (now Mrs. Ranosty), Marie Kanderka, Mary Hugo (now Mrs. Voytechek), Pete Hugo, Andrew Bordula (who was making his home with Mr. Snyder), Milton King, Eva King (now Mrs. D. C. Little) and Johnnie Hugo.

L. A. Snyder, Vic Rogers and Fred King were trustees until 1919, when Mr. Snyder sold out and moved to Calgary. Vic Rogers and Fred King continued on the Board for several more years.

*At the age of 86, Mr. Andrew Stipkala is in fairly good health and still keeps busy around home. He lives in the Lumni part of the Ghost Pine district with his wife and two youngest children, Annie and Tommy. His eldest daughter, Rose, Mrs. Joe Nakaska, also lives in Lumni. She and her husband have always been most conscientious church and community workers. Mr. Stipkala's story follows:*

I was born on August 14, 1869, in a small village called Kriva, Orava, in what was then Austria-Hungary, now Czechoslovakia. My mother died when I was six years old, and Dad remarried. After my step-mother died he married again, and then again, so that besides my mother I had three step mothers. The first two were mean, but the third was like a real mother to me. My father was a widower for five years before he died. I didn't have a chance to go to school very long.

My father worked out of town so I took care of sheep in the community pasture. My most vivid memory of my childhood is of the time my father came home after a summer's work with 60 crowns (6 crowns would equal about 1 dollar). He put the money in a kitchen cupboard and then he and my stepmother went out to work in the field. While they were gone two Gypsy women came to the house. One of them kept me talking at the front door while the other one slipped in the back door and took the money. When Mom and Dad came home I was severely punished. When I was twenty years old everybody I knew, young and old, talked of coming to America, and not much wonder. My wages for a summer's work were 20 crowns, a pair of shoes, room and board.

In June, 1898, I came to Pennsylvania, U.S.A. and got a job in a coal mine. Wages were poor there though, I earned \$1 a day, and \$2 was considered top wages. There were strikes too, to make matters worse. I went back to Austria-Hungary after four years, and a year later I was married. Three years after my marriage I came to Canada, leaving my wife and daughter, Rose, in Europe.

I arrived in Canada in July, 1898. Three months later I got word that I had a son, Peter. I worked two years on an extra gang for the C.P.R. in the Crow's Nest Pass. Then I went to Fort William, where I worked in the yards, unloading box cars. I worked there a year and then moved to Frank, Alberta, where I got a job in a coal mine.

I liked working there, and I was batching with four other men in a shack on the outskirts of the town, when the Frank slide tragedy occurred. I was working on day shift in April, 1903. I can still remember how we were awakened by the noise and the vibration which shook our shack and moved our beds. Thinking it was an earthquake, we rushed out in our bare feet, but as it was still dark we could not see much. It was another hour before we noticed the dust up on the mountain, and then we saw rocks bigger than our shack

about 150 feet away from our shack. It was only then that we realized that the side of Turtle Mountain had slid into the valley. Most of the town was buried. There was a creek running through the town and it was dammed by the slide. The water soon rose till it was close to our shack, so we took our belongings and ran up to another shack, higher than ours. I remember that at the time of the slide there were more than twelve men working on the night shift. The men that were working in the tipple were all buried. The men inside the mine were all quite safe. There was a boy among them who knew of another exit from the mine.

There was no more work for me at Frank, so I went to Canmore, and again worked in a mine. I brought my family to Canada, and then began to dream of owning a homestead, as it seemed to me that there would be a better future in it for me and my sons. My second son, Andy, was born more than a year after I moved to Canmore. Two friends I had known in Czechoslovakia were working with me. They were John Urban and Andrew Pavlik. John Urban had a homestead in Ghost Pine where Clyde Ruby lives now. We soon decided to file on homesteads too. The three of us went to Calgary and Andrew and I filed on land we had never seen. We brought our families from Canmore to Didsbury on the train.

John was single, Andrew had his wife, but no children, and I brought my wife and three children. We bought wagons, tools, clothes, food, and everything needed for homesteading. Andrew was an experienced horseman and bought a good team. John knew nothing about horses so he bought oxen. I knew very little about horses either and got a team that was young and only partly broken. Our convoy was continually running into difficulties on account of the difference in speeds. Andrew would have had no trouble alone, but he was a man of heart and patience, which he very much needed on this trip. I took the lead, but as soon as we started my young, half-broken team set out over the turtle backs at a gallop. I wasn't enough of a horseman to be able to control them, and they ran till they were tired and had to stop to rest, but that was after about five or six miles of running. John's oxen were thin and in poor condition so they soon played out, and of course we had to wait for them. The trip progressed in this see-saw manner till about noon, when we all stopped to eat and feed the horses and oxen. Then we went on as before, my wild team running on ahead and then having to wait for the others, and John's tired oxen bringing up the rear.

We spent the night at Sunnyslope, some of us in private homes. At that time Sunnyslope had a post-office, a store and a big livery

barn, besides a stopping house. The next morning we set out again under the same difficulties, but this time the horses soon tired, and before the day was over I was able to handle them better. But still poor John's oxen plodded along in the rear and Andrew and I had to wait for him.

Our next stop was at Three Hills on the old townsite. It had a post office, a small store and a few homes. We had to ford the creek, as there was no bridge then.

We stayed overnight at Tom Rath's, where Norman Stewart lives now. Tom was single then, but he was certainly a neighborly man, and it was a real help to have him put us up for the night. For breakfast he served us some bacon and eggs, the first real meal we had had since we left Canmore.

When we set out again our teams were as good as gold, because they had worked off all their surplus energy, and we even had to use the whip at times. We stopped at Bill Stewart's and the women and children camped there for the rest of the day, and for the night. Andrew and I went on and searched many hours before we found our land.

We spent the night at Bill Stewart's and then we set out the next morning, excited at the thought that we would soon be pioneering on our own land. By the way, we didn't have any trouble feeding our teams on the trail, as the grass was green and heavy. It was pouring rain this day, and the horses were slipping and sliding, and the covered wagon bounced along over the turtlebacks, making it most uncomfortable for the women and children. Finally Andrew arrived at his land and I went on to mine. The rain didn't let up at all, but the family had to have shelter so I worked in the rain to put up the tents, and after hours of stumbling around in the mud I finally had them settled down fairly comfortably.

The tents were only temporary though, and I decided to build a sod house. I had had no experience of course, and found it quite a task. When the weather was wet, I would ride horseback, shooting the odd game bird, and studying my new property. When the ground dried up I began to plow. I used some of the first sods to build the house. I made the walls by laying the sods on top of each other. I brought poles from the coulees to make the roof, covering them with sods. It took about two weeks to build the house. I also planted potatoes, turning the sod with a plow, dropping the potatoes in, and

then pulling the sod over them with a hoe. The first plowing I did in Ghost Pine was in May, 1905. I finished plowing 10 acres that year. I also fireguarded my homestead because the grass was very heavy and a real fire hazard.

Those were ranching days, and the ranchers did not welcome homesteaders. We had to fence the cattle out of our farms. I used poles from the coulee to build the fences.

For water I used a spring in the coulee at first, but all the cattle and horses used it, so I dug a well by hand. There was not much water in it. As a matter of fact a little puppy fell into it one day and there wasn't enough water to drown him.

After two years of trying to make a home on that land I decided I had made a mistake. There was too much coulee on my homestead and very little land that could be cultivated, so I went to Calgary and filed on the land I still live on. It was five miles south of the first farm. Rose used to stay home and take care of the younger children while my wife and I went to work building a log house on the new place. We cut logs on the river banks and used the team to haul them up the coulees. We spent about a year building the house, because we had so many other things to do. We put in a crop at the old homestead, and had it threshed by Clark's horse power machine, which has been described before in this book.

One day while I was cutting logs at the river a settler came along on his way to a new homestead on the other side of the river. There was a lot of ice in the river and he was afraid to try it so I put my team on with his and helped him to cross. Then I came back, but the river was very high and the ice was so bad, as soon as I reached the bank one of the horses dropped dead. She had a colt and we saved the colt, and I had to get a team of oxen to work with the horse.

We moved into our new home in the fall, before it was finished because it was too far to travel back and forth between the farms. The old sod house was warmer than our new log one, because there were no cracks in the sod one. We built a chicken coop and barn out of sod at the new place. We had a few chickens, one cow, twin calves, and the horses to winter.

During the winter I hauled the grain from our old farm to Didsbury, fifty bushels at a time. It took two days to go over, a day there to rest the horses, and a day to come home. I brought a load of supplies, groceries, etc., on the return trip. I used a sleigh, of course, and the trail was so rough and the drifts so bad it was sometimes hard to keep the sleigh from upsetting.

In the spring of 1908 I began to farm the new homestead. I broke some land and then seeded it by broadcasting the seed by hand. Then I used drag harrows to cover the seed.

Clarks had got a stationary engine for their threshing machine and then after a few years we hired a threshing outfit with a big steam engine. It took twelve teams to haul bundles to it, one four horse team to haul water, and one team to haul coal. The settlers didn't like that outfit because with all those teams and some spare horses, it took a good share of our tiny crops to feed the horses. There were usually about 20 or 25 men, but they had a cook car and bunk car.

Water was a problem again on the new farm. At first we hauled water twice a day from the creek in barrels, for the stock and for the house. Then I built a dam the next year, and for a little while as long as the water lasted, it made things easier. I dug a well near the dam, for pure water for the house. The next year I built two more dams.

Rose had always been good about helping me, and as the boys got older they were able to help too. The country was being settled and it seemed good to be able to buy real sawn lumber to build granaries, a barn, chicken coop, etc.

I had two more daughters during the pioneer years, Susie and Mary. Susie was born in April 12, 1907, probably one of the first few babies born to settlers in this district.

We all worked hard, and we had few comforts in those early days, but I think it was well worth it all.

*What Mr. Stipkala failed to mention in his letter is that as he became a successful farmer himself he was always ready with a helping hand, and many a younger man owes his start in farming to the advice and financial help given him by Mr. Stipkala.*

*We find William Johnson and his family are often mentioned in this history, being among the earliest settlers. Fred Johnson tells their story now. Some of our younger readers may not remember when Fred was called Ernie, but he still answers to that name sometimes when he is with his old neighbors.*

I first came to Ghost Pine in the latter part of March, 1904, with my father, William Johnson, and my elder brother, Jack. My three sisters remained in Edmonton until such time as we had a shack built for their accomodation.

I distinctly remember leaving the city of Edmonton. I should think about March 16, with all our possessions loaded on sleighs pulled by a fine team of grey geldings. However we soon ran into trouble, as shortly after leaving Leduc the snow grew scarcer and scarcer, until, by the time we arrived in Wetaakiwin we were sleighing in mud, so Dad loaded the entire outfit into a boxcar and shipped it to Didsbury, the three of us being in the car as well.

In Didsbury he bought a wagon and we loaded the whole outfit onto the wagon and started for Ghost Pine, the sleighs being left in Didsbury until the following winter. It was a grueling two day's trip to the homestead, a distance of 48 or 50 miles, but we arrived about dusk of the second day.

We had some difficulty in locating our land, as in those days the only way of identifying your land was by means of a survey stake, which was a metal stake driven into the ground, and bearing roman numerals such as "SW 1/4 Sec XXXII T XXXI R XXII". After putting our horses out on picket ropes, we pitched our tent on a knoll and cooked our supper by the light of a smoking oil lantern.

I remember we were quite worried about prairie fires, as at that time of the year the frost still being in the ground, it was impossible to plough a fire guard, so one morning when the frost was on the grass we assembled numerous buckets of water and wet sacks and burned a guard about twenty feet wide around this knoll we were camped on. A few days later Dad drove to Didsbury and brought home a load of lumber sufficient to build a small barn or stable, the trip taking exactly four days. After the barn was completed, (it was just a shelter for about four horses), Dad and my brother used to make daily trips to the Red Deer River to cut and haul home spruce logs in preparation for building a shack. One day, about April 12, I was alone on the place when a roaring fire swept in from the north-west. I felt quite secure as I didn't think it possible for the fire to cross the circle of burned grass around the knoll, but I was sadly mistaken, as it seemed to burn over our fire-guard in short order, and in a few minutes the barn was on fire. I managed to save the tent and belongings by carrying water from the creek in pails and throwing it over and around the tent. Imagine my father's surprise and anger on arriving home that evening, to find the barn and feed destroyed. He remarked that had the tent and belongings been



burned, he would have moved out entirely. It must be remembered that at that time I was a boy of less than thirteen years.

The next I remember was building the house. First the logs were peeled, then the ends notched. The logs were laid one upon another, to a height of five feet or more, the cracks being filled or chinked with mud or gumbo. The roof consisted of spruce poles covered first with hog-wire, then with prairie sod, one sod overlapping the other, much in the same manner as shingles are laid. This made a nice warm home in winter, but in summer when the rains came, it was drip-drip--, and this would continue for hours after the rain had stopped falling.

Next the three of us started to dig a well, having no idea how deep we would have to dig before striking water. However we started a hole about 2½ ft. square and after many days of toil we struck water at the depth of 68 ft., and the water came in so fast that in about an hour it had risen to within eight feet of the top. Early next morning Dad started for Dicksbury to buy lumber for cribbing, but as this trip took four days of hard driving, by the time he arrived with the lumber the well had completely caved in. We started to dig another a few feet away, being careful to build the cribbing as we deepened the well. We struck water at about the same depth and had the first and finest well in Ghost Pine. We installed a pump and windmill, and for many months the neighbors for miles around used to haul water in barrels for drinking purposes.

The first church service I remember attending was a Presbyterian service at the home of I. W. Reed, the minister having come on saddlehorse from Morrin. Many the service I attended at the Reed home, and many the fine meal have I enjoyed after the service, thanks to these kindly neighbors. Epworth League was held each Sunday afternoon at the home of J. Dawn, this being more of a sing-song and get-together for the young people. The Anglican Church which still stands, was built entirely by voluntary labor on land given by John Johnson from his original homestead.

How well I remember my first job away from home! I was sixteen at the time, so it must have been in 1907. I hired out to Mr. Hugh Cameron, Sandy's father, for the haying season. At that time they were milking fourteen cows. Every morning Mrs. Cameron was the first one up and had a cup of tea and cookies ready before milking time. After milking was done, we had breakfast and then to the hayfield about a mile and a half distant. I was rake boy, and raked and bunched the hay in readiness for stacking.

After about ten days work we had five fine stacks of hay. A few days later Mr. Cameron said "Come on, Ernie, hitch up the

team, put on some posts and wire, and you and I will go and fence those stacks " Well, we fenced three stacks before dinner time, then sat down and ate our lunch, after which we went to work and finished another stack. Finally, we came to the last one which was somewhat larger than the others, so after driving the posts by standing in the wagon, Mr. Cameron said to me, "Ernie, the horses seem to be hungry. Just unhitch from the wagon and let them feed at the stack while we finish the job."

Well, we finished the fence, put all the tools in the wagon, and went to get the team to go home, when lo and behold, the team was fenced in by five strands of tight wire with no gate, so of course we had to take down most of the fence to get them out. Mr. Cameron said: "Ernie, swear to me that you will never tell a soul about this as long as I am living." And I never did tell it while he was alive, but many times since his death.

I have no recollection of Manor School being built, but I do know that my father gave the land and also named the school. It was to have been called Manna, but through some error, possibly in the Department of Education, the school was named Manor.

Our entertainment consisted of dancing in winter and baseball in summer. In the Ghost Pine district the dancing was mostly in the Frank Huxley home, which still stands, just east of the new curling rink. In what is now called the Orkney district, the dances were held in the home of Mr. McGhee, and quite often Fred Huxley would hitch a four horse team to a set of sleighs and take fifteen or twenty people to these dances.

*Mr. and Mrs. Art Davies have retired to Three Hills, but we feel they are very much a part of the Ghost Pine neighborhood still. Mrs. Davies begins her story*

#### MRS. E. DAVIES

My folks were neighbors of the Floyd Prices in Wyoming. We moved to Idaho, and they came to Canada. I went to school with Mr. Price. Due to the correspondence between my mother and Mrs. Price we decided to come to Canada, she gave us such good reports of the country. We wrote for Literature on Canada before making our move.

We left Idaho on August 24, 1909. By "we" I mean my father, David Brown, my mother, Fanny Brown, my two brothers Harvey and Frank, and one sister Nellie.

We had two covered wagons. They were built out along the sides so that we could put springs on top of the wagon boxes. There was a bed in each wagon. We kept our luggage and supplies under the beds. The floor of one wagon box was extended out about three feet. This was our work table. We had a dutch oven, our main cooking utensil. Father would build a good fire, pull a few of the coals away, and then put the dutch oven in the main bed of coals. The coals that were pulled away were put up on top of the dutch oven (the lid was dipped so it would hold coals). All our biscuits were baked this way.

We travelled about twenty miles a day, camping early on account of darkness. We liked to have supper over a while before dark. The horses were unharnessed, fed grain in their nose bags, and hobbled. On the lead horse we put a bell, so they were easily found. At noon we would unhitch, sometimes unharness, give them their oats, and then let them graze.

The boys slept in a tent while the folks slept in one wagon and we two girls had the other wagon.

We never travelled on Sunday—that was always a rest day. We had to stay a short distance from Butte, Montana over the Labor Day weekend. We arrived too late on Saturday to get supplies, so had to wait till Tuesday.

We came through Browning into the Blackfoot Indian reservation. An Indian woman opened the gate, letting us enter Canada. It was called Galbraith Gate at that time. We travelled another four or five miles to a spot near Aetna. Here we were delayed several days—the horses had to be inoculated before we were allowed to continue. While we were here my sister found an old purse. It was all mildew from lying in the grass. There was \$32 in it. I guess our delay was worth while.

Near Clarendon some one had lost a parcel containing several loaves of bread. Did it ever taste good! The first we had had since leaving Idaho.

When we arrived in Calgary the folks did some shopping, while I stayed with the wagon. I can't remember now what part of Calgary we stopped in. While I was alone a man came along and started to chat. He wanted to know where we were going and when I said "Ghost Pine Creek", he said he was from there. It was Mr. Ferguson, father of the Ferguson boys of the Orkney district.

We arrived at Price's on October 7. You can imagine their surprise when we drove in—we hadn't told them we were coming.

My folks moved to the Dave Dixon place for the winter. I stayed and worked for the Prices for the next eleven months. I used to ride to Boyton (the C. Stewart place now) for the mail and groceries.

I hadn't been at Price's very long before I got acquainted with Art Davies. In the spring of 1910 my folks moved to his place. The men worked on the railroad which was being built through Three Hills at that time. Mother did the cooking. The house consisted of two rooms, one 18x20, the other 10x12. The latter one is still standing on the land now owned by Albert Aumell.

Art Davies and I were married in March, 1911. The closest place we could get a marriage license was at Didsbury. We borrowed Mr. Cameron's buckboard and drove there. We had to stay overnight at the Sunnyslope Hotel. The following day we went on to Didsbury and were married by Rev. Marshall with Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Curtis as attendants. Annie Dawn and some of her friends showered us with confetti at the station.

During the winter of 1910-1911 my father got his homestead which was located just north of V. Rogers. They moved there in the spring of 1911 and were there until 1914. Then they rented the Ed Huxley place and moved there in February, 1914. They still farmed the homestead. My mother died in May, 1914.

*And Art Davies explains the homestead arrangements in his interesting letter.*

#### MR. A. DAVIES

My coming to the Ghost Pine really started in England. I sailed from Cardiff on April 23, 1908 on the "Bavarian," and arrived in Winnipeg one day before my twentieth birthday, May 5. The passage was thirty dollars to Winnipeg.

I soon found work at a farm near Poplar Point, Manitoba, not too far from Dauphin where my cousin Harold Powell was working. Roy and Len Weaver, neighbors of Art Powell, came west and returned with great news of Alberta—land prospects, good climate and the Chinooks.

Harold and I came out to Didsbury in November, 1904. We bought a team, harness and wagon. Harold unloaded lumber in town and I worked at the Livery Barn. I drove settlers and supplies to their homesteads. We batched in the immigration sheds in Didsbury.

On one of my return trips to town I stopped at the Henry Davis stopping house and met W. G. Ferrey. Mr. Ferrey told me he had moved up the creek from his homestead, and he suggested I file on it if interested. I filed on this homestead by putting my name in at the Government Lands Office in Calgary. Later I had to go to

the Olds Filing Office to pay my \$10. Of course I couldn't get the title until I had 30 acres broken and had lived on it for six months of each year over a three year period. After having two witnesses to prove this I had the title to my land.

On New Year's Day, 1905, I came out with Joe Young and stayed with Leigh Curtis, who now lives in Dauphin, Manitoba. Eustace Ferrey helped me build my one-ply shiplap shack, size 10'x 12'. Harold hauled the lumber from Didsbury.

In the spring Harold and I sold our team and wagon. We split our funds, and Harold returned to Manitoba, while I returned to work in Didsbury.

Joe Young broke 15 acres for me in 1905 and in 1906 I grew my first crop of oats. Dave Dixon cut this crop with his binder. In the winter of 1906-07 I bought 150 bu. of oats and stored them in my shack. I slept on top of the oats that winter as there wasn't too much room left for my table, chairs and stove.

Charlie Davis dug my 84' well, by horse power, in 1907. It was a very good well and many neighbors came with barrels for their drinking water. This same year I fenced my quarter with posts we hauled from coulees east of John Hugo's. In 1908 we hauled more logs to build my log house. This was three rooms joined to my shack. We had a log sled made to haul the logs. I rode down in the mornings to cut them. Harold came later with the sled and we pulled them up the bank with a 200 ft. one-inch rope. At night we poured water on the log runners to make better sledding the next day.

A homesteader had first choice on open land next to his for a pre-emption. I went to Olds in 1908 to file on mine, which was \$3 an acre.

There was very little variation in our meals in the early days. The main fare was bacon, beans, biscuits, jam and tea. I bought a bushel of beans and Crosbe-Blackwell jam in 10 lb. pails. The C. W. LaRoys and the Reeds were our entertaining centres. We had many social evenings there.

I was married in March 1911 to Elma Brown. Mr. and Mrs. David Brown, Elma, Frank, Harvey and Nellie had arrived at the Floyd Price's in October, 1909. They had travelled by covered wagon from Idaho. We lived in the log house until 1915, when we moved to our new four roomed cottage on the pre-emption.

My early days in the Ghost Pine district will always be remembered. They were hard, but we were happy working towards an unknown future, and now it's no wonder we old-timers love to reminisce.

*Mr. Robert Currie's letter leaves us marvelling at the grit of the average homesteader. Robert's widow formerly Connae Ash, lives in Calgary.*

#### MR. R. W. CURRIE

The Orkney District was settled in the first decade of this century by a good class of people from the British Isles, U.S.A., and Eastern Canada. A good portion of the settlers were from the Orkney Islands, hence the name "Orkney" which was given to the school district when it was formed in 1912. Today the pupils of the school are, to a great extent, the grandchildren of the original settlers, and are a fine, healthy group of children. They enjoy the comforts of a warm, modern school.

Under the Federal Government's homestead regulations the even numbered sections were available for settlement. The terms of settlement were—a \$10 fee at the time of filing, the breaking of five acres a year for three years, and six months residence thereon for each of the three years.

Later on the odd numbered sections became available, and each homesteader had the prior right to the quarter that adjoined his homestead. This prior right expired on a certain date and unfortunately the date was set too early. The result was a terrific rush of homesteaders at the door of the Lands Office. It was a common sight to see men take up their positions on the steps of the office and spend the night there in order to be in line in the morning when the doors opened. Some had the forethought to take along some sandwiches and a bottle of tea. Others went hungry unless they were fortunate enough to have friends to bring them something to eat. Upon the approach of closing hour one clerk was heard to call to another "How many more out there?" Fifty? Well, shoot them!

Most of the settlers came in from Calgary, Carstairs, or Didsbury, a distance of from sixty to ninety miles, over "turtleback" trails in wagons. Anyone who made those trips can well remember his preference for standing up for a time following the trip.

Having erected the shack the next thing was to get some breaking done. The usual outfit was the walking plow or "foot burner", drawn by four horses or four oxen or two of each. These animals were usually kept in a small enclosure of pasture over night and it was not unusual to find three or four antelope lying down among them in the morning.

By 1910 most people had a small acreage broken out and sown to wheat, but unfortunately the soil was so dry the wheat did not grow. The following year there was more new land and considerable rainfall, so that by early September, the wheat was tall and still green. On September 11 it froze over a half inch of ice which destroyed all chances of a good crop.

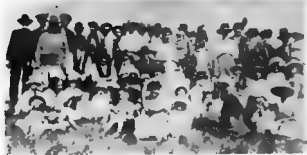


Mr. W. McCubbin

Hauling water from Red Deer River



Mr. A. B. Crawford



PICNIC AT THE RED DEER RIVER



Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell, Sr.



Early Coal Mine  
On Ghost Pine Creek



Mr. S. Kaechele



Nevertheless, some of us went ahead and cut it, hoping to save something out of it. As snow came early the stacks had to be stacked out of the snow on sleighs to await the one and only threshing rig to come in January. Having got it threshed we set about to haul it across the river and up the hill to the C.N.R. cars at Morrin or Munson. As there were no loading platforms as yet, the wheat had to be shoveled out of sleighs from the ditch into the car. It was a bitter disappointment to find that the settlements for the wheat were barely sufficient to pay the freight, and in some cases insufficient.

Notwithstanding all these reverses, there existed among the people a fine spirit of optimism, and the social life was outstanding. People were happy, and even if comforts were lacking, optimism made up for a lot of that lack. The people mingled more freely in those days than now.

Spiritual life played an important part in the lives of early settlers also. The first religious meeting was held in a shack in Orkney, by the late Rev. Peter McNabb of Three Hills. These meetings were continued till such time as the new school was ready, when the meetings were held in the school.

Nor was romance lacking in the early days. It was in the early homestead years that a Young People's Society was formed at Sarcée. Meetings were held Sunday evenings in the school. To these meetings came a goodly number of young people, usually on horseback, and they owe their start in married life to the Y.P.S. which became known as the "Sarcée Courting Club."

*Here are some good homestead farms by George Andrews who has seen Ghost Pine develop from a frontier to the good, rich land it is now. May you see many more years of its progress, George.*

#### **MR. G. ANDREWS**

It was in March, 1906, that I made my first trip from Didsbury to the Three Hills district, accompanied by Charlie McDonough, O. W. LaRoy, and Sam Kitchen. We had only one team to pull a huge load of lumber, trunks and all sorts of supplies, so, of course, the trip was a slow one. Then, too, the road was only a rough trail grown up with brush and grass. As we travelled along, coyotes began following the wagon. We counted seven of them, and were rather uneasy about their presence, since we knew very little about them.

"Are they dangerous?" Kitchen asked  
"Well," I replied uncertainly, "They're a species of wolf. I know they aren't harmful in the daytime, but it's hard to say what they'll do at night!"

That night we pitched our tent and spread out on the ground to sleep. We were all slightly nervous, and a rising wind, which whipped around our tent in eerie gusts, did nothing to dispel our fears. Kitchen was nearest to the tent opening and during the night he was awakened by the tent flap flipping back and forth in the wind. Immediately he assumed that the coyotes were trying to get into the tent and, in a moment of panic, he began waving his arms at the opening and yelling lustily, "Get out of there! Get out of there!"

His shouts turned our tent into a wild melee! Frightened out of what little calmness I possessed, I leaped to my feet and roared, "Get your guns, men! The wolves are after us!"

Just a few days before we arrived in this district a prairie fire had swept through the country leaving the grass black and charred. That sight wasn't too encouraging, but we pitched our tent and prepared to make a permanent camp.

First of all we started building a barn for the horses. Since the need for an enclosure was so urgent, we merely boarded up the walls until such time as we could finish the job. That barn was never completed, however, for one day, when I was just about to put the team inside, a big wind storm came up and blew the whole structure away, scattering the boards in every direction. Our tent was also blown down by the gale, and Sam Kitchen, who was inside at the time, was pinned under it. He fell across the little campstove and the kettle, which was on the stove at the time, upset and poured boiling water down his shirt sleeve. Fortunately, neither Sam nor the tent was seriously injured.

A year later, in June, 1907, we received a new neighbor, Burton LaRoy. He was to arrive in Didsbury on a train from British Columbia, and I was delegated to meet and welcome him. I started out with the team and wagon in a downpour of rain, the trail so muddy that the horses slipped, slid and heaved with exhaustion. The rain continued throughout the entire journey and, when I got to Didsbury, it was still raining. You can imagine my surprise when Burton leaped off the train and sloshed his way towards me, a shotgun in one hand and SNOWSHOES in the other!

Burton was very eager to start pioneering and his first thought was to buy some supplies. He was, however, a little uncertain about what to buy.

"What does a homesteader need most?" he asked me.

I just grinned and said, "Money!"

The return trip was, also, a muddy one and the horses had to pull the added weight of a load of barbed wire. The sloughs along the way were overflowing with murky water and the water was covered with wild ducks.

"Are those ducks good to eat?" Burton asked.

"Sure", I agreed.

"Wal, I'm gonna shoot us a bunch of them", he decided.

"Go ahead," I said, "Shoot all you want."

So Burton began hanging away with his shotgun. He used up all his shells and only got one little duck. I'm still not sure whether he shot one or just scared it so bad that he managed to overtake it.

It was also in the spring of 1907 that I had my first experience with oxen. Charlie McDonough and I were in Didsbury and I bought a yoke of oxen for seventy-five dollars, hitched them to a load of lumber and started for home. Now an ox is slow under any conditions, but a thin ox is twice as slow and both of my oxen were thin! It took us two hours to get three miles out of Didsbury, and by that time both Charlie and I were disgusted. "At this rate," I complained, "it'll take us a month to get back to the homestead."

Charlie agreed and after a glum consultation we decided to return to Didsbury and get rid of our newly acquired animals. We were very fortunate and managed to trade the two beasts for a saddle horse, a saddle, and a heifer. I put a rope on the cow, saddled the horse, and rode all the way home, dragging the cow behind! And that wasn't the only trouble she caused me, for shortly after I got her home, she managed to get mired in a mudhole and I spent the best part of one morning digging her out.

My first team of horses was bought in March, 1908, from a fellow living near Macleod. Patty and Eagle, as they were called, were really saddle horses which, I am quite sure, had never before been hitched to a wagon. However, Charlie and I hitched them up, headed them towards Macleod, leaped into the wagon, and let them go. We drove them to Macleod, from there to Calgary, from Calgary to Didsbury, and from Didsbury back to the homestead. By the time that trip was over, they were driving fairly nicely.

Such were the conditions when I first came into this district. Remarkable changes have occurred since then but I still have vivid recollections of the "old days."

*The school district north of Loomis, Greenleaf, was not organized until 1916 Mrs. Griblin tells about it in her letter.*

#### MRS. A. GRIBLIN

My husband, Frank Griblin, homesteaded in 1905 with his older brother, Fred, and his younger brother Charlie. Frank and Fred came from Washington near Spokane, and Charlie from California.

We were married in 1906. My husband used to come up each year to do his homestead duties, and I moved up here in 1908.

We had four children, three girls and one boy. We lost our second girl when she was two days less than fourteen months old. It was on March 7, 1907, on the homestead. At that time I hadn't seen another woman for eight months. There were bachelors everywhere.

My husband started to organize the Greenleaf School in 1916 and it was built the next year, I think. Frank Griblin, Max Waterman, and W. J. Helnes were the first trustees. Our first teacher was Nellie Hourhan, later the first Mrs. Eddie Huxley.

The Ferrey triplets caused quite a sensation. There were two girls, Alice and Doris, and a boy, Aubrey.

Didsbury was our shopping town and it was quite a trip by wagon, no roads and sometimes balky horses. On one trip our horses played out at the Ghost Pine Store. My husband and I had to carry two children four miles home. Four miles didn't seem as far then though, as it would now. The times were hard, but my husband was very good to me, and very seldom left me alone.

We were on the homestead until 1944, when we came to Calgary. My husband's health was failing, and he died on October 2, 1949.

*Verner "Vern" Huxley, became a Ghost Piner in 1906. He still lives in the Greenleaf district, and is well known as a ball player, a crack shot, and a good neighbor.*

#### MR. V. HUXLEY

Our family came from Mossy Rock, Washington to Didsbury in March, 1906. We stayed at the immigration buildings there for 3 days before starting out for Ed Huxley's campaign. We camped over

night on one of the three hills near the present town of that name. In the morning we took our bearings and headed out for Ed's. At that time there were no buildings or fences between the hills and his place.

We pitched our camp at Ed's site and lived there until our own house was built that same summer. The lumber was hauled from Didsbury and the house is still standing on my father's old homestead just east of the Ghost Pine store.

Early in April a terrible fire swept through from the vicinity of Pine Lake. The ground was still frozen and it was impossible to plough fire guards. We tried to light a fire guard and after lighting a box of matches finally had a strip burned on which we stood. There was a strong wind with the fire and as it came to our tents it split and went around them. However a creeping fire in the grass burned into one tent and ruined my bed. We had no water with which to fight, the nearest being a snowdrift some distance away.

Ed's horses ran ahead of the fire and it was some time before they returned to Saunders'. Our horses were more used to fire since we had used them a lot to haul brush to burn piles while clearing land in Washington. I think it was this that made ours turn back and come through the flames. Their hair was all burnt off except for a narrow strip down the back.

The next day it snowed. The wind had blown the chimney off the tent and it was so cold we stayed in bed all day to keep warm.

I took up my own homestead in 1909.

The ball team was formed in 1911. We wore homemade uniforms and played as far afield as Huxley and Carbon even in the early days.

I remember another fire was started by a Mr. Finn who came out to try his luck at farming on the N.E. 10-32-22. He had a small shack and a lean-to for his barn. He had two horses. He undertook to do some breaking. In those days it was the custom to burn off the grass for better breaking. He didn't have enough fire guard and the fire got away. A south wind took it north about two miles and then the wind changed and brought it back south over the river. He lost his shack and his team of horses. The corrals at the de-Beaudrap farm were damaged and a building on the old Gandy place where Rubine's farm was also burned.

*Mr Peter Huchala, whose address now is Libby, Montana, tells of his homestead days north of Luma.*

#### MR. P. HUCHALA

True success belongs only to the man whose determination and strength are real, because they must be backed by courage and character. In these virtues of pioneering in the Ghost Pine District I have utterly failed. I still remain appreciative of having had the opportunity of setting my feet solidly on Canadian soil for the first time at Michel, B.C. on October 10, 1909 when I was a youth of seventeen. Like many others, my hope in immigrating was activated by an impulse to seek freedom from oppression and to improve my way of life. These things I was earnestly seeking.

My high hopes, however, met with some reverses. Due to my age it was almost impossible for me to obtain profitable employment and make my life secure. After many months of idleness I managed to get part time work in the mines at Michel and Corbin, B.C.

Early in the spring of 1911 I found myself working in a coal mine at Coleman, Alberta. At that time a strike was impending in the U.M.W. District No. 18. Being rather apprehensive about the labor troubles, I wrote to Mr. Andrew Pavlik who was settled on a homestead in Ghost Pine. I asked him if he could give me a job for the duration of the trouble. Instead of answering, he surprised me by coming to Coleman.

We took a train to Didsbury, where Mr. Pavlik had a team waiting in the livery barn. The next day we set out by way of Sunny-slope and stopped overnight at a homestead in the Kneehill Creek area. Next day we pushed on through the three hills and past the Ghost Pine Store to the Pavlik homestead. What interested me most on this trip was the vast expanse of open country with its wonderfully rich soil. The farther we went from the railroad the fewer fences we saw. The Postill and de Beaudrap cattle ranged the prairie near the Red Deer River banks and amid the herd a band of antelope could be seen, roaming and grazing unmolested. I was impressed by the wild fowl, ducks and geese on the slough near the Pavlik farm. During the migration period they kept up a continuous, loud staccato din, day and night.

During my first summer on the prairie I was put up in the 12'x18' sod house which the Pavliks had built. It had one narrow door built of shiplap and one small window facing west. During the summer some thistles and poppies grew and blossomed on the sod roof.

My nearest friends were Joe and Peter Hugo and I often spent the night with them in the old log cabin on their parents' farm.

I broke sod with a twelve inch breaking plow and a pair of oxen. We hauled grain to Acme before the railway came, and we made many trips to Olds for supplies. I worked at one time for the Halbert Bros. coal mine, on the old W Peters place near Trochu. I used to walk to my homestead and back on weekends. On one occasion I walked from Beiseker to my homestead. I was young, full of life, and I liked it. For a while I worked for Mr Peters for \$1.25 a day, the day being fourteen hours, plowing the ground on top of the coal mine hill.

The last time I visited Ghost Pine I noticed there were few of the old faces. The children and grandchildren of the pioneers are carrying on their work. They are friendly people, but I will never forget the pioneers who achieved so much by their faith and determination.

*Mr. S. Kaechele, whose letter follows, is living in Calgary now, and would welcome visits from any of his Ghost Pine friends*

#### MR. S. KAECHELE

I came to Alberta in 1908. I knew some folks in the Didbury district, and I worked for them that summer. During the summer several of us lads got the homestead fever, so, engaging a team and wagon, we took some food, blankets and a tent and started east looking for land. The first night we slept in a coal mine bunkhouse at the old Three Hills townsite. The next day we drove north to Trochu, then east, crossing the river. We didn't like the land there at all. We spent the night on the highest hill we could find on account of the mosquitoes. The next day we crossed the river again, and came to the Ghost Pine district.

The Huxleys told us of some land east of them, and we liked it very much. I filed on N.E. 34-31-22 on March 9, 1909. My brother Dave came out from the east that summer and we got him a homestead south of mine. The Readings also came out and got land east of mine.

When Dave and I came out to begin working on our homesteads we came with a borrowed team and wagon, and our lumber and supplies, in sixty below zero weather.

On Dave's quarter there was an abandoned sod shack without a window or floor. That night we laid the floor and put in the window and nearly froze in bed, although we had set up a stove. We had borrowed the coal for it from our neighbor across the fence, John Urban.

Dave stayed for the winter, having purchased a pony to get around with. I went back to the Neapolis district till later on.

When Readings came out they brought a plow and some other machinery. We bought some horses and started to break some land. George Reading built a house and barn on his place, and later on a house for me. While building we all lived in the sod shack, happy at having our own land.

Neighbors in those days were very kind. While I was batching they often took me in for Sunday dinner and supper after having been to Sarcee Schoolhouse for services. I especially want to mention the Dawns, who had several very attractive girls at their home. The Reeds, Youngs, Sommervilles, Lysters, Rubys and others, were also good kind neighbors.

Some time after I had proved up and got the title to my land I felt led to go to the Bible College in Pasadena, California, and while there I received a call to the ministry, to which call I have devoted my time and energy for thirty years.

*Mr and Mrs. John A. Swanson live in Three Hills now, but Mr Swanson still farms his land in the Greenleaf district. In this letter he takes us back for another glimpse of the Ghost Pine of 1906 and on*

#### MR. J. SWANSON

When I was a young lad living in the State of Iowa I used to read everything I could get hold of about Western Canada. My father subscribed to The Family Herald and Weekly Star from Montreal, and it always had articles about Alberta, Saskatchewan and Assinibola. They were the Western Territories then. We could hardly wait each week for the next paper to come.

Finally, in 1905 my father came to Canada. It didn't cost much to travel in those days. His ticket cost him one cent a mile. He went as far as Edmonton, but he liked the country around Didsbury and Olds, so he started out with a land guide named Smith to look over some homesteads. They were being taken up very fast at that time. He filed on one for himself and one for me, in what is now known as the Greenleaf district.



The next spring we left Iowa and came to Olds. My father came on ahead of the rest of us, to locate a place to move into, in Olds, and I brought the carload of our equipment, furniture and four horses. I was eighteen years old then. The trip took ten days. When the train left St. Paul, it had sixty cars of settlers' effects, all coming to Saskatchewan and Alberta. (I might add here, that the territories had become provinces late in 1906, the two territories of Assiniboua and Saskatchewan forming the one province of Saskatchewan.) I got into Olds on March 11, 1906, and My' What a big country it seemed to be! I wasn't used to being able to see for miles and miles across the country. My mother and my youngest sister, Susan, came by train, arriving at Olds a few days after I got there.

The spring of 1906 was a very early spring, and also very dry. The old timers called it an open winter and spring, there being no snow. We started to plow on March 28 and began seeding on April 9. The ground was very dry and dusty, and we began to wonder if it would ever rain. A prairie started burning about twenty miles east of Olds on the north side of the Olds township line, and it burned for about two weeks. We could see the red glow in the sky every night. Whirlwinds took it across the Three Hills and Ghost Pine Creeks, and across the Red Deer River. It burned off all the prairie, east about to the Saskatchewan border and south almost to Medicine Hat.

On May 15 a general rain began and lasted for three days. Besides putting out all the fires it satisfied us doubtful folks that it could rain in Alberta.

I did not get to see my homestead that year, as Father bought a farm at Olds and they decided to stay there. He turned his homestead over to a brother-in-law of mine, Clyde Duffus. That was the S.W. 1-22-32-22 W.4. They moved from Iowa to Olds on December 28, 1906. The weather was awful, 40 to 50 below, with snow, and Clyde had a hard time keeping warm.

I had planned on going out to the homestead in the fall and putting in my time during the winter, but that was the hard winter that you hear the old-timers talk about. It started snowing early in November and got very cold. I didn't go out to my homestead till May 1, 1907, and there were still snowdrifts then in the low places. In the coulees the snow held till much later. The trail was not very good after I crossed the Ghost Pine Creek, and the turtlebacks were very bad. I followed a faint wagon trail going southeast to Teddy

Sollis' homestead on the N.E. ¼-30-32-22-W 4. When I went to the door, which was open, he was sitting on the side of the bunk with a .22 rifle in his hand, and he seemed somewhat surprised to see a stranger at his door. He told me he was shooting the mice that were coming up through a knothole in the floor. I told him where I was going and he showed me a better way to get to my place, which was about three miles southeast of his place. He told me that if I kept to the higher land I would not find the turtlebacks so bad. Ted sold out as soon as he got his patent, and the last I knew of him he was in Calgary.

The Gribbins had come out to their homestead the summer of 1906 and broke up a small field. Fred and Frank went back to the State of Washington that winter and Charlie stayed to look after their places. I stayed with Charlie until I got my shack built and then I used to carry water, half a mile, from their place. It was very bitter alkali water, and the longer you boiled the beans in it the harder they got, but it was wet. It was the only well around there then. Ernie Clark had a well drilled on his place the next year and we hauled water from that well. That was on the farm which belongs to Bert Ash now. I did not have my well drilled till 1910.

I did not get much done on the homestead in 1907 but we did get a fireguard plowed around the half section, my quarter and Clyde Duffus' quarter. We had quite a time trying to plow this tough prairie sod with a brush breaking plow. We finally got a good fireguard plowed, using six horses on the plow, but it took a long time to do it. Then we put up some hay, and while we were haying an electric storm came up and lightning struck a short distance from where we were working, and started a prairie fire. Charlie Carter, who homesteaded the northeast quarter, came along and helped us put the fire out. He said "Well, you had your fire well fireguarded, anyway."

There was a French settlement at Trochu, named after Mr. Trochu, one of the first settlers. In the summer of 1907 they put on a big Sports Day and a dance in the evening. Everybody was heading for Trochu that day. They started passing my place early in the morning, and I wouldn't have believed there were so many people in the country. I remember Mr. and Mrs. Deering, from down near Sarcee Butte, won first prize for being the best dancers.

The deBeaudraps lived in the coulee where Joe Kublanc lives now. They had bought out a rancher named Letta. The land hadn't been surveyed when he had moved in several years earlier, but he sold them his buildings and squatter's rights.



Mrs. Catherine Summers-He

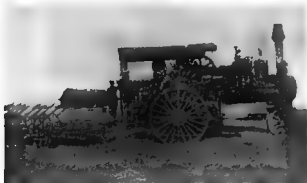


Mr. Dave Koschene

Mrs. A. Sanderman

Mrs. A. Boradula

Mrs. J. Hugo, Sr



FRED MEYER'S STEAM ENGINE

J. Legimus, A. A. L. Stipkala, A.  
Stipkala, P. Topak, Susie Stip-  
kala, Mrs. Stipkala and Mary



The country began to settle fast in 1907. There was the Ghost Pine Store, south of its present location, and the next year there was the Sarcee School, which was also used for Sunday School. I remember a Sunday School picnic, I think about 1908. It was held on Sarcee Butte, and everybody had a good time, and it gave us all a chance to meet our neighbors. I remember meeting Clyde Ruby that day, and Bruce Saunders was just a young lad then, but he drove the team that day, bringing his folks to the picnic in a wagon. Everybody travelled in wagons then, or on saddle horses. There were no roads or fences, so we just drove off across the prairie, keeping to the higher land to avoid some of the worst turtlebacks so that there was less bumping around in the wagon.

In the summer of 1910 they held a picnic on the flat, just north of where the Ferrey Brothers had their store. George Fortune had just finished building his creamery and they had a dance in it that night. This became an annual affair for a few years, and everyone looked forward to the Ghost Pine picnic, for they always had a good time there and the bachelors got a chance to sample some good cooking. That was one day we didn't have to eat soda biscuits.

It was in the spring of 1910 that the Hayes family moved in from Olds to stay, and many more came that year. We were still hauling grain to Didsbury or Olds, but with the promise of a railway, we began to break more land and grow more grain. The trip to Olds took two days and pioneers will remember the stopping houses which charged 25c for a meal, 25c for a bed, and 25c per team for hay. We brought our own oats. Two good stopping houses were the Crowell's stopping house, 18 miles east of Olds, and the Curlew hotel and livery barn 27 miles east of Olds. The first wheat I threshed was in 1910. I sold some in Olds at 63c a bushel and the rest as seed to homesteaders at Morrin for \$1.00 a bushel.

The Clark family lived where Bill Watson lives now. Others have described their horse power threshing machine. It was necessary to keep a steady power at all times, and Pete Clark was considered the best skinner. He would stand on a little platform in the middle and use a long whip to keep the horses going steadily. They did all the threshing in the district, which wasn't much, but took some time, as it took from one to two hours just to set up the horse-power. Mr. Clark traded his machine for a larger one in 1911, and Clyde Duffus bought an International gas tractor, the first gas tractor in the district. It was a big single-cylinder engine, as large as a steam engine. He and Mr. Clark worked together, using the tractor to run the threshing machine. The next spring, Mr. Clark bought a two-cylinder Rumley engine with a set of plows, and Ed Clark did

a lot of breaking with this outfit, and they had their own power for threshing. By this time, 1912, there was a need for more machines.

In the fall of 1912 the railroad came through and there was one elevator built at Trochu, and I think, one at Three Hills. They were small elevators and soon filled up. In Trochu a Mr Gregwire built a large warehouse and a lot of Ghost Pine fellows hauled wheat there.

The homesteads were all taken up by 1912, but there were a lot of us young bachelors running around still single. Most of us didn't think we had a chance as long as Fred Baker and Floyd Cattnaugh were still single. Floyd homesteaded on the S.E.-10-32-22 and he sold out to Ed Huxley and went to Acme and worked there for a few years. He married a girl there, and the last I heard of him he was in Oregon.

I was married early in 1912 and in 1913 I moved back to Olds where I farmed for five years, coming back to the Greenleaf district in 1918, when I bought the Duffus homestead.

In those early days things did not move along very fast. Then, after World War I everything stepped up. The use of tractors for field work speeded up farming. Then the combines almost did away with threshing machines and the large threshing crews. Speedier and more powerful tractors and wide tillers continued the trend. I am beginning to wonder if the next 48 years will make as much difference as the last 48 years.

*Mr. Swanson's mention of the new creamery on the Ghost Pine flat led us to ask Mr. D. Kaechele for further information about it. Mr. Kaechele remembers Mr. George Fortune, who built the creamery in 1910. He had been working in the Trochu Creamery. The well for the creamery was hand-dug by Mr. Sol Kaechele and Mr. George Reading.*

*The project was not very successful, probably due to the difficulty involved in shipping the butter in warm weather. The creamery was closed in 1912, and Mr. Fortune went back to work in Trochu. In 1913 Mr. Ferrey bought the building and moved it to the present location of the Ghost Pine Store, where it still forms the dwelling part of that building. The old store was sold to Mr. C. Ruby.*

*The task of moving the creamery building to its present site was handled by Mr. Fred Meyer. Mr. Meyer's name has been mentioned as one of the pioneers who took the lead in the trend away from the*

walking plow, and brought into the district a huge steam engine which pulled twelve plow bottoms.

*While visiting in Ghost Pine Mr. Meyers gave us this letter.*

**MR. F G. MEYER**

I came to my homestead in 1908. It was the N.W. 1/4 23-31-22. I worked for Sandy Cameron, hauling hay (prairie wool) in December 1909 and January, 1910.

The first threshing I did on the Ghost Pine with my own outfit was for Camerons in October, 1910. It was a poor crop, owing to the fact that it was an extremely dry year.

In the spring of 1911 I exchanged my threshing outfit for a new 12-bottom breaking outfit. During that season I broke about 2000 acres of prairie, besides moving buildings for the pioneers. I also moved the Ghost Pine Store from the creek to its present location.

During these years of pioneering I found it extremely difficult to navigate creeks and coulees and to cross bridges with my steam outfit, which happened to be a very large one.

I broke about 80 acres of sod on my place the first year, and continued to break prairie sod and thresh grain in this district through the years up to 1915. In the spring of that year I moved the outfit out to Range 3, Township 32, where I obtained a section and a half of scrip.

Along with my brother Henry, I began to build up a permanent farm home there. We also continued to do custom work. While living in the New Brigden district I visited the Ghost Pine district three times, and enjoyed meeting my old friends. On one of these trips I bought several horses to take back to our farm.

During my years in the New Brigden district I saw that east country change from open range to prosperous farming country. Then the dry years came during the thirties, but prosperity returned with the end of the dry years.

I have now retired, and have my home in Edmonton

*Mrs. Ward of Crofton, B.C. was Mrs. Jacques when she lived in the northwest part of the Ghost Pine District. Her letter is typical of the way in which pioneer women took for granted the ups and downs of pioneering.*

When I came to Ghost Pine my name was Mrs Jacques. Our homestead was two miles east of where Bethel School is now. I think it was in September of 1908 that we moved. We had bought a cabin and moved it on to our land, near a coulee, sheltered from the wind. Our daughter was just two years old. It was rather a cold winter, but not too bad.

We plowed some sods the first year and used them to build a stable. It seemed to last pretty well, because we were on the homestead four years, and it was still good when we left.

There were quite a few antelope around, but we never seemed to get very close to them. There were plenty of prairie chicken too, and they were a blessing for food. We had a saddle pony, but I didn't ride much.

In the spring of 1909 my husband got a job in the coal mines so we moved in to Three Hills for the summer. The town was down on the flats then. We moved back to the homestead in September and got our plowing done. That was a "must". My husband went back to working in the mines, but instead of moving in again, he used to ride in to work, while my daughter, Muriel and I stayed on the farm. I don't remember of being very lonesome, although the neighbors were very few and none of them close. About this time there was big talk of a railroad, and they had really started grading and everyone had great hopes.

We had a team and buggy and used to drive over to Twinning to my father's place. It was a long drive if the weather was cold, but we didn't mind it. In 1910 the road allowances were plowed and fences began to appear and small grain fields could be seen here and there. We had to take to the roads, more or less, because the fences were blocking our trails, so the government began to spend a little money grading the main roads and putting in culverts.

It was in the late summer of 1910 that Manor School was built. The schools were a great addition to the district as they also gave us a place for church and Sunday school. I have been to church in schoolhouses, the creamery, and in many kitchens. I was always surprised at the distance from which many of the people came, and at the good singing. Our ministers were any we could get from Trochu, Sunnyslope, or even farther. It didn't matter what denomination, everybody came anyway.



In 1911 the railroad had camps all along the line. People began breaking the sod in a big way. There were some big steam engines, pulling as many as six or eight plows. Mr Ingles, just south of us had a big outfit. An old timer near the "three hills" had a steam outfit and I cooked for the crew while my husband was fireman. While we were with him he plowed for Gardiners, Meyers and Len Robertson. It was also in 1911 that we proved up and got our title to the homestead. Then we moved to the new townsite of Three Hills and my husband began freighting for the Robertson brothers from Oda.

My husband had never been fond of farming, so we sold out and moved to Ontario. It was in February, 1912 that we took the train at Acme, the first train I had seen since I had got off one in Didsbury in 1908. I was always fond of Alberta and the memories were all pleasant.

*Mrs Ward mentioned the road work that was beginning to be done.*

*In 1908 a Local Improvement District was formed. We notice in the school records that a Local Improvement District election was held in Sarcee Butte School on Jan. 10, 1910.*

*From municipal records we learn that the municipality was originally called the Rural Municipality of Roach No 308.*

*The records show that in 1913 the Reeve was James Ritchie, the Secretary-Treasurer was W. H. S. Garrick, and the Councillors were Mr. Callaghan, Mr. Frayne, Mr. Paul and Mr. Reed (who was Deputy Reeve.)*

*On January 6, 1913, we find that the Secretary-Treasurer was to be paid a salary of \$1200 per year including rent of office with light and heat, the office to be kept open on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.*

*On February 3, \$500 was borrowed. It was decided to pay the Reeve \$4 per day and mileage, and the Councillors \$3 per day and mileage*

*Dr. Milne met with the Council at various times regarding assistance for indigents*

*On April 16, the rates of pay were set for road work at 20c per hour for a man, 40c per hour for man and team; and \$3 per day for*

*overseer At this time the herd law seems to have been of some importance since there was one petition with 77 names against it and then a later petition with 114 names in favor of it*

*On June 18, the Secretary was instructed to write to Mr Chas McCollum re-opening a temporary road through his land*

*On July 18 the mill rate was set at 5½ mills for Municipal purposes.*

*On January 5, 1914 the new officers were P W Callaghan, Reeve, H L. Frayne, Deputy-Reeve; and Councillors Robertson, Roach, Grenville and Postill.*

*On April 17 the mill rate was set at 4½ mills.*

*From the Orkney district comes this next story told by Mr. Richard Near*

#### MR. R. S. NEAR

*My first contact with the Ghost Pine district was in the fall of 1908.*

*I arrived in Carstairs, Alberta, in August of that year, on a harvest excursion, and spent three months putting up hay and harvesting. In November I made two trips with the late Mr Charles G. Currie and Herbert C. Currie to this district and we looked over land suitable for homesteads. We could see the new Sarcee Butte School, but were too busy to go up there. We went east to where the Orkney School stands now, but were more interested in the area now referred to as the Pope Lease.*

*In November, I returned to Ontario where I spent the winter. In the spring of 1909 I received a wire from Mr H C. Currie, telling me of some land soon to be available for filing. I came out as soon as I recovered from the flu, and after three weeks was permitted to file on a quarter section. I spent the summer of 1909 working in a dairy at Cowley, near the Crow's Nest Pass.*

*In late November, I returned to Carstairs, where Charles Currie and Reg Ball loaded the lumber and supplies needed to build my shack, on to wagons. After a three day trip we arrived, and after unloading, I began to build, with some help from Archie Tewsley, Reg Ball and Henry Berman. During this time I stayed with the McGhee family. They had just completed their new house.*

In June I returned to Cowley to the dairy for the summer. It was in June that I first met Mr. Frank Cole, who was also working there. In the fall I went into Cowley, and began to work for Mr. D. R. Melvor, who had a general store and post office.

In the spring of 1911 I came back to the homestead. I got a ride with Mr. William Murray as far as Rawdonville, near where Swallow now stands. I left him there and walked across country just as the March thaw was taking the snow away. I always kept Sarcee Butte in view as a guide.

During the summer of 1910 I had Mr. James Borwick and Mr. James Taylor break 20 acres of land on the west side of my place. In the spring of 1911 I put this in wheat. In the meantime I had bought a team of oxen, so I took a wagon over to the home of Mr. John Hugo, where I purchased some seed wheat. I bought some more later from Mr. Young. Later in the summer I bought four more oxen, and with them I broke twenty acres on the land now owned by Mr. F. Cole, and around thirty for myself.

In the summer of 1911 Mr. Peter Bergos and Miss Laura McGhee (later Mrs. Art Milan) combined to put on a party at the McGhee place, inviting all the known homesteaders. It was the first time I had met Mrs. P. J. Rock, but I had met most of my other neighbors during the summer. We had a fine time and an opportunity to get acquainted with settlers later to become close friends and neighbors.

In the fall of 1911 I made a trip to Acme with a team of horses, loaned by Mr. McGhee to meet Mr. F. Cole and move him out to his place.

The winters those days were long, and, you can imagine, pretty lonely for those of us who were alone. The main break was on Sunday, and I used to walk to Sarcee Butte to Church. In conversation with Mr. F. R. Cole, he mentioned that the first Sunday he was on his place, he and I walked up to Church. We were taken home by Mr. and Mrs. Reed for dinner. In February, 1912 Rev. Mr. Peter McNabb met with the Orkney people at the home of Mr. Bob Roberts, and after a service was held, a board or committee was elected, consisting of Mr. William Murray, Mr. R. W. Ferguson and myself.

During the spring of 1912 it was decided that we should have a school, so a meeting was held at the shack of Mr. Lee Burroughs on the corner north of Mr. H. C. Currie's place. I was appointed Secretary, and that was the beginning of my public service which has continued on to the present. The school was completed in 1913, and

was named Orkney out of consideration for the number of homesteaders who had been raised in the Orkney Islands, and especially for Mr James W. Borwick who was very ill at the time.

Mr H. Best was the first teacher at Orkney. He used to walk from across the river every day, and in winter lived in the shack of Mr. Chet Salisbury just south of where Mr F. R. Cole lives.

I could not close this account of early days at Orkney and Sarcee without mentioning the hospitality of some of the homes in the district. I remember with gratitude the many kindnesses of Mr and Mrs. McGhee, Mr and Mrs Murray, Grandma Currie and Miss Kit Currie, also the Junglings, at Orkney, and Mr and Mrs. Dawn and Mr and Mrs. Reed at Sarcee. They helped to cheer a lot of boys far from friends and relatives.

*Our thanks to Mr Near for being the man responsible for interesting Frank Cole in the Ghost Pine district. Mr. Cole has been a successful farmer and a good neighbor. His story follows.*

#### MR. F. R. COLE

I was born in 1890 at Demarestville, Ontario. My forefathers were United Empire Loyalists of Dutch, English and Irish descent. In 1921 I married Lihan Gregg, daughter of a railroad engineer at Warton, Ontario. We have a daughter, Kathleen, and a son Bill.

In the spring of 1910 I came west in a colonist car. In the same coach were loggers from Northern Ontario, who were coming off their winter's work, and were celebrating so lustily that the conductor locked the doors on us. I, fortunately, was not drawn into their battles, although it raged all around me. I went to Cowley, and worked in a dairy, where I met Richard Near, and through him I learned of land being thrown open in this area. I went to the Land Office in Calgary and stood in line from eight at night till the office opened in the morning, in 35 below zero weather. In this way I obtained a quarter section homestead and later bought a quarter section from Bob Roberts. When I arrived at Acme, Mr Near met me with a team of Mr. McGhee's horses.

My original farm equipment consisted of a plow, three oxen and a Hereford bull. During the winter I made a trip from my homestead to the McKenzie mine across the creek. There was a foot of snow on the ground and I made the trip with a wagon and a team of oxen. I left at six in the morning, had dinner at Charlie Currie's,

and reached the mine and had my load on just before dark. When I reached the creek it was blizzarding and I decided to stop at Bob Mortimer's sod shack. I unhitched the oxen, and had just got settled when Charlie Currie drove up with his team and took me to his place for the night. The following night I arrived home with my ton of coal.

My brother, Cliff, came west in 1912 to Cowley and worked there for a year, and between us we managed to buy five head of horses. I went to Cowley in January to help bring them up by rail. We loaded the horses at Cowley and it took us seven days in sub-zero weather to reach Acme. Cliff and I rode in the box car, which was partitioned—the hay in one part and the horses in the other. We unloaded at Acme just before dark and started out for home. We reached Mr. B. Hart's at eleven at night, and although they had other visitors, they made us welcome and comfortable for the night.

In 1915 my mother spent the summer with us. At that time church was held in the schoolhouse and she enjoyed riding up on Sunday, on our home-made sled. In 1918 she and my father and brother Leonard came out and stayed several years and Leonard took up land in the district.

*Mrs. Clarence Crawford was Kaleida Price when she came to Ghost Pine with her sister Hattie, her parents and relatives. In her story of the long trip from Wyoming and the struggle to become established here, Mrs. Crawford adds some clearly drawn details to our growing picture of frontier life.*  
*Mrs. Kaleida A. Crawford*

#### MRS. K. CRAWFORD

As we look over the well-settled Ghost Pine district today, we scarcely recognize the prairies as they were some forty or fifty years ago when many of our first settlers moved in. Then, as far as the eye could see, there was only bare prairie, rolling hills, a few coulees, and the Ghost Pine Creek with its cutbanks cutting the landscape from north to south. Deep prairie grass covered the ground. Wild flowers, some seldom seen now, grew in abundance. Wild life flourished—coyotes, badgers, beaver, and antelope, were frequently seen. The buffalo had not long ago disappeared. As grim evidence of this, bones and skulls remained to bear record. Indians had inhabited the district not so long before and relics were found such as arrowheads and stone hammers.

To this district we came in 1908. My grandparents had pioneered in Shell, Wyoming, U.S.A., where they had built up a fairly prosperous ranch. But there were several boys in the Price family, and when they heard of the opportunities being offered settlers in Canada—cheap land, homesteads, and abundance of grazing land—it sounded good. They sold out in Wyoming, and prepared for the long overland journey to Canada.

Two covered wagons were purchased for this trip, also a wagon for hauling odds and ends. The covered wagons were called Sheep Wagons because they were the same type as those used by the sheep men in following their flocks. In Canada these wagons were called Prairie Schooners. They were pulled by two horses. The door was in the front, where the driver sat. On one side a cupboard stood to hold the tin and enamel dishes, and on the other side of the door stood a stove, complete with oven. The flour, sugar, and other groceries were stored in a sort of closed-in seat with a lid which ran along each side of the wagon. The large bed was across the back. Under this was storage space for trunks, etc. The table pulled out from the side of the high bed, much like a huge bread board. An old-fashioned coal-oil lamp was held securely in a bracket on the wall. The walls were lined with oilcloth. On the outside were slung kegs of water. These wagons, though compact, were fairly comfortable, but what a contrast to the modern house-trailers we see whizzing by on the highways today.

The party consisted of my father and mother (Floyd and Myrtle Price), myself and little sister Hattie, Grandfather Price, and my father's five brothers, one of whom was married.

My grandfather brought about one hundred head of horses which he planned to sell to the settlers on arrival. We also brought our old black dog, who walked every step of the way, and lived to an old age in Canada.

A brief stop was made in Billings, Montana to purchase supplies. Our food consisted mostly of canned goods, flour, sugar, dried fruit, and beans. Wild game was procured as we went along. We brought a supply of Mother's good home-made preserves safely stored under the bed.

Grandpa usually rode ahead to pick the trail. Next came the wagons, then the horses herded along by the four boys. I do not believe we had a certain place in mind as our destination, and as there were no roads or road maps those days, we just travelled north by compass. Day after day we rolled along, over all kinds of roads and through all kinds of weather. We travelled through the bare

lonely badlands of Wyoming and Montana and then through more grassy stretches as we came farther north.

Each night we camped by water if possible so the horses could have water and we could fill our water kegs. Most of our drinking water had to be boiled. We started off early each morning. Mother often prepared dinner and baked biscuits in our little oven as we went along if the going wasn't too rough.

We always stopped at noon so the horses we were driving could have a feed of oats and a rest. On fine days the boys ate outside, but on cold rainy days we all crowded into the covered wagons. How we girls laughed one day when Uncle Will upset his plate of duck stew on the bed!

Many little colts were born on the trip. They often had to be taken along in the trap wagon until they were strong enough to follow their mothers. One old mare whose colt was being given a free ride, kicked at the wagon wheel. Her leg got caught so the whole wheel had to be removed to free her. One nice black horse stepped in a badger hole and broke its leg.

Many difficulties were encountered along the way. We had to watch for patches of quicksand called "soap holes." In these holes the action of the wet sand would suck any object under until it was impossible to get out. One night as a thunder storm was coming up, the boys went to round up the horses and bring them in close to camp. They found a fine young horse stuck in one of these "soap holes." It was quite a distance from camp, but they galloped back and got ropes and chains to pull it out. They worked until they were drenched and it was dark, but they finally rescued the horse. It was pitch dark and raining. Even by the flashes of lightning everything looked alike. They soon realized they were lost. Father was riding Brownie, our faithful old wagon horse. They had wandered about for some time, when he decided to let Brownie choose his own way in hopes he would lead them home. Soon they were back at camp.

When Hattie and I grew tired of jolting along in the wagon, we rode on Old Polly, a gentle Indian pony.

One day a stranger joined our procession. He was dressed in a cowboy outfit with large hat, bandana, and orange fur chaps. He rode a buckskin horse. When we asked his name he said, "Just call me Smoky." He told us nothing more about himself, but Smoky proved a valuable addition to the outfit. He seemed to know the best trails to take and was a big help with the horses and a willing worker.

Crossing ravines and streams presented a major problem. When

we came to the Missouri River, it was deep and swift. We didn't know what to do. The men were looking for a place to ford it, if possible, when they discovered an old abandoned ferry. It was very crude, and made of logs. It took a lot of planning, and work and time before it was in shape to carry a load. However, it was patched up with ropes and chains, and with more logs added, it was finally ready. We all crossed safely. Father said it had been a very dangerous undertaking.

One day as we travelled along we were overtaken by a party of Mounted Policemen. They informed us we would have to go back to the entry post on the border and have all our horses inspected for a contagious disease called "Glanders." This disease was killing many horses in the United States at that time. We went back and camped near the large police barracks. The policemen were nice friendly fellows. One young Englishman liked to come to our camp and talk to us children. One day our folks were terribly embarrassed when Hattie told them about the men shooting deer and ducks out of season.

At last tired of travelling, no doubt, and liking the looks of the surrounding country, we camped on the Red Deer River flats, east of Trochu, and near the Tolman ferry. The boys were soon busy looking for homesteads. As there was little settlement, they had a wide choice.

I believe it was while we were here that "Smoky" left us, disappearing as mysteriously as he had come, without even saying, "Goodbye." We never heard of him again, nor learned who he was. Father wondered if he was a fugitive from justice, who had been involved in some trouble in the United States and was fleeing across the border to safety in Canada. He would not be readily detected as a member of an outfit like ours. We children missed him. He was good to us.

Father and Grandpa and the boys scoured the country for miles around looking for a place to settle. Mother and we children picked berries and fished and explored the Red Deer banks. Once while looking for raspberries, we discovered a mound of earth marked by a wooden cross. We often wondered whose grave that was. That same day the old black dog had a tussle with a porcupine. It was days before we got all the quills out.

As fall drew near, the homesteads were chosen and filed on. Father chose the rich-looking black soil of the Ghost Pine district, but Grandpa and the other boys settled near Ramsey.



Before winter settled in, we moved nearer the site of our new home. Father had made arrangements with Leigh Curtis, a young bachelor, for us to spend the winter in his shack and take care of his cattle, including a few milk cows, while he was away for the winter. This shack was just across the creek from Alex Cameron's. Mother was very lonely and homesick those first few months, and the kindness and friendliness of Mrs. Cameron and the family meant much to her. There were few women in those early days, the majority of settlers being young men of various nationalities, all seeking to prosper in the new land. Some did, but many soon left.

The few neighbors we had were friendly. We had been here only a short time when Jenny Reed came on horseback and invited us to the church service which was held in their log house. A Mrs. Adwell and her little boy, Harold, who lived just across the creek from the Saunder's home, were regular visitors. A party was even held in our home, when we met the neighbors who came from miles around. I do not think mother felt so isolated after that.

During that first winter Father hauled the logs from the Red Deer River to build our new home. I think it was about ten or twelve miles. What a cold hard task that must have been! Mr. George Leet helped hew these logs and they were hauled to the building site during early spring. Father made several trips to Didsbury too, and brought home supplies and some second-hand furniture.

Mother tended the stock, milked a few cows, and kept the shack warm. The kitchen had a sod and straw roof and whenever it got nice and warm numerous beetles and other insects dropped from the ceiling. Mice were really plentiful! I still remember how thrilled we girls were the day Father brought two tiny black kittens home from Bill Cunningham's, and what a sad day it was when the old black dog killed one of them! Mother baked bread that winter for Fred Meyer, a bachelor whose homestead was near to Leigh Curtis', and which is now owned by Jim Bishop. I think bread was given to other bachelors too, including Art Davies, who, I believe carried home an occasional loaf under his arm.

When Spring came we went to live with Bill Cunningham until the new house was ready. Mother cooked and kept house for him. He and Father planted a little grain. Then Father and George Leet worked on the new house. It was finished at last and in early summer we moved in. It had two small rooms with bare floors and unfinished walls, but we were very proud of it. The old house was still standing until 1953.

A barn with hay roof was built and a large pole corral. Father got two little white pigs from the Camerons. He also got a few chickens. I think he got these from Mr Johnson. A fire-guard was ploughed around the buildings.

At first we had to haul our drinking water from George Leet's in a barrel on a stone-boat. Later, a well was drilled for us. We planted a small garden on George Leet's place as we had no land ploughed that spring. The garden did well and how good those first fresh vegetables tasted!

Our fuel was coal, hauled by wagon from a small mine near the Ghost Pine Creek. It was just a hole in the coulee bank and operated by a Mr Bogie. The Bogies, a Norwegian family, lived in a small dugout. Mr Bogie and the children spoke a little English, but Mrs. Bogie spoke practically none. However, she and Mother became fast friends in spite of this handicap.

In the fall of 1909 my sister Gladys was born. Doctor Toll came from Carbon for this event, and Mrs. C. W. Leroy looked after Mother and helped with the work for a few days.

About this time Hattie and I started to school at Sarcos Butte. We had four miles to go across country and had to cross the Ghost Pine Creek. We rode horseback in summer and used a home-made, horse-drawn sleigh in the winter. What a cold road that old school road was, especially the last mile!

I still remember our first prairie fire. We saw smoke on the southwestern horizon. Soon lurid flames, fanned by a strong wind were sweeping toward our buildings. It travelled fast in the rank prairie grass, with its thick undergrowth.

Hattie and I were sent to warn a neighbor, Mrs. Potter, who with her two children lived on the quarter just north of us. How we ran! When we reached Mrs. Potter's, we were so breathless and excited we could hardly talk. She hitched her old white horse to the buggy. We all piled in and went as fast as we could to the safety of Father's small patch of ploughed land. We reached it just as the fire came around the corner. We could even hear the crackling of the flames. Poor mother was nearly frantic as she stood on the ploughed land with the baby and watched the wild race. The fire had swept down around the buildings. Father ploughed around them as fast as he could to broaden the fire guard, until the horses became frightened and blinded by the smoke and ran away. Father got them back after a few days' time, slightly singed; but it was a long time before he found many parts of the harness.

The countryside looked awful. Just a black waste, but soon the grass grew and it looked like a soft green carpet.

Father gradually ploughed and planted more of his land. The ploughing was done with the old-fashioned plow. Many a day Father walked along holding that old plow in the ground with the horses' lines around his waist. Sometimes we children walked behind him in the moist furrow with our bare feet.

We soon built up quite a herd of cattle and got more land. The cattle were just branded and turned loose on the prairie in summer.

Father bought a purchased homestead, and a quarter of land from Bob Topping, one from Walter Netteur and one from Burton Leroy. The cultivated land had to be fenced. We children helped Father. How tired I got carrying that old can of staples! It was worse than usual when the mosquitoes or flying ants were bad. My sister and I also helped make hay and milk cows.

My brother John was born in 1913. We were so proud of him! We were glad that Father would have a boy to help him.

Father and Mother worked hard and endured many hardships, and our part of the district became in time a prosperous farm.

What a difference we see as we look over the countryside of the Ghost Pine district today. The once bald prairie looks like a huge patchwork quilt with patches of green or gold grain fields and dark patches of summerfallow, all well dotted with fine homes surrounded by trees and neat hedges. Modern machinery is at work, and fine motor cars speed by on good graded and gravelled roads.

We owe much to our parents and other fine pioneers who endured hardships and worked so hard to pave the way and make our way of life easier and more pleasant.

#### *Mrs. R. (Halverson) Milan*

*Mrs. Lou Milan, formerly Ruth Halverson, was reluctant to tell her story, because her three years in pioneer Ghost Pine were such trying ones. We feel though, that it should be included, as part of the real picture, which was often very hard. It also stands as a tribute to two truly great people, Mrs. Karine Halverson and Anton Halverson, Mrs. Milan's mother and brother. To appreciate the quality of Anton's courage it must be remembered that he was slowly dying of diabetes, a disease for which, in those days there was nothing at all that could be done.*

*This is Mrs. Milan's story.*

## MRS. RUTH MILAN

Anton Halverson came to Ghost Pine in 1904 or 05, and homesteaded where Kirber Morrel lives now. He built himself a sod shack right at the N E corner of his homestead. My mother worried about his illness and finally decided to bring my two sisters, Esther and Hilda and me to his homestead so that she could take care of him. It was very hard to leave our beautiful little town of Larvik in Norway, especially since we spoke no English at all. My father and two brothers were in B.C.

We arrived in Calgary on June 2, 1909. I was eleven years old then. It took two trips to bring us out to the homestead with the many boxes and trunks filled with my mother's most cherished possessions. These were stored in the barn.

Anton hadn't wanted us to know that he had been living in the sod shack, and wanted to build a better home before we arrived. He cut logs and brought them home and stacked them up, ready to build a log cabin. Then, while he was away for a few days, the logs were stolen. Next he brought lumber from Didsbury and built a small shack. He hauled more lumber, intending to add on to the shack, making a house big enough for all of us, but his strength was failing and he wasn't able to get it done before we arrived.

My mother tried so hard to keep all the work done up. I can remember her tying up big bundles of hay, pulling the ropes over her shoulders, and lugging it from the stack south of the coulee, down the coulee bank and up again, to the farmyard to feed the stock.

Anton died on a Thursday in the spring of 1910. The next day there was a bad prairie fire. My mother did her best to fight it, and did manage to save the shack, and just enough of the lumber to build one small room and to make a coffin for Anton. All the rest of the homestead was black and desolate. The barn, with the stored trunks and boxes of my mother's lovely things was burned too. Oddly enough she saved the shack by spreading a large amount of salt around. Years later, when I was married and Lou was away one evening our house caught fire upstairs. I heard the crackling and when I looked out the window I saw the reflection of the fire on the snow. I used the two pails of water that were in the house, with little effect, so, remembering my mother's trick, I poured salt around it and finished up with snow. I saved the house, but froze one hand, shoveling snow without mitts.

My father and brothers came out to Anton's funeral. There was

a large crowd at the funeral which took place the following Wednesday in Sarcee School. Somehow, my mother found the courage to bake, not just bread, but fancy Norwegian baking for all that crowd. At her wish, Anton was buried where his sod shack had been. Years later, it was found that the road could not follow the road allowance, but would have to cut across between the quarters, including the land where Anton's grave was, so his remains were moved to the Sarcee Cemetery. My father stayed on after Anton's funeral, but he was never happy here

On June 2, 1910 my sister Hilda married Allan Campbell

It was in 1910 that my father dug the well in the coulee south of the house. After they began digging they found, under the ground, a little silver butter knife without a handle. It would be interesting to know how it could have got there, under the prairie sod, at that early date. I still have the knife.



Further down the coulee they found a buffalo head and an arrow, together. It was a real treat to have water from our own well. Up till then we had hauled water from the creek in barrels on a stoneboat for the stock, and from George Leet's well for the house.

I can remember my first day at school quite well. Mr Bible was the teacher. I had to start again from the beginning, of course, since I was learning English. One little detail which added to my general discomfort that first day was that I was sitting under the chimney which was being built. Little bits of cement kept falling into my hair. I remember Fern Young was always very kind to me at school.

My father had never been satisfied here, so in 1912 we all moved to B.C. My father died in 1913. The same year my mother's sister died in Norway, and later that year my sister, Esther died at the age of eighteen, of diabetes. She had always been the jolly one in the family, and her cheerful ways had always made things easier for all of us.

Strangely enough, I had never met Lou Milan, although I went to school with his younger brother, Francis. It was when I came back to visit my sister, Hilda Campbell that I met Lou. We were married on December 1, 1917.

*Friends of Lou Milan are well aware of his ability to take almost any calamity and make it a laughing matter. It is a pleasure then, to bring you this account of his homestead days with all its vicissitudes.*

MR. L. J. MILAN

July 5, 1908 was the first day I saw the Ghost Pine country. The prairie was specked with small shacks here and there, where land had been taken up as homesteads. Sometimes a barn would be built close by if the fellow had horses or oxen. The shack that had been pointed out to me was on the N W 14-31-22-W 4. It was a log building about 14'x16', sod roof and dirt floor. This was my brother Art's spread at the time.

When I arrived in the late afternoon Art was away breaking the sod for the new road from the Sarcos school house, two miles north. I went into the cabin to set away the heavy, old-time valise which I had carried for two miles, from the old Saunders ranch on the creek. The place was tidy, with a large castiron stove, two chairs, two apple boxes, a table of clear flat-grain shaplap, a barrel of creek water, a heavy mountain pine dresser (packing case) with mirror 10"x12" (clouded), and the bed, constructed of native poplar poles, size 7'x7', with pole springs and a tick of choice prairie wool twelve inches thick. Later on I asked Art why he had made such a large bed. He told me that new settlers going across the river would stop for the night, and it was not an uncommon thing to have four or five fellows stop overnight in the big bed.

Well, Art finally got home at 7 P.M. I was glad to see him as it was the first time in five years. He prepared a lovely meal of bacon, hot doughnuts, prunes, hot bacon drippings, partly boiled beans, and black tea steeped in creek water. He really put himself out, I thought on my account.

After looking over the place and the horses, and after hearing many interesting stories of adventure, and after answering several dozen questions about home and people he knew in Minnesota, we decided to get up on the big bed to sleep.

We had breakfast at six o'clock, nicely laid out, the same as we had had for supper, less the prunes. When Art was ready to leave for his work on the road I decided to go along. The day was calm and sultry, the air was moist, the grass was green and soft and damp and harbored mosquitoes that rose in clouds at the least disturbance. At about eleven-thirty Art told me to go back to the shack and put the fire on and get dinner ready. When I came around to the door I thought the cabin would disintegrate with the commotion of the frightened cattle inside. I ran back to the big west window (which was quite a luxury anyhow), to keep them from coming out that way. There were eight cows with calves and a big team of oxen that belonged to the Dawn brothers. Then, to my horror I saw the big tin teapot hanging on the horn of one of the oxen. I rushed back to the door to see if I could unhook the pot from his horn as he went out. I rescued it, much to my relief, as there wasn't another one to be had closer than Didsbury, a four day trip by team and wagon.

I won't go into too much detail about what the place was like, considering the green grass, hot weather and flies. The oxen had eaten the tick, spilled the barrel of water, broken the mirror, knocked the stovepipe down and trampled it flat, spilled the prunes and other food, and everything was a bright green, including our tempers. We spent the rest of the day cleaning up. We had to wash the bedclothes and the table, stove etc., and lowered the floor a good two inches. All this with nothing to eat until we could get cleaned up again and go to the creek for more water.

A few days after the cattle deal we went over to help Art Davies put up hay. I was pretty tired of salt bacon three times a day, and remarked that we should try and get a prairie chicken for a change. Davies told me the finest table bird in the northwest was the curlew. I went out with the gun and managed to bag one. Art Milan took over from there. He cleaned and trimmed the bird up, ready to cook. Davies told him the only way to cook them was to boil them in creek water. Well Art put the curlew on to boil before we went out to work in the morning, leaving a good coal fire. When we came in at noon the thing was blue and about half the size it had been to start with. After a few vicious jabs Art got it out of the pot and over to the table. It was darned poor eating, and tough as a hockey puck. Davies refused to try it, claiming that any wild meat would make him sick in hot weather. I still think that was an old hen curlew that had flown up from Florida and had been sitting on a nest of dud eggs for several weeks.

A short time after that we left for Lake Louise where we worked in the bush till March, 1909. When we returned to Ghost Pine we put a floor in the cabin and generally put things in shape. Then Art left for Calgary again to bring Mother and Francis, my younger brother, out. They made the move by team and wagon.

While I waited alone in the cabin, someone told me there was to be a dance at the old Ghost Pine Store on the creek about a mile south and west of where the store is today, in 1953. There was a horse in the barn, but I did not know whether he could be ridden or driven, so I thought I had better find out before I got ready for the shine. I made a sled out of a split post and some scrap boards with an apple box for a seat, and got the horse out for a rehearsal. I only had a plain harness of collar and traces, but it worked out all right on the level. The night turned out to be very dark with a heavy fog. I left home about 8 P M. and headed northwest for the store. After I had travelled along at a fast trot for a time I discovered I was gaining on the horse, and his tail was practically in my face. I jabbed a heel into the hard snow. This all but threw me off the sled, but it did turn the sled to the side. Then the wind race was on, between horse and sleigh. I was right down beneath the horse's belly, and trying to talk him into greater speed, as I was afraid he would start kicking or jump over top of me. This happened on the big hill south of Cameron's. I finally got TO the store, but not IN as far as the dance, which was held in the back part of the building. The place was packed to bursting with bachelors, most of whom I have never seen before or since. After about two hours of skill and planning I managed to get within pecking distance of the floor, in spite of badly bruised feet. Then someone called a quadrille, and I was darned near crushed to death. I don't think there could have been more than half a dozen ladies at the dance. I could see Mrs. Sam Adwell, Mrs. Wilfred Ferrey, Mrs. Eustace Ferrey and Mrs. Jack Johnson. I am not certain whether the Young girls, Clemmie and Mabel were there or not. So much for my first night out in the Ghost Pine district.

After a few days of rest I decided to try my hand at chicken hunting, wild ones, of course. I was very successful, not being mindful of the fact that March was out of season. I was fully informed a few days later by Mr. Hugh Cameron, who was Game Warden at the time, and who told me that in Montana he had seen men shot for less.

While out on this chicken hunt I was invited by Harold Powell to go to his place for a good feed of hot roast beef and soda crackers.





Mr. Anton Halverson



Mrs. L. Milan  
Ruth Halverson.



Mr. L. Milan



Mr. and Mrs. H. Davidson



Mrs. Halverson



Mrs. Milan, Sr.



Mr. Wm. Johnson



Mrs. E. E. Milne



Mr. F. Price



Mr. and Mrs. H. LaRoy



Mr. and Mrs. Art Milan



Mr. George Fortune



Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Baird as they set out for the Ghost Pine homestead in 1911

Powell was known as the poorest cook in the district, but when I heard him say "beef", I lost no time crossing the creek. When I got in he had everything ready on the table. He walked around and pushed the window up and told me to sit in. Then he went out and got the washboard for himself. I had the best seat but my hind end got chilly. The beef was black outside and frozen in the middle, but I enjoyed it anyway. He told me he had bought forty pounds for two dollars from the fellow who stole the steer from him.

1910 was the first year that we threshed any grain. It wasn't a very good harvest as it had been a dry summer. Before the railroad came to Three Hills we hauled our wheat to Acme, Munson, or occasionally Didsbury. When we hauled to Munson we would take along a lunch and horse feed. We would stop at the river for feed and water, then stop overnight in town, and come home the next day. We would often stop at the Garson ranch for a good dinner and an hour well spent with George and Jim. When driving into the yard one of the boys would often call out "Steak!" or "Hamburger!" If you ordered hamburger he would bore another two-inch hole in the side of a frozen beef. If steak was the choice, a good hard swing with a sharp axe, some place where the hamburger holes were not too close together would send a lovely steak flying off into the snow, twenty feet or so away. By the time we got our horses looked after, a good hot dinner would be waiting—spuds and buna, tea, and your choice of jams and meat. Mighty good on those cold days on the road!

The football and baseball teams at that time were among the best on the prairie. The writer took part in one or two baseball games but was convinced that he lacked the skill and cunning required to fill the exact post. After a very brief audience with the management I got my release without any hesitation. In fact they seemed pleased. It was a wonderful gratification to me to know that I had made so many people happy.

That ball team was rough, hot and tough for any opposing team to challenge, and any man with guts enough to step in and ump a game would need a pair of bi-focus hawk eyes with the swivel neck of an owl. His slightest slip would bring down a shower of "skim milk" hats onto the ground and an air-tight mob around him.

A great many of those who attended the annual sports and picnic would take part in the various events, such as the foot races, broad jump, pole vaulting, three-legged and sack races, hop-skip-and-jump, and many others. One of the main events was a football game when-

ever the local boys could find a challenger. You could always be certain of plenty of excitement, thrills and spills, and entertainment at its best. Some of the boys who took an active part in the sport were John, George, Jim and Robert Sommerville, Stewart, Bert, Jim and Allan Campbell, Archie Waddell, Tom Pollat, Vic Rogers, Chris Bible, Art and Walter Dawn. I think all except the last four were Swedes.

I never knew much about the rules and technique of the game, and I found out that I knew a lot less than nothing about it one evening at a practice game down on Bishop's flat. I was standing around, trying to give the impression that I fully understood all the aspects of the game. I was wearing a pair of washed trousers that had shrunk both ways, a heavy pair of bullskin boots and a flop-brim hat. Someone asked me to come on out and lend a hand, as they were short a player. I stepped out briskly onto the field without the faintest idea of what I was to do, or even where I was to stand. After the kick-off everybody ran over to where the ball landed. I shot in there like the rest, but someone kicked the ball and it hit me right in the middle, and all but knocked the wind out of me. I recovered in time to follow up the rebound and took off. What happened next I have never been able to figure out. When I came to some time later, I was in centre field. A brown crumpled mass nearby turned out to be the remains of my hat. The buttons of my tight trousers had all gone. The whole landscape seemed to have changed, as I had lost my sense of direction. Then I saw that the crowd was bearing down on me again, so I had to beat a hasty retreat or have it happen all over again. I went over and stayed by the wagon, as the fellows seemed to be doing alright without me. It's a great game, but no place for a greenhorn.

In the winter times our evenings were often spent at house parties where we played games and sometimes had a sing-song before a tasty lunch was served. We sometimes enjoyed the sleighride to the party as much as the party itself as that was a good time for courting. Skating on the creek was a popular pastime, and we had many debates in the school house. We discussed all the important topics of the day, including the younger generation and their hazardous future, the way they were recklessly speeding at night, around square corners, etc., with team and buggy, and even hayrack.





## Honor Roll

We pay tribute to those men who, after pionetring in Ghost Pine, moved to other places, and then served their country in World War I. We are not publishing their names because it would be practically impossible to be sure of getting a complete list.

We honor too, those who served in the first World War, enlisting from here in Ghost Pine. Their names are listed in two places. Those from the Orkney district are recorded in the Honor Roll in the Orkney School.

Lieut. Alfred Carraz	Pte. A. Bleriot
Sgt. Harvey McGhee	Pte. William McKay
*Pte. Charles G. Currie	Pte. Otto Naegelle
Pte. Archibald Tewsley	Pte. Thomas Johnston
Pte. Peter Bergoe	Pte. Magnus Johnston

The names of the veterans from the remainder of Ghost Pine are recorded on a memorial near the Sarscoe Butte School.

*W. F. Angell	E. M. Ferrey
H. D. Brown	*L. C. Ferre,
R. Campbell	R. F. Gale
E. P. Clark	*F. C. Huxley
I. D. Clark	F. E. Johnson
C. W. Crawford	J. B. McCubbin
T. Croker	F. E. Milan
G. A. Cudney	F. A. Reed
H. E. Cudney	M. W. Reed
*E. W. Cutmore	P. S. Reed
W. W. Davidson	L. S. Ruby
A. de Beaudrap	L. H. Saunders
*J. de Beaudrap	*J. A. Saunders
R. de Beaudrap	V. Simpson
X. de Beaudrap	G. D. Sommerville
F. de Torquet	J. C. Sommerville

\*Killed in action

*Though Art Milan died in 1947 he is well and kindly remembered by his friends and neighbors, and we are glad to give you one of his poems as the conclusion of this book.*

MR. ARTHUR MILAN

### THE OLD TRAIL

There's an old trail thru the pasture,  
Where remains the virgin sod —  
A segment of the long, long trail  
Over which our pioneers trod.

These pioneers who came this way,  
Whose ranks are thinning fast,  
In memory pass in swift review —  
Like some pageant of the past.

Ah! how many recollections  
This old trail brings to mind,  
Of the struggles and the victories,  
Of the hopes long left behind.

I can see the old trail blazer  
As he climbs the distant grade.  
I can see the hosts that follow  
In the track that he has made.

I can see the scarlet rider,  
Clear upon my memory's scroll,  
As he rides into the sunset  
On his lonely, long patrol.

Here the old chuckwagon rattled  
To some distant rendezvous,  
To the diptanks and the round-up  
And the ranges that we knew.

Where the cowboys from the ranches  
Vied in games we can't forget,  
'Mid the smoke of branding fires,  
And the whirr of lariat.

I can see the youth just starting  
Out along life's many trips,  
Still his mother's kiss at parting  
Seems to linger on his lips.

Sacred blessings that she gave him,  
Every mother's son once knew,  
When the ties of home were severed  
For adventures strange and new

I can see the youthful bridegroom  
Journeying homeward with his bride,  
To his homestead and his cabin  
Far across the countryside.

Fairy castles they are building  
As they slowly wend their way.  
Have they long since been dismantled?  
Have they fallen in decay?

Ah! how often I, in fancy  
See again these scenes long past,  
And recall again the faces  
Who along the trail have passed.

Let's journey back down memory's lane  
And recast familiar scenes;  
A whiff of the open prairie,  
Of coffee, bacon and beans.

Let us dance again in the kitchen.  
Who is the one to forget  
How we raced to grab a partner  
When they called the minuet?

The wail of the old-time fiddle.  
The twang of the old banjo,  
The vibrant voice of the caller,  
The lilt of the Heel-and-Toe.

"The good old days of the homestead"  
What memories those words recall —  
The rough hewn shack with sodded roof,  
Where the weeds grew over all

And when the rains of summer came  
The water came trickling thru,  
Here and there o'er bed and board,  
It hammered its mad tattoo.

The freighting days, the stopping house,  
And dinner at Paddy Springs,  
The open fire beside the trail,  
Just bygones that memory brings.

Time rolls relentlessly onward —  
Taking each year of its toll —  
Like actors we pass from the picture  
In one last scene of our role

Neighbors we loved and respected,  
Friends that were long tried and true —  
Pale whom we weighed in the balance —  
Proved to be gold through and through.

Friends who stood by in our sorrow —  
We gained from the grip of their hands  
New strength to meet the tomorrow,  
No matter how stern the demands

Down thru the years we have journeyed  
Of-times the trail was in doubt,  
Still when way was the darkest —  
Always the latch-string was out.

A loaf was there in the grub-box,  
"Welcome" was there on the mat,  
Room for your horse in the stable,  
Home—where you hung up your hat

Old trails now lost and forgotten,—  
They builded this empire of wheat.  
They knew the language of wagon wheels,  
The rhythm of marching feet.

I may travel o'er grand super highways,  
Over plain, over mountain and lea,—  
But the old crooked tra. thru the pasture  
Will always hold memories for me.







Age Group	Percentage
18-24	~45%
25-34	~40%
35-44	~35%
45-54	~30%
55-64	~25%
65+	~20%

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